LIFE OF REV. THOMAS M. EDDY, D.D.

By CHARLES N. SIMS, D.D.

With an Introduction by BISHOP SIMPSON, D.D., LL.D

New York: Phillips & Hunt. Cincinnati: Hitchcock & Walden.

NOTICES OF THE WORK.

The story of Dr. Eddy's life, in its every part, as well as whole, is an inspiration to the reader in the direction of the most untiring activities and the intensest personal devotion to the best interests of Church and country.—*Christian Advocate.*

What a man! what a book! Nearly all the great men I have ever known grow smaller in books; but Dr. Eddy is certainly an exception. Exalted as were my ideas of the man, since reading the book they are higher and broader than ever before.—J. T. PECK, *Bishop M. E. Ch.*

The life of Dr. Eddy, whose praise is in all the Churches, has been very finely sketched in these pages by his earnest friend and admirer, Dr. Sims. The author indulges in no fulsome praise, but gives a picture of the distinguished preacher, in all his eloquence and power, as he appeared to those who listened to his inspiring words, as an editor wielding the ready pen, and as a man in his social, family, and private life. As a whole, it is an intensely interesting biography, gratifying to his friends, satisfactory to the Church and to all who knew him, and a valuable addition to Church literature. A very life-like steel portrait accompanies the book.—*Western Christian Advocate.*

Let every young preacher read these pages. They will direct, encourage, cheer. Not to every one, not to many, are given his talents, but all can use those given them as faithfully as he used his, and with their one win as happy a prize as his ten gained him.—G. HAVEN, *Bishop M. E. Church.*

If you wish to review your pleasant associations connected with Dr. Eddy, do not fail to obtain and read this biography. It is a leaf of life, and, if you knew the man, your own life has taken some color from it, as the living leaf reflects its brighter hues in the stream below. —*Methodist.*

Mrs. Eddy has given years of patient labor in gathering materials, which have been woven with rare taste and judgment by Dr. Sims. The vivid picture of this life is not overdrawn, and it will rank with the few biographies that will long edify the living, and all denominations may read it with profit and instruction.—*Pittsburgh Telegraph.*

Dr. Eddy's high personal qualities, his singleness of heart, the cordial humanity of his nature, his abounding hopefulness, his prompt and unfaltering courage and contagious enthusiasm, exercise their potent influence from the written page. He has been singularly fortunate in his biographer, who clearly, concisely, and vivaciously portrays his subject without ever veiling him behind his own personality. Certainly this book will do great good.—L. M. VERNON, *Rome, Italy.*

His biographer has, with admirable delicacy of touch, given us the delineation of his character. The book is written in the spirit of warm, admiring friendship, but with evident candor and just discrimination. It is a capital book for Sunday-school youth, preachers—and every body. Loving hearts have culled wisely, and outlined the book, and Dr. Sims has let the story tell itself.—*Northern Chris. Advocate.*

This is a very handsomely published volume. It is the biography of a man whose life was, with large intelligence, devoted to doing good. —*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

The perusal of this biography is very encouraging indeed to a Christian reader of any period of life.—*Interior.*

For more than sixty years I have been reading the lives of English and American ministers. Permit me to say that Dr. Sims' "Life of Eddy" is fully up to my ideal of religious biography.—Rev. AARON WOOD, D.D.

The thousands who drew so closely to Dr. Eddy will read this book with a feeling that they are again almost in his presence. Accurate dates, public and private letters, personal incident, and clear portraiture, give the book a keen relish.—*North-western Christian Advocate.*

It is well done and exceedingly interesting. It is a just tribute to the memory of one whose name will long live in the annals of the Church.—J. M. REID, D.D., *Miss. Sec.*

The "Life" of this eminent minister, compiled from authentic sources by his early friend, Rev. Dr. C. N. Sims, of Brooklyn, is just

issued. It is a deeply interesting and edifying narrative, and presents the character of the lamented missionary secretary in its most impressive traits.—*Central Christian Advocate.*

Dr. Sims has displayed the rare talent of investing every incident of life with an interest which charms the reader, and at the same time of giving his more public and important acts their due prominence and position. The book will certainly be extensively read, and will prove a blessing to the Church.—Mrs. Bishop Hamline.

The volume of Dr. Sims is an appropriate tribute to this highly esteemed Christian minister. The Introduction by Bishop Simpson is graceful and impressive, and the biography is characterized by good taste, simplicity, and a judicious selection of the most interesting facts and traits in the life of a truly good and great man.—*Chicago Tribune.*

This book commends itself especially to the Methodists of Baltimore, where the subject of it was so greatly honored and loved. The first thing that strikes you on opening it is the life-like picture which adorns the front. Scarcely less life-like is his portrait in the pages of the book, as drawn by the appreciative pen of his life-long acquaintance and friend, Dr. C. N. Sims, the author. From commencement to close his life was one of singular beauty, and of entire devotion to the service of his Master.—*Baltimore Methodist.*

The first book I have read since the close of my lecture season is the "Life of Dr. Eddy." So many-sided he was in all ecclesiastical relations, more than a man in each of the quadruple positions he filled so grandly, minister and church dedicator, editor and missionary secretary. And the racy sketches of his early pastoral life in Southern Indiana in the pioneer times are more charming than pictures of romance. Not the least interesting of all are the glimpses into his inner life through his letters.—Schuyler Colfax, *Ex-Vice-President.*

Dr. Eddy was a man of the present time, a real, living character, in fullest sympathy with his age and environments; active, earnest, and of sufficient abilities to make his career in life worthy to be recorded and studied. The author has honored himself in honoring his departed friend.—Rev. D. Curry, D.D., *in National Repository.*

Like his Master, Dr. Eddy is still "with us," and with us "to abide." All that was most Christ-like and precious as an influence of grace is

still doing its work in the wide world as well as in the hearts "that have made for him a shrine." And that work which he loved can hardly fail to receive a fresh impulse from this book.—Mrs. Mary Lowe Dickinson.

The life of the late Rev. Dr. Eddy I have read and reread with increasing interest. His life and history are a priceless legacy to his family, as they are also to the Church and to the world.—Wm. L. Harris, *Bishop M. E. Church.*

The volume will be read with melancholy pleasure by those who have still a vivid memory of the man, and with profit by all, as the picture of a truly manly man, an earnest Christian, an eloquent pulpit orator, and a faithful and eminently successful minister of the Gospel.—*Zion's Herald.*

I hope this book will have a large circulation, for whoever reads it cannot fail to consecrate himself more fully to the service of the Master.—Mrs. L. H. Daggett, *Boston, Mass.*

It is a book which interests me deeply, stimulates to a more active zeal, suggests new thoughts, and new views of old truths. I wish it could find its way into all youths' libraries throughout the land.—James Harris, *Canada.*

Were it for nothing else, the work of Dr. Sims would merit praise for the method it pursues. The plan is not labor-saving. It contemplates a portraiture of Dr. Eddy as a man and Christian worker, to be drawn from whatever material can be laid under contribution. The execution of it leaves the reader with a pleasing impression that it has well achieved its aim. The narrative is of cumulative interest, enlivened at times with incident, and garnished here and there with extracts from his correspondence. The style is well adapted to its purpose; is simple, perspicuous, at times rising into eloquence. While the book bears throughout the impress of ardent personal friendship, and at times takes on a chastened tone of admiration, it is singularly free from any thing like mere panegyric. The specimens of Dr. Eddy's work, as writer, preacher, and platform speaker, presented in the book, will pleasingly recall their gifted author to the thousands once familiar with his voice and pen. A warmly appreciative and finely written essay by Bishop Simpson on the life and work of Dr. Eddy

forms a valuable introduction to the book.—Rev. J. A. M'Cauley, D.D., *President of Dickinson College.*

The biography of Rev. Dr. T. M. Eddy is a real contribution to missionary literature, and a memorial monument of a burning and shining light in the Church.—*Western Christinn Advocate.*

The thanks of the Church are due to Rev. Dr. C. N. Sims, for the admirable manner in which he has executed the trust reposed in him, of writing the "Life of Dr. Thomas M. Eddy." It has evidently been with him a labor of love. I have just read every word of it, and, from the beginning of the volume to its close, was thoroughly and intensely interested. I feel that I have renewed my acquaintance with the great soul of Dr. Eddy. From my heart I commend the book to all, young and old, ministry and laity. It is the record of a successful life in the pastorate of our Church, begun in ill-health, continued in toil, sacrifice, and suffering, and closed in wonderful triumph. I advise that the chapter which records the dying scene be read first of all; that the reader may then begin the book, and advance, step by step, along a pathway lit up by the glory of that dying hour, and the exceeding brightness of that crown that, in the very presence of the weeping Church he loved so well, descended upon his victorious brow. Since the day that Edward Payson lay panting in bodily anguish, yet crying in fullness of joy and certainty of faith, "The celestial city is full in view; its odors are wafted to me; its songs strike my ear; its spirit is breathed into my heart!"—since that day there has been no such instance of complete, sustained victory in death, lasting for days, until the very gates of heaven were kept open long enough to flood the Church with a light "that is not born of sun or star." May this book find a place in every pastor's library, in every family library, in every Sabbath-school library, in the whole Church. It will quicken zeal, kindle faith, inspire hope, mold character, nerve to high purpose, and bring many souls to Jesus.—Rev. C. C. M'Cabe, D.D.

This is a work of singular value to the whole religious public. We have here the picture of one of the most intense and devoted lives in our whole Methodist history. Every young man who hopes to serve the Master's cause ought to read it, and think over the real grounds, for the rare usefulness of this noble character. The author has been

both just and appreciative. He has used his materials with discrimination, and has made the Church his debtor for the setting in which he has placed this jewel.—JOHN F. HURST, D.D., *President of Drew Theological Seminary.*

I knew Dr. Eddy well, and esteemed him very highly. He was a man to be not only admired, but enjoyed and loved. Few *men* inspire or bestow such friendship as he did. His biographer has caught the subtle aroma of his spirit, and has drawn him to the life; rather has *photographed* him truly, for he is made to shine in his own light.—CYRUS D. FOSS, D.D., *President of Wesleyan University.*

This was an admirable and industrious life, sketched in an admirable way by a no less industrious Methodist preacher. Long and intimate acquaintance, added to a vivid sympathy with the laborious methods of Dr. Eddy, makes his biographer perhaps the most fitted, among all the friends who survive Dr. Eddy, to write his life. Dr. Eddy was a typical Methodist preacher—"in labors abundant," in enthusiasm unfailing, sympathetic with the individual, and magnetic in presence of the crowd—he went from position to position, cheerfully acquiescing in the habit of the Church, and adorning each succeeding place which he filled more than the one which he vacated. He was a growing man, and died in his prime. A man of less energy would have yielded long before to ill health, and few robust men would have accomplished so much. Perhaps the twelve years in which Dr. Eddy was editor of the *North-western Christian Advocate* were the most arduous, and certainly the most influential, of his life. He was eminently suited to be the editor of a religious newspaper in the North-west. For in the editorial chair, as well as in the pulpit, his eloquence was free from bombast, his religion devoid of cant, and his cheerfulness never offended by familiarity. Dr. Sims has done the work of a biographer well. He has put into the simplest form his own admiration of his friend, and has given to the young men of the Church an excellent picture of a devoted, gifted, and industrious Methodist preacher. The perfect likeness engraved for a frontispiece for the book is not a more striking picture of the original than are the pages of "The Life" themselves. An introduction to Dr. Sims' work is written by Bishop Simpson.—*Christian Union.*

Yours Truly
T. M. Eddy
Gov. Sec'y

THE LIFE

OF

REV. THOMAS M. EDDY, D.D.

BY CHARLES N. SIMS, D.D.

WITH AN INTRODUCTION

BY REV. BISHOP SIMPSON, D.D., LL.D.

"He was a good man, and full of the Holy Ghost and of faith: and much people was added unto the Lord."

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PHILLIPS & HUNT
CINCINNATI:
HITCHCOCK & WALDEN
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MRS. ANNA W. EDDY,

Chicago, Ill.

Dont forget
that life only begins in this state of
being - that it goes on beyond the
curtain dropped by the hand of death
Of course we all send you our
love - lots of it.

Your aff Father
T. M. Eddy

"Life's more than breath and the quick round of blood;
'Tis a great spirit and a busy heart.
* * * * * * * * * * *
We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
We should count time by heart-throbs. He most lives
Who thinks most—feels the noblest—acts the best."

PREFACE.

A LIFE-LONG acquaintance with Dr. Eddy, a familiarity with the localities amid which he spent the years of his early ministry, a residence near him during the period of his editorial life, a pastorate in the same city most of the time he was in Baltimore, a home in a neighboring city while he was engaged in the missionary secretaryship, and an intimate personal friendship with him for more than twenty years, are the reasons why the writer, when asked to undertake it, ventured upon the task of preparing this volume.

He has not consciously exaggerated a virtue or talent in presenting the character of his subject. He knew of no faults which could throw a shadow over that bright name, whose luster ever increased until he who bore it went up to put on the crown and the white robe of the redeemed in heaven.

Great care has been taken to verify, as far as possible, every statement, date, and incident, and we hope that few mistakes have crept in.

To Mrs. Eddy, his widow, we are indebted almost wholly for the materials from which the book has been prepared. She brings this offering as a tribute of affection to the dear one gone, having determined to devote any profits that may arise from the sale of the work to the missionary cause, which he loved so well, and to whose service his last years were given.

We believe that the story of this noble, consecrated, intensely busy life will be a blessing to all who come to know it. C. N. S.

BROOKLYN, *March* 1, 1879.

CONTENTS.

INTRODUCTION.....Page 11

CHAPTER I.

ANCESTRY.

Augustus Eddy—Early Life—School Teaching—Ministry—Characteristics..... 21

CHAPTER II.

BIRTH AND CHILDHOOD OF THOMAS MEARS EDDY.

Joining the Church—Life in Cincinnati—Watching the General Conference..... 41

CHAPTER III.

LIFE ON THE FARM.

School Scenes—Early Traits—Winter Evenings—A Maniac—Conversion—Licensed to Preach..... 48

CHAPTER IV

FIRST YEAR IN THE MINISTRY—MANCHESTER CIRCUIT.

First Sermons—Admission to Conference—Circuit Riding—Old Acquaintances Renewed—Letters—Incidents..... 65

CHAPTER V

CANAAN CIRCUIT.

Feeble Health—A Wayside Funeral—Salary—An Early Sermon. 85

CHAPTER VI.

LEXINGTON CIRCUIT AND SALEM STATION.

Letter from Conference—Ordination—Removal to Salem—Severe Illness—Marriage—Rural Scenes ..... Page 109

CHAPTER VII.

RISING SUN STATION.

Shadows—Mid-Summer Meetings—Social Surroundings..... 139

CHAPTER VIII.

A GROUP OF PEN PICTURES.

President Simpson—Dr. Ames—W. B. Christie..... 146

CHAPTER IX.

VEVAY CIRCUIT.

Country and People—Sabbath in the Village—Revival Incident—Tornado—Tribute of Affection..... 160

CHAPTER X.

JEFFERSONVILLE STATION.

New Parsonage—Musical—Revival—Cholera—Prison Incident—Prison Reform..... 171

CHAPTER XI.

THIRD-STREET, MADISON.

Madison—Preachers' Meeting—Levity Rebuked—Greek—Old Letters—Temperance Work—Lee Rogers..... 179

CHAPTER XII.

BROOKVILLE STATION.

Conference Secrets—Personal Appearance—Basket Meeting—Deep Water—Trip East—Remarkable Meeting..... 197

CHAPTER XIII.

AMERICAN BIBLE SOCIETY AGENCY.

Activity—Popularity—Success—Financial Management—Improved Health..... Page 211

CHAPTER XIV.

PRESIDING ELDERSHIP.

Self-distrust—James Havens—District Diary—Tribute to the Fathers..... 214

CHAPTER XV.

EDITORIAL LIFE.

Election—Salutatory—Ideal Newspaper—Editorials..... 223

CHAPTER XVI.

OUTSIDE WORK.

Dedications—Leaf from a Diary—Lost Child—Public Spirit—Retrospect 254

CHAPTER XVII.

A BROKEN YEAR.

First Visit to Baltimore—A Six-Months' Pastorate—Kind Remembrances 269

CHAPTER XVIII.

CHARLES-STREET, BALTIMORE.

The Church—As a Preacher—A Representative Man—Camp-meetings—Public Spirit—Mount Vernon Place—Business Talent—Methods of Work—Sermon..... 273

CHAPTER XIX.

HIS LIFE IN THE FAMILY.

Spirit of Cheerfulness—Letters to the Children—Little Ones—Home Piety 297

CHAPTER XX.

METROPOLITAN CHURCH.

A Brief Pastorate — Good Beginnings — General Conference ..... Page 313

CHAPTER XXI.

MISSIONARY SECRETARYSHIP.

Election—Duties of the Position—Mexico—India—Bulgaria—Indian Agencies—Missionary Advocate—Conference Address 316

CHAPTER XXII.

LIFE IN NEW YORK.

Social Surroundings—Address before the Evangelical Alliance —Camp-meeting Work—Round Lake Sermon..... 334

CHAPTER XXIII.

CLOSING LABORS.

Weariness—Chautauqua Sermon—Last Tour among the Conferences—Fighting Sickness—Last Sermon—Coming Home to Die.. 353

CHAPTER XXIV.

ILLNESS AND DEATH.

Last Day in the Office—Alarming Illness—Faithful Friends—Sick-bed Utterances—Messages—Last Words..... 370

CHAPTER XXV.

A WREATH OF IMMORTELLES.

Funeral Services—Burial in Graceland—Tributes from the Press—O'Neal—Estimate of Dr. Eddy's Character..... 380

INTRODUCTION.

TO preserve some trace of departed loved ones is a longing of the human heart. It is an instinct that prophesies of immortality. Our friends have left us, but we feel that they are not wholly gone. Their presence seems to linger about us with a hallowing, sacred influence, as a conviction of continued being, and as a hope of anticipated reunion. The ancient Egyptians embalmed their dead, and for long years retained their presence. At an early period monuments were erected, of costly and enduring character, to perpetuate the name and deeds of the illustrious departed. But time has made a mockery of these monuments, in that, while the structures remain, the memory of those for whom they were erected has utterly perished. The tombs in the vicinity of Jerusalem, the massive pyramids near Cairo, are without tenants. The names of the builders are, in many instances, unknown. The Roman poet aptly said of the work which he had written, "*Exegi monumentum perennius ære;*" and his works are in the hands of students long centuries since monuments, tombs, and epitaphs have passed away. The written page embalms our friends more perfectly than the physician's art with costliest preparations. It preserves, also, not so much the memory of the physical form and features, as of the

nobler parts of being—the mind and heart, the lofty conceptions, the noble aspirations, the earnest affections and sympathies, which glowed in life's happiest hours. The Bible sanctifies this longing of the heart in its utterance, "The righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance." The biographies of those who by their efforts obtained distinction and eminence are of great interest to the young. They wish to know how such men commenced their career; what were their habits, their studies, their associations; by what steps they rose, slowly or rapidly, to eminence and fame. The example of such men stimulates the young to exertion; and a noble life thus reproduces itself in the aspirations and exertions of others. Though we have no record of a word which fell from the lips of Abel, yet his devotion to worship, his obedience to the divine command in the midst of danger, have come down the ages, and it is said of him, "He, being dead, yet speaketh." So, a noble life: the resistance of temptation, the struggling amid difficulties, the constant and steady upward ascent displayed in a beautiful Christian career, afford lessons of instruction and profit to the young.

As we press a beautiful flower, and recall by its form the memory of the perfume which it once exhaled, so, as we read the events and utterances in the life of a loved friend, we recall his presence, we see again the sparkle of his eye, we listen to the intonations of his voice, we see his form in all the intense earnestness of active life. His words, though choice and beautiful of themselves, have to us their chief interest in the associations which they awaken, and the memories of life which they bring back to us again.

For these and other reasons I was gratified to learn that the life of my friend, the Rev. Thomas M. Eddy, D.D., was about to be published; that the materials had been carefully collected and arranged, as a work of love, by Mrs. Eddy, who from his youth up had not only shared his sorrows and his joys, but had sympathized with him in all his efforts—who had ever co-operated with him by her affectionate tenderness and her wise counsels. I was also pleased to learn that the preparation of the work had been confided to the Rev. Dr. Sims, whose earlier life had been spent in the same State, and who had been identified with many of the interests for which Dr. Eddy, in his earlier years, had labored. Prepared by such hands, I have no doubt the work will be a valuable one; not only portraying the characteristics of our departed friend, but so exhibiting them as to exercise an influence which shall linger about us for years to come. It is one of the properties of the atmosphere that, by its refractive power, it gives us a view of the sun after it has passed below the horizon So by these sketches the images of loved ones and the memory of their virtues remain with us after they have passed beyond the boundaries of life.

I was for many years acquainted with the father of Dr. Eddy, who was one of the prominent members of the Ohio Conference, and who was subsequently transferred to Indiana. He was a man of more than ordinary stature and physical power; he enjoyed excellent health, had traveled extensively on circuits and districts, and had also filled a number of the most prominent stations. His voice was clear and melodious, his manner was persuasive and oftentimes deeply pathetic, and he was

recognized as one of the most active and influential members of his Conference. He was an early and intimate friend of Bishop Morris, and of the older and more influential members of the Ohio Conference; and when he removed to Indiana he at once took rank among the leading minds of the Conference. I had the pleasure of serving as a co-delegate with him in the long and exciting General Conference of 1844.

Owing to the position and associations of his father, Dr. Eddy was brought into personal acquaintanceship with the leading minds of the Church, and was early inspired with a love for the doctrines and economy of Methodism, as well as with a strong attachment to, and reverence for, the older ministers. Early in life he received a fair education, and, being fond of reading and study, made such improvement as gave promise of coming usefulness. I remember well the Conference at which he was admitted on probation, and which sat, in 1842, in Centerville, Indiana. His father was presiding elder of the district, and the son was present during the Conference. He was then slender and lithe, had a bright, sparkling eye, a manly and frank countenance, and displayed great vivacity of spirit. The session of the Conference was an interesting one. In addition to its ordinary services he listened to a beautiful and thrilling address from the lips of Bishop Janes, who at that time was Secretary of the American Bible Society, and who was visiting the western conferences in discharge of his official duties.

Dr. Eddy received his first appointment from Bishop Morris, and was second preacher on the Manchester Circuit. His first three appointments were as junior

preacher; two of these years he was under the charge of his father as presiding elder. Thus, under the tuition and supervision of experienced ministers, he learned, practically, the work of a Methodist preacher. He pursued his conference studies with diligence, and preached with energy and zeal, and was early instrumental in promoting revivals of religion. The old circuit system was well calculated to indoctrinate and develop the younger ministers, who gave their time and attention to study and preaching, without being burdened with the cares of administration, or the responsibilities of directing the affairs of the Church. The exercise on horseback, the invigorating influences of the open air, the change of company and scenery, the diversity in the training and character of the people, were advantageous for health, for the study of human nature, and for social and mental improvement. The supervision of the older ministers, their spirit of deep devotion, their practical example and instruction in the work of preaching and of the pastorate, had some advantages which cannot be gained even in the best theological seminaries. The association of Dr. Eddy in these formative years of his ministry was with men who, without great culture, were wonderfully successful in winning souls for Christ. He early imbibed their spirit, caught what was excellent in their manner and plans, and he retained through life the impress thus received. Well would it be for the Church if, in addition to its changes and improvements, there might be some way in which this practical association and supervision of older ministers could still be secured.

Being frequently on the examining committee, I en-

joyed the opportunity of noticing his progress in theological study, as well as in other elements of ministerial power. Year by year he added to the stores of his knowledge, and by his singleness of purpose and devotion to his work became both successful and popular. A few months after I left Indiana, in 1848, he was stationed in Jeffersonville, and from that time forth occupied the prominent positions of the Conference. While youthful in appearance, cheerful and sprightly, he was ever watchful over all the interests of the Church, and his mind was prolific in measures for its prosperity and enlargement. During the sessions of Conference he was present to witness the deliberations, and he carefully noted whatever occurred, modestly taking part in the discussions and deliberations, and thus he early became a general favorite.

After the death of Dr. J. V. Watson, Editor of the "North-western Christian Advocate," in 1856, Dr. Eddy was selected by the Book Committee and the Bishops as his successor. From that period onward his life and history were more fully known to the Church. As an editor he displayed unusual tact and sprightliness. He fearlessly discussed all questions of public interest, being thoroughly conservative in his attachment to the doctrines and usages of the Church, while, at the same time, he was an early and unwavering friend of the cause of freedom and of human rights. In the antislavery controversy his editorials were sharp and ringing, and he helped, in no small degree, to form the opinions of the North-west. He was, also, the early and consistent friend of Lay Delegation in the general councils of the Church, and labored efficiently in promoting its inter-

ests, until he had the pleasure of seeing the measure consummated, in the General Conference of 1872. It was my lot to reside from 1859 to 1863 at Evanston, in the vicinity of Chicago, and I had the full opportunity to witness his personal and editorial career during that season of unusual anxiety and excitement. His love for the Union led him to its most earnest advocacy. Both by his pen and by his public addresses he encouraged the soldiers in the army, and aided the Christian and Sanitary Commissions. So active was he, and so widely known and appreciated were his exertions, that at the close of the war he was selected to write the part which Illinois had in that great conflict. In the meantime he was diligent in editorial duties. I frequently saw him in the city, both in his office and in his pleasant and hospitable home, and had the opportunity of noticing how closely and earnestly he was devoted to his work. He was so popular as a pulpit speaker that his services were sought in all directions. So successful was he in collecting money at the dedication of churches, and in assisting those which were embarrassed, that few new churches were erected within two or three hundred miles of Chicago, at the dedication of which his services were not sought. Not unfrequently, after writing all day in his office, he took the cars in the evening, and, riding from one hundred and fifty to two hundred miles, preached the next day, soliciting money, and returned again by night, to be in his office the succeeding morning. He also felt a deep interest in the founding of literary institutions, and he labored earnestly and effectively to place them on broader foundations.

Retiring from his editorial career in 1868, he took

charge of the Charles-street Church, in Baltimore, and under his ministerial care the congregation erected the beautiful edifice known as the Mount Vernon Place Church, an edifice which is second to none in the United States. I had full opportunity during his pastoral term to observe his unusual energy, devotion, and tact. While that edifice stands he will need no other monument.

In 1872, Dr. Eddy was elected by the highest ballot as one of the three missionary secretaries. From his youth he had felt a deep interest in the missionary cause; he had frequently plead for it in the pulpit and on the platform, and the work was in entire harmony with the whole tendencies of his mind. To it he gave with unwavering fidelity the last two years of his life, writing in the office, corresponding with missionaries in the field, traveling to and fro to stir up the Church. He thus aided in infusing energy and activity wherever he went. He was always a welcome visitor at the Annual Conferences. His frank manner, his cordial greeting, his sympathetic interest in his brethren, and his readiness to speak or preach when duty seemed to require, inspired toward him unusual esteem and affection. His missionary addresses were clear, instructive, and powerful, and frequently awakened great enthusiasm.

I last saw him alive at the Chicago German Conference, some two or three weeks before his death. He had been visiting the Conference in Wisconsin, delivering addresses, and preaching to various congregations. When he stopped at Chicago he told me he had been suffering occasionally great pain, the cause of which he could not well understand; but in the midst of his suf-

ferings he was so earnest in his duties that while speaking no one would suspect that he was under the influence of pain. His whole heart was engaged with earnest solicitude for the success of the cause of missions, and I never saw him more deeply pious and more thoroughly devoted to his work than during the period of that last visit to the Conference and to my own room. No marvel that on his dying bed he often exclaimed, "Forward is the word!"

In his personal habits Dr. Eddy was diligent and systematic, a close student, a ready writer. In his family he was the center of social influences, tender and affectionate, and yet firm and decided. In society he was a general favorite, and he was greatly beloved by the Churches which he served, as well as by those who were intimately associated with him in labor. He wrote with great rapidity and unusual sprightliness, and a racy style marked all his pulpit utterances. He was a man of strong convictions, deeply in earnest, and his whole powers were concentrated on the work of doing good. In the young people of the Church he ever felt a deep interest, and was successful in drawing them closely around him. A lover of Sunday-schools, he was ever happy in addressing them. His mind was unusually fertile in devising ways and means to edify and strengthen the Church. He was a special favorite at camp-meeting services. His voice was clear and strong, and, when excited, it rang out with unusual power, holding immense audiences completely under control. He had much of that magnetic influence which is not easily described, but which powerfully impresses large congregations.

Personally, I prized him highly. He was, from our first acquaintance, my true and devoted friend. I spent many hours with him in pleasant conversation, and frequently he was associated with me in ministerial services. I ever found him ready to take more than his full share of labor and toil. In all his associations he dispensed sunshine wherever he went—cheerful and buoyant, sprightly and vivacious, and yet at the same time deeply and devotedly pious. Seldom have I been more shocked than when, on my return to the East, I learned that he was in a dangerous condition, and the next day the telegraph brought news of his death. Seldom have I been called upon to speak on an occasion, to me, of more mournful interest than when, at St. Paul's Church, New York, I attended the last services connected with his funeral rites. Why such a workman was cut down in the midst of his usefulness, when the Church so greatly needed his labor and his counsels, we are not now permitted to know. We can only say, "Even so, Father; for so it seemed good in thy sight."

I trust that this biographical volume may have a wide circulation, and that the example of his life, his early devotion to the cause of Christ, his unwavering attachment to the Church, and his manifold services in its behalf, may inspire many a young man to follow his glorious example.

M. SIMPSON.

PHILADELPHIA, *March* 3, 1879.

LIFE

OF

REV. THOMAS M. EDDY, D.D.

CHAPTER I.

ANCESTRY.

IN tracing the influences which mold and determine character, that of ancestry will always be among the most potent. It is part of the divine compensations bestowed upon upright living, that temperance, self-control, right habits, and obedience to the physical and spiritual laws of God on the part of parents, shall give balance and vigor to all the faculties of the children. Purity of blood and soundness of mind are usually hereditary qualities, so that biography properly begins with an account of ancestry.

The family of which Thomas M. Eddy came possessed all those essential qualities of vigorous and reliable manhood for which he was marked. His great grandfather Eddy was a New England Quaker preacher, and possessed that delicate and sensitive religious nature which perceived the Spirit's inner

light, and heard the words of its guiding voice. He grew strong in the battles with unsubdued nature which must always be fought in a new country, and he possessed the sublime courage of the early New England Friends.

Both of Mr. Eddy's grandfathers were patriot soldiers in the Revolutionary war, and helped, in camp and on the battle field, to work out, in darkness and storm and blood, the problem of our national existence. Thus did the virtue of patriotism flow into his life from two ancestral streams.

The benign face and manly form of his father, Augustus Eddy, are still well remembered by multitudes, and the echoes of his voice still ring in our ears. His talents were so marked, his work so valuable, and the sphere of his influence so large, as to demand at our hands much more than a passing notice.

Augustus Eddy was born in the town of Adams, Berkshire County, Massachusetts, on the fifth of October, 1798. When he was only seven years old his father removed with his family to what was then the unbroken wilds of Genesee County, in western New York. The settler's log cabin in the little clearing, the dense and far-reaching forests, the silent streams creeping among the trees, and the broad and beautiful lakes, were the objects familiar to the eyes of his boyhood. Felling the primitive forests, making rails from the trunks of the great trees, rolling together and burning the useless timber, grubbing

out the roots and tilling the fields, were his early toils.

His sports, besides the athletic games of a new country, were pursuing the bear, the deer, and the wild turkey in the chase, and fishing in the abundantly stocked streams and lakes.

Educational opportunities of every character were scarce and poor. There were few school-houses, and the branches taught during the short winter terms were very rudimentary. Even for these meager opportunities there was little time left the young men in this new country, so constantly were they kept employed in opening the half-cleared farms.

Young Eddy was seventeen years old before he ever saw a copy of an English grammar. The first one that met his eye was loaned him by his teacher, and he began to study it. But the attempt of a backwoods farmer boy to pursue so useless, and, withal, so aristocratic a branch of study, called down upon him the merciless ridicule of his acquaintances and fellow-students, and he was compelled, by the force of *public sentiment*, to abandon it.

This new community was very destitute of every kind of literature. There were few books or papers of any sort in the neighborhood. Even Bibles and Testaments were scarce, and there were few religious privileges within reach. Eddy was tall, muscular, active, genial, the peer of any youth in the neighborhood in athletic sports and social qualities ; it is not

surprising that he describes himself as being, at this time of his life, "gay and worldly."

Thus his years passed till he reached the age of nineteen, when the great event occurred which determined the whole course of his after life. In the year 1817 the Methodist minister stationed at Canandaigua began to preach regularly in the neighborhood, and produced a profound impression upon the entire community. After a time young Eddy was induced to hear him on a Sabbath morning. He was so much interested in the sermon that he walked several miles to an afternoon service, where he might hear him again. The preacher was Rev. Benjamin G. Paddock, who, after the opening services of Scripture reading and prayer, sang, in touching tones, the religious ballad beginning with the words,

"Hearken, ye sprightly, and attend, ye vain ones,"

and then preached an earnest sermon from the text, "Behold, I stand at the door, and knock." Under the sermon Eddy was overwhelmed with a conviction for sin, and though his pride was greatly mortified at the involuntary exposure of his feelings, he says he wept bitterly. The struggle of soul for light and peace, which followed, was long and agonizing. At last, after months of anguish and darkness, the evidence of his acceptance with God came sweetly and clearly to his heart. He says, "I trusted for present salvation, and, glory to God! he sent it to my soul. These words seemed inspoken to my heart: *Your*

sins are pardoned, and you shall yet bear witness of my goodness to many people that are now far from you. I started home, telling all my friends and acquaintances, as I met them,

'What a dear Saviour I had found.'

Some were affected to tears, others mocked, while I believe the general impression was that I was crazed. My dear mother was deeply affected at my experience, and never rested till she, too, found the 'pearl of great price.'"

Soon after this we find him, in great embarrassment, conducting a neighborhood social meeting, with singing, prayer, and exhortation. No wonder he was embarrassed. He was only nineteen years old, and was not yet a member of the Church. The event of his uniting with the Church occurred some time later, and he thus graphically describes it:—

"At the close of the sermon the minister, Mr. Paddock, invited persons who desired to do so to join the Church. So much I heard, and nothing more; an overwhelming fear was upon me that I should be rejected. I rose up in the midst of the congregation and said, '*Mr. Paddock, will you take me?*' and then sank back into my seat. The preacher pressed his way through the crowd, laid his hands upon my head, blessed me in the name of the Lord, and bade me welcome to the Church. O, what a delicious moment! I seemed to be in a new world; I wept, I praised God, I thanked his people for receiving me into the fold."

Some months later we find him, now just twenty years of age, in company with two other young men, one of them his class-leader, setting out from home in search of his fortune. They were going to the far West, a locality to which western Ohio answered at that time. They hired a light wagon, in which their worldly effects were conveyed over the mountains to Oil Creek, a distance of fifty miles. The young adventurers themselves made the journey on foot. Whatever may have prompted this venture on the part of the others, Mr. Eddy made it from religious considerations. He believed that his spiritual interests required him to get away from his early associations.

They descended the river in a flat-boat till they reached Franklin, Pa. Here they constructed for themselves a large, rude yawl, in which they continued their voyage, descending the Alleghany River to the Ohio. True to their Christian principles, they tied up their boat on Saturday evening, and spent the Sabbath at Steubenville, where they attended public worship. The voyage was resumed on Monday morning, and continued till they reached Cincinnati. Here Mr. Eddy parted from his young friends, and began life for himself. Near the city he found employment in a harvest-field, and engaged in this hard labor under the hot suns of July and August, till he was prostrated by severe illness. After his recovery he secured a school, and entered upon the work of a teacher. It may well be believed that a youth of twenty,

whose educational opportunities had been confined to the training given in the log school-house of a frontier settlement, where public sentiment among the young people forbade the study of English grammar, would find his acquirements scarcely sufficient for properly conducting an important school. But Mr. Eddy's courage and energy were equal to the occasion. He would diligently study, and fully master, at night, the lessons in the more advanced branches which he was compelled to teach the next day. He thus kept ahead of his scholars, and maintained a good reputation as a teacher. Deprived, as he had been, of the opportunities of college or academy, and compelled to acquire his education without the assistance of teachers, he here learned the vitally important lesson of self-help, and trained his mental faculties to that attention, concentration, and continuity of effort which constitute so important a part of all thorough intellectual discipline. This habit of close and careful mental application he retained to the end of his long and useful life.

But his conversion had too profoundly penetrated and permeated his whole being to permit him to be idle in the great matters of religious labor. Taking advantage of his relation to his scholars, he constantly endeavored to lead them to Christ. As might have been anticipated, these efforts aroused opposition in many quarters, and the young teacher found himself the object of much dislike, opposition, and ridicule in the little community.

Meanwhile he continually heard the voice of God calling him to the holy work of the ministry. His tastes and inclinations all pressed him in other directions. Besides this, he was exceedingly timid about exercising his gifts in public. Thus the conflict with himself was stormy and varied. After months of suffering from this restless and unsettled state of mind, he so far yielded to his convictions of duty as to accept the license of an exhorter in the Methodist Episcopal Church. This was in July, 1819, when he was not quite twenty-one years old.

During the following winter, having changed his locality, he taught school near Batavia, about twenty miles east of Cincinnati. Here the social influences around him were far more favorable and helpful. He found kind and judicious Christian friends and advisers, and a much more attractive field for religious work.

He had intended at this time to apply for license to preach, and for admission into the Ohio Conference. But his conflict with himself was not yet nearly ended. Whenever he attempted to exhort or speak in public, his timidity would rob him of his self-possession, and he would stammer so badly as to cause him great mortification. Under the depressing influences of this infirmity he abandoned, as he supposed forever, his purpose of entering the regular work of the ministry, and on the 25th of May, 1820, was married to Miss Martha Thomas, with whom he

lived and labored for almost fifty years. This was one of those marriages made in heaven. Their long life together was mutually helpful, always happy, and she still survives to bless with her companionship their children and grandchildren.

He removed with his young wife into Greene County, near Xenia, where, in the summer of 1821, after much hesitation and mental anxiety, he received license as a local preacher. The old conflict with duty was revived, and he determined to *compromise* the matter by staying out of the regular ministry, and being very faithful in his local relation.

He held many meetings, talked the best he could, and wondered at the numbers that attended the services he conducted. A good Brother L., a minister whose advice he sought, told him frankly he did not think it possible for him ever to become a useful preacher. This plain and candid advice, however, did not so much depress him as did that given by another brother. There was on the circuit a local preacher of such feeble and unacceptable gifts that it was impossible for him ever to get an audience of his own; so he often accompanied Mr. Eddy to his appointments, and was thus able to inflict himself on the public. Having heard of the timidity of his friend, he took occasion to say to him one day, "Don't be discouraged, Brother Eddy, no matter what they say to you. When I began many people told me that *I could never make a preacher, but I didn't mind 'em, but just went ahead.*" Under this

kindly-meant counsel his heart sank within him. He feared he was making the same mistake.

The presiding elder of the district was that wonderful and entrancing preacher, John Strange, a man of whose peerless powers of song and almost superhuman gifts of eloquence the fathers yet boast, while many a tradition of his wonderful efforts still lingers where he labored; a man of *one work*, of whom the story is told that some admiring friends, knowing his poverty in worldly goods and his inattention to temporal gains, once purchased, and gave him as a present, eighty acres of land. Mr. Strange received the gift gratefully, but after keeping the deed for several weeks, he brought it back to the donors, and begged that he might be allowed to return it. While he held it, he had tried to sing, as in former times, the hymn containing the lines—

"No foot of land do I possess;
No cottage in this wilderness:
A poor wayfaring man."

But the charm which his personal experience of earthly homelessness had lent to the song was gone, and he preferred giving up the land to losing the glory of the hymn.

This other-worldly man had obtained, with much difficulty, Mr. Eddy's consent to take a recommendation for admission to Conference, but, after his usual vacillating course in those years, the consent was withdrawn.

Not long after this his entire family—himself, wife,

and two little children—were taken very ill. He looked upon this as a rebuke from the heavenly Father, and determined to evade duty no longer.

While in this state of mind and health the elder called to see him, and, after giving him kind and faithful admonition, pointing out to him the wrong of resisting the call of duty, took him by the hand and said cheerily : " Make haste and get well, Brother Eddy ; I have work for you over the river, on Miami Circuit, and the sooner you get to it the better."

Thus did the providence of God thrust out the father into the itinerant ministry while Thomas was still a babe in the cradle. It is not our purpose to trace in detail the history of his life and work as a traveling preacher. For forty-six years he was a faithful and efficient minister of the Lord Jesus, enduring hardship, exposure, sickness, and financial loss for the sake of the Master.

In August, 1824, he was recommended for admission into the traveling connection, and was the same autumn received on trial by the Ohio Conference, at its session held in Zanesville. Here began that long and unbroken career of itinerant usefulness extending over a period of nearly half a century, without a blot on his record or a change in his Conference relation, till he was called from labor to his great reward. His first appointment was Miami Circuit, and for seven successive years he traveled large and heavy circuits, which required long rides over muddy roads, and almost daily preaching. Parsonages were poor,

and without furniture, and he had hardly a field during these first seven years that paid salary enough to meet the actual expenses of living. In 1831 he was made presiding elder of the Scioto District; in 1833 this district was divided, and he was appointed to the half which took the name of the Columbus District. He remained here two years, and in 1835 was stationed in Western Charge, Cincinnati.

In 1836, having been but one year in Cincinnati, he was transferred to the Indiana Conference, and settled his family temporarily on a farm in Rush County. Leaving his wife, her two brothers, and his two sons, in charge of the farm interests, he devoted himself wholly to his ministerial work. He was pastor of the *one charge* then in Indianapolis, presiding elder of the Indianapolis and Whitewater Districts, station preacher at Wesley Chapel in the city of Madison, elder of the Madison District, and pastor of the Lawrenceburgh Station.

He was a delegate to the General Conference which met at Baltimore, in 1840, and to that which held its session in New York city, in 1844. This latter election afforded him his *first* opportunity to revisit the scenes and home of his boyhood since he had left them, twenty-six years before. In all that time he had not met one of his father's family. Having reached a point within five miles of his old home by cars, he set out on foot to complete the journey. After walking a mile a passing peddler took him in his wagon, and carried him to the home of his

brother-in-law, Mr. Timothy Allen. His sister, Mrs. Allen, was sick, and her husband away from home. He tells the story of this meeting and of his visit to his mother :—

" I entered my sister's sick room without ceremony, being a good deal excited, and said, as coolly as possible, 'Good morning, madame.' She turned her pale face toward me and said, 'How does thee do?' (She was a Quakeress.) 'I believe you don't know me?' She said 'No;' but after a while she guessed who I was, and we had a sweet interview. I learned from her that my sister next older than myself had been dead more than a year, yet no one had informed me of the event. She had died shouting the praises of God, though a Quakeress. I did not find my mother here, as I had expected, but learned that she was at my younger sister's, about eighteen miles away. Mr. Allen sent me there next day in his carriage, and a little before noon we came in sight of the house where I expected to see her. I had been gone so long, and had changed so much, that I thought no one would know me. I had left home, a tall, lank youth of nineteen, weighing one hundred and thirty pounds; now I was a man of forty-five, weighing two hundred and twenty pounds. But as I entered the door my sister uttered a little cry, and exclaiming, '*You* ARE my brother,' clasped me in her arms. Her little girl heard the cry, and running into the next room, where her grandmother was, told her that her mother's brother had come. My mother

rushed in, wild with excitement, and folded me to her heart. I was a child again, and felt that loving reverence in my mother's presence that I had felt in the days of my early boyhood. After her first excitement was over she took her seat on the opposite side of the room, and surveyed me from head to foot, with the closest scrutiny. 'Do you own me for your son, mother?' said I. 'Yes, a mother never forgets her child.' 'But I am changed so, since you saw me, mother; by what do you remember me?' 'By your countenance, your eyes, your smile, and by your HAIR!' I WORE A WIG! I could not recall a trace of her former looks in her appearance, but in a few hours old resemblances reappeared to me, and she looked as familiar as if I had not been absent from her a month. I stayed but a night, and then hurried on."

In 1848 Mr. Eddy was re-transferred to the Ohio Conference, and was most cordially welcomed back by the old friends and associates of his early ministry. He filled appointments in Chillicothe, Hamilton, and Xenia, and was presiding elder of the West Cincinnati District. About this time the old Ohio Conference was divided; and his early associations were so broken up by the division that his heart and thoughts turned longingly to his Indiana home. In the fall of 1855 he was transferred to the North Indiana Conference, where he continued to work actively till the close of his life. After his return to Indiana his fields of labor were Richmond, Indianapolis District,

Kokomo, United States Post Chaplain at Indianapolis for four years, Richmond and Anderson Districts.

His last sermon was preached at his quarterly meeting in Greenfield, January 16th, 1870, from the text, "I know that my Redeemer liveth."

The scenes and incidents which marked the close of his earthly career were touching and grand, as befitted so noble a character. Though he had been suffering for some days from an attack of erysipelas in the right knee, he went to his quarterly meeting at Greenfield, preached twice, and attended to the usual business of the meeting. In spite of medical treatment his knee grew worse, and on Monday he returned to his quiet home at Charlottesville, remarking calmly to his wife, "I think my work is done."

His illness continued for more than three weeks, during which he suffered at times intensely. All his living children were permitted to meet at his bedside. He was calm, peaceful, uncomplaining, and exceedingly careful for the comfort of those about him. On Sabbath morning, the sixth of February, though then very ill, he insisted that his son, Dr. Eddy, should leave his bedside and go to the village church and preach. Urging him, he said, "It is an opportunity to preach the Gospel; you ought not to lose it."

With many words of exhortation to friends, and expressions of personal faith and comfort, and the recitation of many passages of Scripture, he passed the later days of his illness.

At one o'clock on Wednesday morning, owing to alarming symptoms, the entire family were summoned to his room. The lamp was turned low, throwing a subdued light upon the scene. He asked to be raised and supported in his bed. "Now wait a moment," said he, faintly. Then, laying one arm around the neck of his oldest son, Thomas, and placing the other hand upon his head, he said slowly: "The God of your father and the God of your mother, the God of your brothers and sisters, bless you and keep you. The good will of Him who dwelt in the Bush abide upon you and upon your dear wife and children. May your days be multiplied, and your ministry be made abundantly successful; in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost." He then repeated the benediction upon the head of each member of his family and upon each friend present, varying the form of the blessing only so much as to adapt it to the circumstances of each. The long meter doxology was then sung, and he kept time faintly with his hand to the music; after this, prayer was offered. Again he requested singing. One stanza of the hymn,

"My latest sun is sinking fast,"

was then sung, and as it died away he prompted the one beginning,

"I know I am nearing my heavenly home."

After this he requested all present to rise while he attempted to narrate his Christian experience;

but his strength failed him, and he was compelled to desist. During the day he sent loving messages to relatives who were not present, and to other friends, especially to the members of his Conference; and at the close of the day, Wednesday, February 9, 1870, Augustus Eddy was taken home. "He had fought a good fight; he had kept the faith."

He was a man of marked character and ability and of fervent and cheerful piety. He was three times elected to a seat in the General Conference, and always possessed in an unusual degree the confidence and affection both of the ministry and the whole Church. He was a man of unusually fine personal appearance, full six feet in height, weighing more than two hundred pounds, and of a most benevolent face. His leading characteristics were, conscientious devotion to his work, great warmth of affection, and a happy cheerfulness that often bubbled over in genial humor. From middle manhood he wore a wig. One of the good sisters of the district thought he could not be guilty of so much pride and deception, and determined to find out the truth. Preparing her dinner, the elder was invited to her house at the next quarterly meeting. When all the guests were seated at table she bluntly propounded the subject of her anxiety.

"Brother Eddy, I want to know if that is your own hair on your head?"

"Yes, indeed, sister," was the prompt response, "It is all my own. I bought it with my *own money*,

and paid a high price for it at that." The answer was explicit, if not wholly satisfactory

Great tenderness of heart was a prominent trait of his character. The writer remembers, when a boy, being at a camp-meeting in the hills of Franklin County, Indiana, when Father Eddy was on the stand and about to preach. Some one in the congregation began singing a then popular song containing these lines,

> "Shed not a tear o'er your friend's early bier,
> When I am gone—I am gone;
> Smile when the slow-tolling bell you shall hear,
> When I am gone—I am gone."

The people were joining heartily in the singing when Father Eddy arose, came to the front of the stand, and, lifting his hand in forbidding gesture. said, "Stop; sing no such soulless sentiment as that. Jesus wept over his friend Lazarus, and I would have my friends sorrow for me when I am gone, as I weep for my dear ones who have been taken away." The song was heard no more during that camp-meeting.

He cherished, with peculiar sacredness, the memory of his deceased brethren in the ministry. On one occasion the memorial service of his Conference was being hurried through for want of time and by the pressure of other business. He rose to his feet and said, "Mr. President and brethren, let us not *hurry here.* This is the last time these names will ever be called in our Conference. There can be no

more valuable use of our time than pausing to pay fitting and respectful tribute to the memory of these departed brethren. When I fall I hope my brethren will not be too busy to give a few moments to my memory, and I trust we will be equally mindful of these who are gone from among us." The hush and pause which followed showed the quick response awakened by his earnest and loving words.

He never grew old in spirit. A friend of progress and of all the aggressive movements in the Church which promised increased efficiency, he was happy in his work, and full of hope for the future.

During his post chaplaincy in Indianapolis his daily visits to the soldiers were hailed by them as delights and blessings. His influence over them was like a charm. At his approach the rough word and unseemly jest ceased, as before the coming of a good angel. The men gathered about him like children around a venerated father. But the work did not suit him. He felt that it was not a full response on his part to the call of the Saviour, "Go, preach my Gospel." Many will remember his address in Conference at that session when he returned from the chaplaincy to the regular work. He was wearing the regulation uniform of his office. When his name was called on the passage of his character, and the usual response, "Nothing against him," had been made, he rose and said: "I am not sure but I have something against myself. I am afraid I am not spending my time to the best advantage, and I am

anxious for the day to come when I shall lay aside this uniform, which is, in a measure, distasteful to me, and take my orders direct again from the authorities of the Church in the army of the Lord Jesus Christ." A man without reproach, of noble character, single purpose, and great piety, he did his work well, and left behind him a blessed memory.

Such was the father of him whose life we sketch in the following pages.

CHAPTER II.

BIRTH AND CHILDHOOD OF THOMAS MEARS EDDY.

THOMAS MEARS EDDY, the son of Augustus and Martha Eddy, was born in Newtown, Hamilton County, Ohio, near the city of Cincinnati, on the 7th of September, 1823. He was the third child in a family of eight, and was baptized in infancy by the venerable Bishop M'Kendree. At the time of his birth his father was a school-teacher, and a local preacher in the Methodist Episcopal Church; but he entered the Conference a month afterward, so that the life of the son was wholly spent in the ministry. All the experiences of his childhood and youth were those incident to the life of a Methodist preacher's family; and while he was still a beardless boy he left that home to begin his own life-work in the itinerant ministry.

As a child, he was unusually feeble and slender, of fine nervous organization, and always appeared much younger than he really was. As might have been expected of one of his temperament, he was, from early childhood, impressible, excitable, very thoughtful, and possessed of strongly religious tendencies His sympathies and his anger were easily aroused, and action followed quickly upon impulse. He was

perfectly fearless, ready to espouse at any moment the cause of his older, stronger, and quieter brother, whenever he thought the case demanded it. He was a chivalrous protector of the younger children, especially his sisters. His mind developed rapidly under the hot-house experiences to which itinerant preachers' children are subject in the frequent changes of residence and constant contact with strangers.

In the summer of 1834, when he was in his eleventh year, he became a member of the Church. His father was at the time presiding elder of the Scioto District. One Saturday morning Thomas mounted his Indian pony, the gift of a generous-hearted old German brother, known as Father Crouse, and rode beside his father to the place where a quarterly meeting was to be held, nine miles distant from their home. He attended all the services with great faithfulness. He was in his place at preaching Saturday forenoon and evening, and at the love-feast Sabbath morning at nine o'clock, partaking of the bread and water, emblems of a feast of love, which were offered to all in the house. His father preached the eleven o'clock sermon Sabbath morning, that great hour of the quarterly meeting, and, coming down from the pulpit to the altar at its close, invited any persons who desired to "flee from the wrath to come and be saved from their sins," to come forward and unite with the Church on probation. The most moved heart in all the congregation was that of his own little son, Thomas, who promptly responded to the in-

vitation, walked to the altar, and gave his hand to his father in token of his desire to join the Church. After the close of the service the father and child had an earnest talk together over the step the latter had taken.

In the afternoon Thomas left the place of the meeting, and rode back to his home alone. As he passed along the unfrequented way his mind was full of great thoughts of duty, life, and eternal destiny. It was as if God went with him and talked to him, as, indeed, he did on that solitary journey. All the obligations, responsibilities, and consequences of the step he had taken came up as vividly before him as if he had been of mature years. Reaching home just before sundown, he put his pony in the stable and fed him; then, coming through the yard up to the house, he found his mother sitting in the low vine-clad porch, reading her Bible. The boy threw himself across the table beside which she was sitting, and, looking straight into her face, said,

"Ma, I joined the Church this morning, and pa says if you have no objections I am to go to Father Crouse and have my name put on the class-book. Shall I go now?" (He proposed to act promptly in this matter as he did in every thing.)

Wondering whether he fully understood what he was doing, his mother said, "Thomas, what do you think the boys will say to you to-morrow at school, when you tell them you have joined the Church?"

"I don't know," replied the lad, "but I think I

would better bear any thing they may say than to risk losing my soul."

His mother said, "You had better go up now, and see Father Crouse."

Springing from the table, away he went up the village street to Father Crouse's residence. In a few minutes they were coming back hand in hand together, the white-haired old man and the slender boy. The old man said in his quick ringing voice,

"The poy wants to join the class; haf you any objections?"

"Have *you* any objections, Father Crouse?" said the mother. "Do you think he knows what he is doing?"

"Knows what he is doing!" echoed the old man. "I wish half the grown people knew what they were doing as well as this poy knows."

So his name went upon the Church record, never to be removed from it till the call of the Master was heard saying, "It is enough, come up higher.'

It was the usage of the Church in that day, and in those new fields, when persons evinced a desire for salvation, promptly to receive them as probationers, and to place them under the watchcare of faithful leaders, *requiring* of them a strict and regular attendance upon the class-meetings. Thomas entered at once upon all the duties of a Church member, attending constantly upon class, prayer-meeting, and public worship, but without any marked change in his spiritual experience.

In the autumn of 1835, when he was just twelve years old, his father was appointed to the pastorate of Western Charge, in the city of Cincinnati. Here Thomas' health, always delicate, became much more feeble and interrupted. He suffered severely from an attack of measles, that left his hearing temporarily impaired, an affliction which greatly distressed him, and made him for the time diffident and averse to company. Here he attended a school conducted by Mr. Wesley Hopkins, an excellent teacher, and a noble Christian gentleman, who is now, and has been for many years, engaged in the Methodist Book Rooms, at Cincinnati. He was known among the pupils of Mr. Hopkins' school as "Tommy Eddy, our walking grammar." Though his health was so feeble he applied himself with almost morbid diligence to his books, and made rapid progress in his studies.

During this pastorate some old acquaintances were renewed and some new friendships formed, that were to produce incalculable results on the boy's after career. His mother, Mrs. Eddy, found in the congregation one who had been the intimate friend of her girlhood, who in those early days had persuaded her to give her heart to the Saviour, who had led her to the altar of prayer, had knelt and prayed with her as she sought pardon and peace, and had rejoiced with her when she received the spirit of adoption. It was Mrs. White; she had been Miss Olive Ballard in the days of their girlhood intimacy. The young girl whom years before Miss Ballard had led to the

altar of prayer was now the wife of her pastor, and *she* herself was wife and mother in a Christian household. A close intimacy naturally grew up between the two families; and Tommy Eddy and Anna White became playmates, classmates, and special friends. He was often at her father's house, and she became a frequent visitor at the parsonage of the church, which was then familiarly and somewhat irreverently known as the "Old Brick," or "Brimstone Corner." This charge has changed names and condition very much since then. It afterward became Morris Chapel, and is now the magnificent St. Paul's. Thomas began at this time the study of the German language with Dr. William Nast, and gave much attention to it. At almost any time outside of school hours he might be found absorbed in the three books, his German Bible, dictionary, and grammar. Through his whole life he never entirely laid aside his study of German.

In 1836 the General Conference held its session in Cincinnati, and Thomas began his first careful study of Methodist economy. Though but little more than twelve years old, he attended all the sessions of the Conference, kept track of the more important proceedings, watched, and came to know personally very many of the prominent delegates, listened with profound attention to the debates, heard the noted preachers with the liveliest interest, and actually gave as earnest thought to each question and measure as if he had himself been a delegate. He formed

decided opinions and preferences on the various subjects discussed by the body. He was particularly impressed and pleased with Rev. Thomas A. Morris, who was at that session elected to the episcopal office, and the two became life-long intimate friends.

This year at Cincinnati afforded him opportunities for study, acquaintance, and observation, which were rarely enjoyed by the sons of Methodist ministers in those days. Though the residence of the family here was only for a single year, yet during this time he gained an insight into the larger enterprises of the Church, and a knowledge of men and affairs, that were of inestimable service to him through his whole life. Here he made the acquaintance of the one who afterward became his wife. Here, through his studies with Dr. Nast, he received his first deep impressions of the importance, magnitude, and sacred character of the missionary work. His mind was thoroughly awakened, his ideas and ambitions enlarged, and his love for the Church and her institutions greatly increased.

When the next revolution of the great wheel of the itinerancy landed the Eddy family on a farm in the woods of Indiana, Thomas went to his new home with the foundations of his character and life-plans more definitely shaped than was usual for one of his age.

CHAPTER III.

LIFE ON THE FARM.

IN the autumn of 1836, when Thomas had just reached the age of thirteen, his father was transferred from the Ohio to the Indiana Conference, and was appointed presiding elder of the Indianapolis District. He felt that his two older boys needed steady employment, and more constant and regular out-door exercise than they were likely to find in the city. In view of these ideas of the needs of his family, instead of taking them to Indianapolis, the head of the district, he purchased a partly improved farm in Rush County, near where the village of Palmyra now stands, and placed them upon it. Leaving the farm in the care of his wife, her two brothers, and his own two older boys, he devoted himself, without division of thought or time, to the duties to which the Church had assigned him. Here Thomas became familiar by experience, up to the measure of his scanty strength, with all the labors and cares of farm life in its most rugged forms. He came, also, into communion with nature in all her changeful moods, and acquired that knowledge of rural life and affairs which furnished him so many valuable illustrations for his ministry in after years. The exercise

in the open air, the sports of the woods, and the toils of the fields, were better than medicine to his slender constitution; and doubtless his power of physical endurance, which became so remarkable in the later years of his life, was greatly augmented by these early experiences. He was next to the oldest child, and was compelled to perform a full share of the farm labor, according to his strength. After the pressing work of the summer was done, the winter months were devoted to school. The country school which afforded him its educational facilities was more than two miles away from the family residence. In one of his earlier contributions to a county newspaper, we find a half-playful, half-pathetic sketch, in which he describes the school, the road to be traveled in getting to it, the books, the sports, the teacher, and all the varied features of his school-boy life, with its joys and sorrows, its triumphs and defeats, as seen by the backward glances of memory. We give to the reader this view, as he presents it himself. He says :—

"There is much said these days about school reform and all that. The writer well remembers how he got his 'education.' The district school-house was situated at the very convenient distance of about 'two miles across and three miles around' from our home.

"Between the residence and 'college' lay two creeks, two hills, seven fences, and about a half mile of slush. We had to rouse before day, feed the 'critters,' chop the wood, and get our breakfast

ready; then, packing our dinners into buckets, we were off. Our teacher was a benevolent old soul; we all loved him, and when we played 'corner-ball' at noon we always selected him first choice. Our books were of the good old sort. 'The English Reader,' with its everlasting Sequel and Introduction; 'The Pleasing Companion,' which told all about 'Mr. Barlowe;' 'The Columbian Orator,' and various other works—for every fellow had his own, and was in a class by himself.

"Our good teacher inspected very carefully a copy of Ray's 'Arithmetic,' which the writer carried with him to the school. He turned it over and over, and said he had no doubt it was a very good one, but he would prefer Talbott's, Smiley's, or Pike's. Why this was I could not divine until some time after, when I learned that he had 'Keys' to each of the last named. Of course I got Pike's. Our school usually numbered in the winter about fifty scholars of all sizes, from six feet three inches down to two feet six inches. Our teacher loved us and sought our improvement. He never punished a scholar with any severity without weeping.

"We had in addition to our regular lesson a 'spelling match' once a week, when two would 'choose up' by making alternate selections until all the pupils were chosen; then came the tug of war. Sometimes we spelled all around, and the teacher kept tally and reported which side had missed most words. At other times we commenced with those

last chosen, and stood up and spelled against each other, sitting down whenever we missed a word. Sometimes two 'crack spellers' would be pitted against each other, and would spell page after page without missing. In vain did the hoarse and tired master turn over to 'incomprehensible,' 'valetudinarian,' and other hard places; they wouldn't miss. The issue would be watched by the two sides as eagerly as Napoleon ever watched the charge of his 'Old Guard.' Happy he who finally succeeded, and became possessor of the field. All admired and many envied him. He was the hero of the hour, and proudly wore his laurels. Well would it be for the peace of earth had none more bloody ever waved from victor's brow.

"Sometimes rival schools would meet and spell against each other for hours. I have often walked from three to four miles in the 'dark of the moon,' through deep mud, to such a contest. Sometimes we were badly beaten; but then there was the privilege of arming home the girls.

"I need not speak of our muscular sports. Right sorry am I to see them displaced by those of a more effeminate character. Let them alone, gentlemen progressives! Let them alone! Let your boys be boys, warm-hearted, cheery, romping boys, and by and by they will be *men*, men of strong arms and generous hearts.

"I remember, too, how sometimes we conducted 'debating societies.' We divided off and waxed

warm and warmer over that profound question, 'Which has the greater right to complain of the injustice and cruelty of the whites, the Negro or the Indian?' or, sometimes, 'Which is the more useful invention, paper or powder?' We would grow eloquent, indeed.

"I look back upon those scenes and ask, Where are my schoolmates? Alas! they are widely, very widely, scattered. Some of them have gone to the distant West, to rise with its fortunes and share its destiny. Some are delving in the mines of California. Some have won fame in the councils of the nation. Some of them are ornaments of the bar. Some grace nobly the medical profession. Some are heralds of the everlasting Gospel, and bear its messages to a dying world. Others share the toils of husbandry and mechanics. Some have brought upon themselves deep, deep disgrace. Some are now the victims of the *licensed agents of Indiana*, the *legalized drunkard makers!* But where are others? Go to the cemetery; they are there! These school companions are, many of them, no more on earth. Many of them were led to the cross of Christ by that kind-hearted teacher. Surely they shall shine as bright jewels in the crown of his eternal rejoicing."

A comrade of his boyhood days gives us an account of his operations in school, from which we gather a number of the following facts. Young Eddy was exceedingly quick to learn, but showing at that early day the distinctive characteristics and tastes of his

mature manhood. He was an excellent speaker, rarely made a mistake in his orthography, and was always a champion in the *spelling matches* which were the pride of the country schools. He was passionately fond of history, grammar, English literature, and natural philosophy. In these and kindred studies he exhibited any amount of energy, and pushed rapidly ahead with them, leaving his schoolmates far behind him. He had a great aversion to arithmetic and all mathematical studies, never gave them attention when he could avoid it, and, of course, was not proficient in them. To the close of his life he disliked all mathematical labors.

Among the boys of his age, in every thing except athletic sports, he was a leader and a hero. In matters of wit, satire, sarcasm, repartee, and debate, he was decidedly precocious. For debate, especially, he had great ability and a great fondness. During his four years of farm life he organized debating clubs, moot courts, and literary societies, wherever he could find a half dozen young men and boys to join with him, and entered upon the duties they imposed with the greatest zest. His memory was marvelously ready and retentive. He seemed able to recall at pleasure every thing he had ever heard or read, and could always command his knowledge at the moment he needed to use it.

He was a faithful student and devoted lover of the Bible from his early boyhood, could quote it with great readiness and accuracy, and, in debate at least,

was always set for a defense of the Gospel. He made for himself not a little local fame in one of these early discussions. There was in the neighborhood a very pretentious, self-satisfied, and boastful infidel, who was anxious to debate the question of the inspiration of the Scriptures with any one who should have the temerity to meet him in public discussion. Thomas Eddy accepted the challenge, and New Salem was selected as the place of conducting the debate. People came in crowds from all directions. The full-bearded, middle-aged, muscular infidel and the slender, beardless boy who appeared for the word of God, were the disputants. It was the story of Goliath and David over again, on a spiritual field. Wit, sarcasm, and ridicule, biblical and historical knowledge, were all at the command of the boy, with whom was, also, the sympathy of the audience ; and no poor victim was ever more overwhelmingly and mortifyingly defeated than this boastful unbeliever, who never afterward appeared in public defense of his infidelity.

Sometimes his sense of the ludicrous tempted him to trench upon the domain of the reverent. An instance is furnished by an eye and ear witness. It was at quarterly meeting in the country, Sabbath morning, late in the summer. The elder who was to preach was a man of great renown, and long before the hour of service the seats, aisles, and space about the open doors and windows were packed to overflowing with people. The young circuit preacher,

who was an intimate friend of Eddy's, came late, just as the services were beginning. Finding no other way of entering the house, he had placed a rail from the ground to the open window just behind the pulpit, and, by the aid of some kind friends, was thus working his way into the preacher's desk. At the moment of his appearance in the window a voice in the audience, distinctly heard all over the house, though from whom proceeding was not so clear, began solemnly to repeat the words, " He that entereth not by the door, into the sheep-fold, but climbeth up some other way, the same is a thief and a robber." It was the voice of young Eddy, and the effect of his untimely humor need not be described.

We are permitted to take a look into the home life of the family in those years of residence on the farm, and to observe some of the surroundings amid which Thomas spent this period of his boyhood. The household consisted of the parents, (the father only occasionally at home,) two uncles, brothers of Mrs. Eddy, both under twenty-one, Zara, the oldest son, Thomas, Mary, the oldest sister, and a number of younger children, graduated downward to the one which occupied the cradle. The mother had practical management of the farm, and the labor was chiefly performed by the four boys. The days were full of care and toil. The place was to be cultivated and improved, and that calamity which comes to kind natures, a heavy security debt, had to be borne. Thomas, the youngest and most slender of the boys,

was no match for his more muscular comrades either in labor or sports, and his pale face, slight form, and shapely hands were often the subjects of their good-natured jests. Where brawn and muscle counted for so much, he was extremely sensitive to these jocular allusions to his effeminate physique, and would defend himself by repartee and sarcasm, weapons in the use of which he was more than a match for them all.

Thomas was passionately fond of books, and in the leisure time of midday rest, the rainy days, the evening hours, and the Sabbath, he mastered the contents of the small and miscellaneous library belonging to the family. "The Lives of the Wesleys," "Life of Adam Clarke," Hallam's "Middle Ages," "Translation of the Iliad," Shakspeare, "Ivanhoe," "The Spy," "Scottish Chiefs," Young's "Night Thoughts," Pollok's "Course of Time," Campbell's Poems, and Scott's Poems are well remembered as among the works with which he then became familiar. Somewhat miscellaneous and varied in their character were these books, it must be confessed; yet they left their stores of information in his mind, and the impress of their style upon his diction and imagination.

In the old spacious low-ceiled dining-room, which was sitting room as well, the family were accustomed to spend the long cheerful winter evenings together. It was a scene of the olden times. The great cavernous fire-place, which in the summer time was bright and redolent with the branches of beech, maple, and blooming lilac, was filled with piles of logs that

blazed and cracked, and beat back the frost line in the coldest nights, widening the circle of the happy groups which gathered around it for warmth and comfort. The long heavy dining-table that stretched across the room was ornamented at each end with a polished brass candlestick supporting its home-made tallow candle, and strewn with books and papers. A basket of apples and a plate of doughnuts divided the space between the candlesticks, and suggested abundance and good cheer. The father when at home was the central and honored figure of the group, holding the curious double place of visitor and head of the family, for the itinerant was more like a guest than a member of the household in his own home. The mother sat in the corner, still in the unfaded ripeness of her womanly beauty, her hands busy with knitting, sewing, or mending, occasionally touching the cradle with her foot as the baby moved in its sleep. The uncles, with Zara and Thomas, were seated about the table, bending over their books. The oldest sister, long since gone to the land of unfailing life, graced the scene with her quiet presence. The smaller ones played on the floor, and popped corn, or built cob-houses in the corner opposite the mother. This was the early evening. It was the order of the house that at eight o'clock school books should be put aside, noisy play should cease, and for a half hour or more some one should read aloud, while the others busied themselves with the miscellaneous work that waited their hands. There was harness to mend, ax

handles were to finish, books to cover, corn to shell, and the many other tasks which accumulate in the pioneer farmer's home, where many things are made and few things are bought. *Solid* books mostly engaged the reader, though at times the "Wizard of the North" was permitted to throw the spell of his enchantments over the scene. Last of the moments of reading came God's word, and after it the evening family prayer. Who shall tell the value of these social hours and home studies to those who participated in them?

An incident reaches us from those days, illustrating young Eddy's power of personal influence over the unfortunate, a power which he exercised beneficently as long as he lived. A mile from his father's house, just beyond a long, heavy belt of timber, was the residence of a family whose home was darkened by the shadow of a peculiar sorrow. The wife and mother had become hopelessly and entirely insane. As months passed on she grew so violent in her madness that it became necessary to secure her in a place of confinement. A low square log structure, with small windows securely barred, standing a little back from the farm-house, was her prison. From this she had at times escaped, and, fleeing to the woods, had almost perished before she could be recaptured, so that it became necessary to place a chain upon her limbs, in addition to the bolts by which her door and windows were fastened. As is often the case with such unfortunates, from the beginning of her mental malady she manifested a vio-

lent aversion to familiar acquaintances, kindred, and especially to her own immediate family. She, however, made a marked exception to her dislike in favor of Mrs. Eddy and Thomas, with both of whom she had been on intimately friendly terms in her happier days. From the commencement of her insanity Thomas, though only a lad, could influence her more than any or every one else.

One evening late in October, while the older members of the Eddy family were away, attending an evening meeting, and the younger children were at home alone, the growling of the dog in the yard announced the presence of an intruder. A low voice was heard quieting the animal, and soon a shuffling step of bare feet and the rattle of a chain were heard on the long porch. Then between the parted curtains a dark, dreadful face, set with disheveled hair, peered in through the window, the wild eyes studying the scene long and intently. The terrified children clung to each other without daring to speak or rise. Finally, the clanking of the chain was heard again, and its noise growing fainter and fainter told of the departure of the dangerous visitor. For a time they could hear her low plaintive cries, as of a wild beast in pain, and then all was silent. The lunatic had burrowed her way out of her place of confinement, and, thinly clad, had wandered away over the frosty ground, and was seeking a hiding-place. When her escape became known Thomas Eddy was called upon to join in the search. After a hunt of thirty-six hours she was

found concealed in the woods, almost perished from hunger and cold. With unreasoning ferocity she resisted every effort to take her home, till Thomas came where she was. To his words she gave the quietest heed, and at his bidding returned to her prison as submissively as a child might follow the leading of its mother.

Soon after coming to the farm he earned his first self-acquired money. He agreed with the schoolmaster to come very early in the morning each day, and build the fires in the school-house for the winter term of three months, and was to receive as his compensation the sum of three dollars. Patiently he fulfilled his contract. Rising before daylight, he performed his home duties, and was off to the school-house, two miles away, an hour before the other scholars, and by the time they arrived the fires were brightly burning. Having received his pay, he was long in doubt as to the best method of investing his money. He inclined to buy books with it, but one of his most onerous and dreaded home duties was that of preparing wood for the kitchen stove, and his only implement for this task was the common ax. He finally reached the conclusion that his father could be depended on to buy the books, and for his own relief and comfort he bought a new wood saw with his first earned money.

In 1840, at a camp-meeting held in the vicinity of Palmyra, under the influence of an exhortation by Rev. Charles Morrow, a local preacher, young Eddy

in company with several friends went forward to the altar for prayer. From his eleventh year he had been a member of the Church, and had attended upon all its ordinances and duties with reasonable regularity and faithfulness, but had never received any marked and clear evidence of his acceptance with God. The family were occupying a rude wooden tent on the ground, and his mother was busy preparing dinner for her family and the indefinite number of guests who never failed to put in an appearance at meal-time, when some one came up from the services at the stand to say to her that Thomas was at the altar for prayers. "Well," said the mother, who had long before learned to attend patiently to the duty in hand first, "the Lord can teach him better than I could do if I was there, and I will trust the work to Him." Disengaging herself as quickly as possible from her culinary duties, she started for the altar. Her son had received a wonderfully clear and joyous blessing, and her first view of him was as he was taking some other young friends forward for prayer. From that moment he threw his whole soul into the work of the meeting with the most unbounded zeal and activity. He searched all parts of the ground for acquaintances and friends, and urged them to give themselves to the Saviour. He was in the altar engaging in prayer and exhortation, and not a few persons were at that time led by him to Christ.

From the time of his conversion he seems to have realized his call to the work of the ministry, and to

have responded to it with the most absolute devotion. It is true, it cost him many a struggle to give up his long cherished idea of the law, but the sacrifice was made. Thoughts of preaching took entire possession of his mind, and all other occupations and plans lost interest for him. His father was at this time presiding elder on the Connersville District, and was away from home at the time of the camp-meeting. On his return his oldest son, Zara, sought a private interview with him concerning his younger brother. He said, "God has surely called him to preach;" and then proceeded to detail the circumstances of his conversion, and to tell how completely his mind had been absorbed with this one subject ever since. It had so fully occupied his thoughts as to disqualify him for the ordinary duties of his farm work. He would forget to put up the bars or shut the gate as he went in and out of the fields; he would neglect to feed his horses, or take the harness off them at night. He was wholly unlike himself, and nothing appeared to occupy his attention but this one great matter. Said Zara, "I would rather do all the work myself than to witness his agony of mind. We must make some arrangement to send him to school, for if he does become a preacher, I want him to have some mental training."

The family acted upon the suggestion of the older brother, and Thomas was sent to a classical school at Greensburgh, conducted by Rev. Mr. Monfort, a talented and scholarly Presbyterian minister. For

this teacher and Christian gentleman Mr. Eddy conceived the highest respect and affection, and retained for him ever after the tenderest regard.

While at this institution, where he remained for about two years, he made excellent use of his fine opportunities, acquired a very considerable knowledge of the Latin and Greek languages, and paid great attention to the study of English literature. Though circumstances forbade him taking a regular course at college, he here laid the foundation of a classical education, which was of inestimable value to him. As at the debating societies of the country neighborhoods, so he here soon became distinguished for his literary performances. He not only acquired prominence in the literary society of the school, but attracted attention in the community by his brilliancy as a speaker. He was called upon to address a public temperance meeting in the town. He was an enthusiast on the subject, and his address at once gave him local fame.

He was now in his nineteenth year, but his form was so slight and his appearance so boyish that no one would have guessed him past fifteen. Invitations poured in from the adjacent villages and towns for him to address the people on the subject of temperance, and he soon became familiarly known as the "little boy lecturer." He responded gladly to these calls, and in a few weeks the schoolboy had become a public speaker. Providence had again interfered to change the plans of friends, and, instead of continu-

ing in school, he was, within a single month, licensed to exhort, licensed to preach, recommended to the annual conference, and received on probation into the traveling connection.

On a leaf in one of his early memorandum books, under the heading of "A Chapter of Facts," he makes these entries: "I was licensed to exhort in Greensburgh, September 8, 1842, licensed to preach, and recommended to the Indiana Annual Conference September 17, 1842.

CHAPTER IV

FIRST YEAR IN THE MINISTRY—MANCHESTER CIRCUIT.

FROM his first effort at preaching Mr. Eddy was a marked character, and his public performances attracted unusual attention. Many things combined to bring him into special notice, among which were his extremely boyish appearance, slender *physique*, his pale, beardless, but singularly intellectual face, the pathos of his voice, his impassioned manner, and unique diction. His choice of words, abundance of imagery, and earnest style, enabled him to present his thoughts in the most effective manner, and to secure and hold the undivided attention of his audiences.

His friends have sometimes heard him give a somewhat humorous and not uninstructive account of his first two sermons. He was not yet nineteen years old, and his first appointment was at the quarterly meeting—a great occasion in those days—and he was to preach in the presence of that man of dignity, the presiding elder. The night previous he slept but little, and the morning found him nervous and feverish. He arose very early and wandered about the place restlessly. His courage had entirely deserted him, and he was seized with a horrible apprehension that

he would be utterly unable to preach at all. As the hour of service approached he went away into the woods alone, and, throwing himself upon his knees beside the trunk of a fallen tree, poured out his soul before God in an agonizing prayer for help. As he prayed help came wonderfully. The hush and peace of the Holy Spirit were given, and a joyful trust in the Lord filled his soul. He arose from his knees with the most perfect realization of the presence of the Master. His devotions had continued till the moment for beginning the services, and he went direct from that forest altar to the pulpit, as if borne thither by the Spirit itself. After conducting the opening services, he announced his text and began to preach. Then he forgot the elder, the preachers, the terror of the crowd, all save his message of salvation. The Spirit of God rested upon the assembly, and the interest of the hearers was deep and unbroken. Tears and shouts testified of the presence and blessing of the Lord.

When the services closed preachers and official brethren gathered around him and congratulated him on his great success. The elder praised him, the brethren generally complimented him, and the good sisters were enthusiastic in their expressions of delight. Boy that he was, it is hardly to be wondered that this incense of praise intoxicated him and awakened his vanity. In his elation he forgot the Source of his strength, and went home feeling that the problem was solved—he was certainly a great preacher.

All cause for agitation and fear was removed, and he rested supremely satisfied in the consciousness of his new-found powers.

Time soon brought to him the hour of his *second* appointment. But he approached it with feelings all unlike those which had attended his first effort. He was still living in the halo that surrounded his first success, as under the spell of an enchantment. When the day came it found him free from all agitation or apprehension. He performed his morning devotions with great composure, reviewed his well-prepared notes, and waited quietly for the hour of preaching. The fame of his first sermon had preceded him, and when he entered the church it was packed to overflowing. With great self-possession he conducted the opening services, and arose to preach. He felt no fear or agitation ; but, somehow, the wonderful power which attended the first sermon was wanting. A strange embarrassment began to take possession of him. Inattention, listlessness, and drowsiness took the place of eager expectancy with his hearers. In his desperation he floundered on until the effort had stretched its tiresome length to an hour and a quarter, growing duller and heavier to the dreary close. After the benediction was pronounced he sat down in the pulpit, mortified, humiliated, conscience-stricken. He understood now the cause of the failure. He waited in the pulpit till he thought all the people had departed, that he might not be compelled to meet any one of his hearers. When, finally, he left the

house, he found that a few kind-hearted brethren had waited for him outside. They took him affectionately by the hand and said, "We are glad to see you;" but he observed that no one said, *glad to hear you.* Humbled and rebuked, he sought his room, and, falling upon his knees, poured out his confession before God, and implored *after* the sermon that divine help which he had forgotten to look for before it. The impression made by this experience was never lost upon him.

A few weeks later he began his career as a traveling preacher. It is worth while for us here to repeat dates, and say that in the autumn of 1842, when he was just nineteen years old, at the session of the Indiana Conference held in Centerville, in Wayne County, Indiana, Thomas M. Eddy was admitted on trial into the traveling connection of the Methodist Episcopal ministry.

At that time, especially in the newer parts of the work, it was the usage of the Church to send out her ministers "two and two," after the apostolic example. The circuits were very large, and had their "preachers in charge," men of years and experience, while the young ministers were sent out with them as second men, or junior preachers. The beginner was thus placed in a sort of theological and pastoral school, in which the presiding elder was president, the senior preacher the professor, and himself the one student. His instruction was received amid the actual duties of pulpit and pastorate, and his les-

sons learned by personal experience in the work. Many grand and strong men were in this way raised up in the frontier ministry. Following this custom of the Church, Mr. Eddy was appointed junior preacher on Manchester Circuit, with Rev. Amos Bussey for senior preacher and colleague, and Rev. Calvin W. Ruter as presiding elder.

This field of labor was very large, lying directly back of the city of Lawrenceburgh, with a breadth of many miles, reaching into a very hilly region, and stretching far away to the north-east till it crossed the State line, and included one or two appointments in Ohio. It embraced very many preaching places, some of them in the older settlements near the river, where there was a good degree of wealth, intelligence, and refinement. Others lay back among the hills, where the country was still very new and unimproved, and where the sturdy settler had few of the comforts and privileges of established society. There was not a turnpike road, and scarcely a bridge across a stream, within the bounds of the charge, and a wagon or other vehicle on springs was scarcely to be found in that part of the county, outside of the larger towns.

Mr. Eddy was an entire stranger in this part of the State, and he entered upon his work with very little ministerial capital. He had never tried to preach but six times in his life, and even these efforts had all been made within a month previous to his receiving his appointment. Besides this his general

health was very delicate, so that his strength appeared entirely inadequate to the physical and mental exertions demanded by the work. The circuit was to be traveled on horseback, and the preacher was compelled to ride considerable distances and preach almost every day in the week and several times on Sabbath, till the round of three or four weeks' labor was accomplished; then he might have two or three *rest days* in which to attend to the many duties that had accumulated during his absence. His head-quarters were, literally, in the saddle. The young preacher had no settled home or boarding-place. He carried his wardrobe and library in his saddle-bags. He was at home under every hospitable roof beneath which he took shelter, and his study was the best room of the better houses, or the one room which served the manifold purposes of dining-room, kitchen, parlor, sitting-room, and bed-room in the cabin of the pioneer. A considerable part of his work lay in these very primitive settlements. The log houses were of two classes: the better ones built of hewn logs, and often containing two rooms and the "loft," but those more frequently seen were of round logs, with the spaces between them filled with clay, chips, and flat stones. The roofs were of split clapboards, not unfrequently held in their places by roof-poles which reached from one gable of the house to the other. The door was fastened by a wooden latch, to which a leathern string was attached, that passed through a gimlet hole in the door above it, and

hung outside. It was securely fastened at night by pulling the string inside. To the Methodist itinerant the latch-string of the pioneer's cabin always "hung out." Sometimes an extension of the clapboard roof in the rear of the house formed a "lean-to" which served as a stable, and then the preacher guest and his faithful horse literally found shelter under the same roof. In the storms of winter the snow would sometimes sift through the open roof into the loft where he slept, and lay in the morning in little heaps upon the coverings of his bed. These cabin homes were, a good share of the time, the resting-places of the itinerant. Through the heat of summer, the frosts and snows of winter, the rains and mud of spring and autumn, across swollen streams and over horrible roads, the Methodist preacher in this new country traveled his circuit. No wonder that he was proverbially a good judge of horses, and loved a good horse, for no inferior animal could have borne him on in his journeys. Seldom, indeed, did he miss an appointment because of storms, or cold, or dismal roads, or high waters. These ministers were heroic men, whose daily deeds of courage, labor, and endurance seem like the exaggerated tales of romance in our less eventful times.

At all the preaching places of the circuits were to be held "protracted meetings," well named so, for they were *doubly* protracted, being continued for many days, and into the late hours of the night. To those of us who remember the long evening services;

the sermon and then the exhortation by another brother; the earnest prayers; the packed congregation; the eager, noisy, but overwhelmingly solemn and effective prayer-meeting about the "mourners' bench," crowded with penitents; the stifling air, which was not relieved by the opening of a single crevice of the window; the heated box stoves, with their long stove-pipe stretching half across the church just above our heads, and the air so impure that the candles burned dim and blue; and then, after this service had continued till almost ten o'clock, the trip home in wagons to the farm-house, a mile or two away, and the hearty suppers which the hospitable sisters prepared, and we ate, after service and before going to bed, it becomes a wonder that any body who lived amid such experiences should survive them at all. And yet such meetings, with such features more or less strongly marked, were held all around the circuits, and the devoted preacher went from one to another, throwing his heart and strength into the work with heroic self-abandon, every-where seeing strong men and noble women soundly converted. Thus did these itinerant ministers lay the foundations of religion, order and morality, with the beginnings of society in these new fields.

Into this work Mr. Eddy entered with the glowing zeal of an evangelist; revival fire burned at every appointment on his circuits, and he was abundant in labors. From the very beginning of his ministry he had great personal popularity, and this increased the

amount of his labors above what the work would otherwise have required of him. In consequence of this constant toil and exposure his health suffered greatly, and his voice was often very much affected. He was still further afflicted by an attack of varioloid, through which he was most carefully and lovingly nursed by Dr. Harding and his family, in whose household he found a home during this illness. In a short memoir which he has left of his own life he alludes to this sickness, and to the kind attentions he received, and speaks of the life-long friendship which followed between the doctor's family and himself.

During the year another part of his history was being woven. An old acquaintance was being renewed, and an attachment was forming by which the whole course of his life was to be shaped, and upon which his domestic happiness was to be built. When, with his father's family, he had left Cincinnati six years before, he was a lad of thirteen. At that time there was between him and Anna, the little daughter of Mr. White, such a familiar acquaintance and warm friendship as might naturally grow up between the young children of two families that were very intimate. Since then they had met but once, nor had there been any other communication between them than the verbal messages carried by visitors who occasionally passed from one home to the other. Mr. White's family still lived at their old home in Cincinnati, and, now that the boy had grown

to be a preacher, it was necessary for him to visit the Book Rooms occasionally to procure the supplies of hymn books and other church publications which Methodist ministers kept, carried about the circuit with them in their saddle bags, and sold to their people. On this errand Mr. Eddy first went to the city in June, 1843, during the latter part of his first year in the ministry. Being the son of one of their former favorite pastors, he was much talked about by the good people of Morris Chapel, who were greatly interested in the glowing accounts which reached them of his great success. They spoke of him affectionately as *little Tommy Eddy*, "the boy preacher." It was said that he drew great crowds, and that wonderful revivals attended him wherever he went. He could not sing, but he did double work as an exhorter. It was predicted that he was to become a great preacher if he lived. But when a boy among them he was so feeble that no one thought he would ever live to reach manhood, and now he was working with such intemperate zeal that it was certain he would kill himself in a little while. With much such talk he was spoken of by old friends.

It was but natural that these reports of his success and popularity should have a peculiar interest for one who had been the playmate and familiar friend of his childhood, though in the intervening years she had grown to young womanhood. One summer morning a young lady acquaintance called upon Miss White,

and, having exhausted the many topics of current interest, began to talk of the young preacher whose name was just then frequently heard in the circle of their church friends. She was repeating this story and that, and was eliciting few replies, when a tall, slender, boyish-looking young man came up the walk and stood on the threshold of the open parlor door. Miss White rose and approached the door, to answer any question the stranger might wish to ask. He looked into her face, and smilingly said:

"I suppose Mr. White still lives here?"

She at once recognized the voice and smile, and involuntarily called out his name familiarly as in the days of her childhood.

"Well," said he, "you are the *first person* in the city who has recognized me. I have been at the Book Rooms, have called on my old teacher, Dr. Nast, and on several of the preachers, and not one of them knew me till I told them my name."

The call proved a pleasant one. But they were no longer children, and the attachment which then began to grow up between them was something different from their early friendship. The next morning Mr. Eddy bought the books for which he had come, and returned to his circuit. For some reason he was thereafter frequently in need of books, and when he came to the city for them never failed to find time for calling upon Mr. White's family.

The story of this renewal of acquaintance we get from her who was Miss White, told after an expe-

rience of thirty happy years as his wife were behind her, and recalled in the light of joyous days now gone forever.

His account of these events has not been put in words for us, but it was woven in the tapestry of his life, and appeared in the tenderness, constancy and devotion which he carried into his home, and which continue to brighten and beautify its sacred memories.

We are permitted to place before our readers extracts from some of his letters written soon after this date. They are valuable, not only as showing the depth and tenderness of his love, but as accurate mental photographs of him, set in the scenes by which he was at the time surrounded.

The following, written from one of the rural appointments of his circuit, shows us his absolute devotion to his work, and the fact that no considerations of personal pleasure were allowed to interfere with its duties:—

"MANCHESTER CT., RURAL GROVE, IND.,
August 7, 1843.

"DEAR ANNA:—You have discovered ere this that I failed to come, as I expected, to your camp-meeting. 'The spirit was willing, but the flesh was weak.' The state of affairs forbade it, ardently as it was desired. The time of a Methodist preacher is not his own. Whatever may be his wishes, or, indeed, his engagements, the Church has a paramount claim upon him; and if we look back after we lay our hand

to the plow, we meet the *malison* of our Saviour, of our conscience, and of those who bear rule over us in the Church militant.

"Since I saw you I have been almost prostrate with an attack of influenza; my voice is still weak and hoarse, but I have entirely regained my health and strength. I have thought in days gone by that an early grave was my doom, and that I was destined to tread the 'dark valley and shadow' ere I stood on the summit level of human life. But God, my kind Father, has so far upheld me that to doubt his goodness now were wicked presumption. I feel that I can commit my ways unto him, and am confident that he will direct my paths.

"Well, here I am in a deep glen, surrounded by high hills and noble forests; a stream winds its noisy way over stones and rapids before my door; the birds sing sweetly, and the air is as fragrant as the 'gales of Araby.'

"Yours truly, T. M. EDDY."

If the winter was crowded with exhaustive labor by reason of the many special meetings, the late summer was also a season of great toil on account of the camp-meetings which came with its later weeks. Then and there camp-meetings still retained the inspiration derived from the condition of society which called them into existence, and made them, under God, a necessity and a blessing. There were no Gothic cottages, with sea-bathing between services—no re-

sorts of elegance and leisure combined with worship as an adjunct of refined amusement; but widely separated neighbors met together to camp in the same grove for a week, in their covered wagons, or in rough board tents; they met to promote neighborly ties, and cement old friendships by joining together in exultant songs and fervent prayers around their humble forest altars. Hundreds of people, young and old, went up to the camp-meetings each year for the express purpose of seeking for pardoning and converting grace. The regular preaching services in many neighborhoods were limited to one sermon a month, and when these people came up to their annual "feast of tabernacles" they were permitted to listen to the preaching of God's word oftener at that meeting than they could hear it during the whole year in their home churches. The ministers, who gathered from circuits, stations, and district, were privileged to hear some other voices than their own in preaching, and to talk over together their work and its results. They heard the best preachers in the vicinity, and found no small opportunity to study the manner and sermons of the most effective men in their ranks.

It is true that there was, also, usually another camp gathering just beyond the limits which the law protected from disturbance, where the rough and abandoned came together for the practice of all reckless wickedness: where drunkenness, gambling, profanity, and all forms of vice, held high carnival, and from which

not unfrequently raids were made and depredations committed upon God's people, under cover of the night. But, notwithstanding these things, from almost every camp-meeting multitudes went home who had there been soundly converted to God; and nearly always among them were some from the tents of wickedness, "who went up to scoff, but came back to pray." Not a few noble and useful Christians had the beginnings of their religious life at camp-meetings to which they went, having no other thought but to join with the crowd of boisterous sinners who congregated for sport and mockery. At these meetings Mr. Eddy was called upon for an unusually large amount of labor and preaching. How thoroughly he enjoyed this work, and how zealously he engaged in it, may be seen by the following letter, written to Miss Anna White, to whom he was by this time engaged by promise of marriage:—

"MANCHESTER, IND., *September* 5, 1843.

"DEAR ANNA:—Our camp-meeting closed yesterday, (Monday,) having lasted two days longer than was anticipated. It was a glorious season; some eighty or ninety were converted, and the Church was greatly blessed. My own soul was filled with glory, with life and peace. I feel like shouting, to the battle and the overthrow of Satan's kingdom.

"I have not spared myself from labor, and I shall be busy until the close of the year; our own work crowds upon us, (frequently two appointments almost

every day in the week,) and from adjoining circuits we hear almost daily the cry, 'Come over and help us.' I am called upon constantly to go to some camp, quarterly, or protracted meeting on other circuits. I recovered from my hoarseness after I left your city, although I used my voice almost incessantly. I became hardened to work. Your good mother's cough candy was a great relief to me.

"Yours, T. M. EDDY."

The close of his first year of ministerial experience was at hand. He thus sums up its labors and rewards: "I have preached about three hundred times. There have been more than three hundred conversions on the circuit, and as many accessions to the Church. The year has been a good one. My receipts for salary have amounted to *sixty dollars*."

One or two incidents come to us from this beginning of his ministry, which we think worth giving to our readers. The first is from his own pen, and he entitles it, *The conversion of a hardened sinner*. He says: "Divine grace can reach the most guilty. St. Paul rejoices that Christ Jesus died for the chief of sinners. Not only has God provided salvation for all, even the worst, but he sometimes brings in the outcast in so singular a manner as to demonstrate that 'His right hand and his holy arm hath gotten him the victory.' A marked illustration of this occurred during a gracious revival of religion in the

village of Manchester, in the winter of 1842–43. The work of conviction and conversion was going forward with many signal manifestations of divine power. Several miles from the village resided a man by the name of C. His house was the established rendezvous for drinking and carousing people, and for the most shamelessly wicked for miles around. He had been inside the church but once in five years, and that was when it was profaned by holding a noisy political meeting within its sacred walls. While the tide of revival power was rolling on he was at home, careless and indifferent. He continued in this state of mind till the meeting had been in progress for about ten days, when one morning he entered the church. As soon as an invitation was given for persons to come to the altar for prayer, to the astonishment of all present he immediately came forward, and, kneeling humbly before God, began to pray earnestly for the pardon of his sins. God heard his prayer, and gave him deliverance. He arose joyful, and at once gave his experience. He had been convicted for sin at home in his bed, and had passed the night in an agony of great terror. In his distress he had promised God to go to the church at the first opportunity to seek religion, and to cast in his lot with Christian people. The result we saw. With God is the residue of the Spirit."

The following is an instance of cumulative results: A young lady, the daughter of a pioneer farmer on one of the newer parts of the circuit, was converted

at one of his meetings. There was no preaching-place in her immediate neighborhood. But in the zeal of her new experience she began to work for Christ. She first induced her father, who was not a Christian, to open his house for regular religious services. Soon this spacious log-house, the largest in the vicinity, became too small to hold the people who came there to the meeting, and she undertook the building of a church. At her solicitation the stalwart men of the settlement came together day after day to cut, haul, and notch the logs for a country meeting-house; and when this was done she superintended the "*raising*" so far as to call together the men for the work, to procure the supplies for the dinner, and to enlist the help of the women to prepare it on *raising day*. The church was soon completed, and in the services which followed its opening, her father first, and afterward all the rest of the family, were converted. Her next work was to gather the children together and organize the first Sabbath-school in that part of the circuit. With the help of Mr. Eddy she procured papers, singing books, and Testaments from the city, until the school was fairly equipped.

She long continued the leading spirit of the Church in that community; and when the time came for again enlarging the place of worship, she mounted her horse, and canvassed the neighborhood for subscriptions of money, materials, and labor for the new building. She visited the adjacent towns to secure

contributions of glass, nails, paint, and other needed articles; nor did she cease her labors until a neat frame church had superseded the old log meeting-house. There she lived and labored; there she died and was buried; and there, to this day, a Church is maintained and the Gospel preached. Thus does God multiply results.

The next session of the Annual Conference was to be held at Crawfordsville, nearly two hundred miles distant, and as Mr. Eddy was only a probationer, he remained at home to preach in the city of Madison for some of the Churches whose pastors were away attending their annual gathering. How rapidly his character was maturing under his constant and varied labors may be seen by the following letter, written on the day the Conference was to begin its session:—

"MADISON, IND., *October* 18, 1843.

"DEAR ANNA:—To-day our Conference commenced its session at Crawfordsville. It is, of course, a time of great interest among both preachers and people, all anxiety about their appointments. I have gotten over my excitement about it. True, I would rather be near the river; yet if the word is, 'Go to the farthest verge of northern Indiana,' I will say, Thank God for any appointment. My motto is—

"'In the desert let me labor,
On the mountain let me tell
How he died, the blessed Saviour,
To redeem a world from hell.'

I am here at Madison, preaching to the people as well as I can, during the absence of the stationed ministers. My health is tolerably good, and my voice, I think, gaining strength. Indeed, I hope it is, for I expect to take a real campaign this coming winter.

"Yours, T. M. EDDY."

CHAPTER V

CANAAN CIRCUIT.

THE uniform usage of the Church in the western Conferences at the time of which we write, a usage that had acquired almost the force of law, was to change the young preachers at the end of every year. Accordingly, at the Conference of 1843 Mr. Eddy was removed from Manchester, and appointed junior preacher on Canaan Circuit. Canaan, the head of the circuit, was a small post village on the Ohio River, about ten miles north-east of the city of Madison. The change, therefore, located him a considerable distance farther down the river. The circuit was very large, the territory which it embraced was very hilly, almost mountainous, and the roads such as might be expected after nature had made them in her rude fashion, and man had spoiled them by using without repairing them. But Mr. Eddy welcomed the appointment because it placed him among friends and kindred. William Morrow, his uncle by marriage, was preacher in charge and his father, Augustus Eddy, was his presiding elder and lived at Madison. He found this year a home beneath his father's roof, and received the benefit of his counsel and criticisms. Though his health con-

tinued feeble, his zeal and activity were in no degree diminished. Wrapped from hips to heels in "leggins" of *blue baize*, fastened down the sides with buttons and pins, and made secure by being tied above the knees with strips of cloth or pieces of coarse braid, and wearing his long, drab overcoat, his saddle-bags packed with books for study or sale, and with articles of clothing necessary for a four weeks' absence from home, he would mount his horse at any season and in all kinds of weather to make the round of his appointments. Pain in the chest was a chronic and almost continuous trouble with him; frequently he would start out to his work in the severest weather, amid frost, snow, or rain, with his breast sore from the application of irritants; and his mother says: "When he reached home, on his return, the mud would often cover his clothing as if it had been spread on with a trowel."

Early in the year the health of his colleague so far failed that for many months he was entirely away from the circuit. This virtually made Mr. Eddy preacher in charge, a responsibility rendered peculiarly trying on account of the condition of the work. A number of difficult church trials occurred, which he was thus compelled to manage. This unpleasant duty caused him great anxiety and distress of mind. Writing of it he says, "It almost crushed me;" but he was happy in so managing these troubsome matters that no appeal was taken from his rulings, and no complaint made against his administra-

tion. The best view we are able to obtain of his surroundings, difficulties, and troubles, and the clearest insight into his inner life, are found in his letters to the young lady to whom he was engaged to be married. The following one is peculiarly interesting in the hint it gives us of his first thoughts concerning the use of his pen. The suggestion of writing for the Church publications comes from the one he would be most glad to please, but he was afraid of the criticisms which the fine literary taste of Dr. Hamline insured for every article that found its way into the "Repository," under his careful and competent editorial management. He also had a great aversion to appearing in print. Nevertheless, *for her sake* he would try. He *did* try; his articles were accepted and published, and he began to be a writer for the press. Here is the letter:—

"CANAAN CT., *January* 5, 1844.

"DEAR ANNA:—I should have taken great pleasure in answering yours much sooner, but I have been engaged in our Christmas and New Year's protracted meetings, day and night, for two weeks past; and, also, have been distant from our post-offices, [for they are few and far between in this country.] I am almost used up at present by a bad cold and severe labors. Our protracted meetings were very interesting and profitable, both to me and to the Church. At our New Year's meeting I was wonderfully blessed, and since that time I have stood on the

mount, and exulted in view of my heavenly home. I have vowed to live a more pious and holy life this year than last. God help me! I feel more and more the responsibility of my station, and am more deeply interested than ever for the good of souls. I sometimes think I am destined for an early grave, but I will not die *till my work is done.* God can stay the falling rock, or turn aside the darts of Death, so long as he has work for me in his vineyard.

"I sometimes feel that I should like to stand on missionary ground, to proclaim to savages, in their forest homes, the glad, high, holy and glorious truths of the Gospel; however, I know not that duty calls me to that field.

"Here, in my 'Hoosier-home,' I find sufficient work to call for a Paul's self-denial, a Peter's zeal, and a John's holy, Christ-serving love. I feel in my labors the consolation of a dying Wesley, 'The best of all is, God is with us.'

"I am trying to arrange matters so as to visit Cincinnati in six or seven weeks. I wait thus long because I do not see that I can come before our second quarterly meeting. You desire me to write something for the 'Ladies' Repository.' I would gladly do so, but I have an unconquerable distaste to appearing as an author. I am afraid of Dr. Hamline's close criticism. However, I will try to prepare something against I come to your city. I need not ask you to remember me, but I will say, Pray for me. God kept us for years, while we were separated from each

other, and I am confident we will have his blessing for years to come.

"Yours, T. M. EDDY."

The winter passed on with the usual crowd of work, its great revivals, its constant preaching and exhortations, and its large ingatherings of souls into the Church. This burden of labor, heavy even for *two* men, by the sickness of his colleague fell entirely upon the frail young junior preacher. But, notwithstanding his double work, his distress on account of dissensions and Church trials among brethren, and his own physical sufferings, he writes no single sentence that suggests either discouragement or a spirit of complaint. During the absence of his colleague he conducted a great revival meeting at one point on the circuit, which resulted in the establishment of the important society of North Madison. We are astonished when we remember that the hero of all this labor, endurance, courage and achievement was a slender, feeble, beardless boy, not yet old enough to cast a ballot.

How sincere was his devotion to his work, how constantly he sought for single-mindedness in it, and yet how playful, how full of good cheer, and how free from *cant* he was, may be seen in the following letter:—

"CANAAN, *March* 29, 1844.

"DEAR ANNA:—Here I am, posted by a great box, trying to write while the storm is howling without

so piteously that you need not be surprised if I take the 'blues' most awfully before I get through. This March equinox is enough to make even the lively editors of that lively little paper in your town as blue as an 'indigo-bag.' After I left your city, O the roads! the roads!! mud! mud!! mud!!! I was afraid I should be stopped by high waters, having to ford once where the water ran up high around my saddle. Nevertheless, I got safely back to this 'land of Canaan.' But, I tell you, it doesn't flow with milk and honey so much as with mud, just now.

"My health is better than when at Cincinnati. I am not so hoarse, and my cough, which so distressed you, has mended greatly. Indeed, I am a great deal stronger. I hope I shall yet disappoint the fears of my friends, and grow more and more vigorous. But much prudence is required. I am naturally of so ardent a temperament, of such high-strung feelings, that I must hold in 'with bit and bridle,' or zeal runs off with good sense. I give way to excitement without discretion, and am again an invalid.

"I am trying to advance both in my studies and my religious attainments. I aim, by God's grace, at extended usefulness; I desire to become truly wise. I pray God to strip me of all ambition for popularity and fame. I am content to go anywhere in the bounds of the Conference that duty may call me. Now, dear Anna, I do hope you will continue to pray for me. Seek for high and exalted views of piety. While the wife of a preacher undergoes hardships,

toil, and fatigue, she has opened to her large and extended fields of usefulness; she is the sharer of his weal as well as woe. She may participate in the glorious work of winning souls to Christ. She may become, from her station, a guide to many feet; she can point the dying sufferer to the Lamb of God, and aid in shouting the battle to the gate of the enemy. But to do so requires great grace—much religion. God bless you, Anna, and arm your soul with every needed gift. I shall not be able to visit Cincinnati soon, as father goes to General Conference. I expect a letter anxiously. Let it be a long one.

"Farewell. T. M. EDDY."

A month later he writes again, giving a view of the crowd of duties and perplexities which came upon him because of the sickness of his colleague and the absence of his father, who had gone to New York as a member of the General Conference.

"CANAAN CIRCUIT, FAIRMOUNT, NEAR MADISON, IND.,
"*April* 30, 1844.

"DEAR ANNA:—I found, on my return, Brother Morrow, my colleague, sick, and unable to work. In consequence of this I am driven from pillar to post. I have my own work and a great part of Brother Morrow's to do. This drives me incessantly; but my health is unusually good, my voice unusually strong, and I have been unusually happy in a Saviour's love. I think I enjoy more religion than I have for many long days. I am blessed in preaching the

word. I attended last Saturday and Sabbath a protracted meeting in the bounds of the Paris Circuit, and preached to a large concourse of people. Father has gone to New York, and Brother Morrow is sick, so I am presiding elder, preacher in charge, and all. Dear Anna, do not forget me in the hour of devotion. 'Tis sweet to reflect that,

> " 'Though sundered far, by faith *we* meet
> Around one common mercy-seat.'

Unless love burns on its altar, our piety gives, at the best, but a sickly flame. I must close. I have so much on my hands that I am greatly crowded. Farewell.

" Yours, T. M. EDDY."

The location of his work on the banks of the Ohio, and the number of steamboats that were constantly plying upon that river, made a trip to Cincinnati very easy, if only the time could be found for it. But this was a matter not always easily arranged, and when he did make his plans for it, they were liable to be interfered with in a multitude of ways. We have an account of one of these disappointments in the following extract:—

"MADISON, IND., *May* 30, 1844.

" DEAR ANNA:—With feelings of bitter disappointment I sit down to write to you, for I had hoped this week to give you my letter 'by word of mouth.' I expected that Brother Morrow would be so far recovered as to be able to go to his regular work, but he is

not. It was because I intended to visit Cincinnati that I have not answered your letter sooner. I do believe I am doomed to continual disappointments this year. One by one my plans melt away as the mists of the morning. Something interposes to destroy every plan and blast every prospect. Well, if it must be, so be it! I make a virtue of necessity, and am resigned. Since warm weather came I have lost some flesh, but my health is generally good. I feel these days a peculiar sense of loneliness—my colleague sick, the work crowding, people impatient, old scolds grumbling because one man cannot do the work of two. I am going before long, as our eccentric brother, George W Malay, used to say, to 'jump the fence, mount a steamboat, take up the Ohio River, and stop at Cincinnati.' I must close.

"Yours in love, T. M. EDDY."

But he met with some disappointments not caused by the state of the circuit work, nor recorded in any of his letters. During this summer he had at one time hurried around his circuit, put every thing in good order, so he might be away for a few days' visit to the city, and was, of course, happy in the anticipation of meeting his affianced. But that was the year when all his plans were thwarted. The good brother with whom he was stopping while he was waiting for a steamboat, said, "Brother Eddy, your hair is too long to look well, (he always wore his hair somewhat long,) and it ought to be trimmed before you go to

the city. I often cut the hair of our preachers, and if you will allow me I will trim yours, so as to put you in good order before you start." The young minister submitted himself cheerfully to the hands and shears of this self-made barber, glad of any improvement just then in his personal appearance, and, as the trimming went on, became absorbed in one of those day dreams which the prospects of the visit invited, and was for the time oblivious to his immediate surroundings. His reverie was broken by the cheerful announcement of his host: "There, that will do; now you look better." He rose from the chair and walked across the room to contemplate the improvement in the little looking-glass which hung above the bureau, when, to his astonishment and mortification, he found his hair clipped so close to his head as to resemble a shave. It was too late. The mischief was done. He would not for any consideration go to the city in that plight, and his visit had to be postponed till his hair was grown.

It was during this second year of his ministry that a touching incident occurred which illustrates some phases of life in a new country, and shows what unlooked-for duties the itinerant preacher was sometimes called upon to perform. Late in the afternoon of a beautiful day in early summer Mr. Eddy was riding along a road that wound for miles through an unbroken body of timber, and had just reached a turn in the way which led down from the hills to the valley of a little stream, when his attention was arrested by

mingled and unusual sounds. A wail of sorrow, now low and inexpressibly sad, and anon rising to a shriek, mingled with the broken words of a man's voice, and the fitful notes of children crying as if with intensest grief. He paused a moment to catch if possible the meaning of these cries, and to determine the source whence they came. Guided by the sound, he turned from the road and followed the winding of the stream past a spur of the hill, when the whole scene lay before him. There stood a "mover's" covered wagon; the horses, unharnessed, were feeding on the grass near by, and an ill-fed, hungry cow was browsing upon the bushes that grew within reach of the rope by which she was fastened. Under the spreading branches of a beautiful beech-tree that stood upon somewhat higher ground was a little, shallow grave. Beside it was a stalwart, sunburned man in patched clothing, and two barefooted little girls. On the ground, at the very edge of the grave, sat a sallow, sickly-looking woman, rocking to and fro, in the agony of uncontrollable grief, and holding in her arms a dead baby. The little thing, despite its faded calico dress and pinched features, was really lovely, as it lay in the serene quiet of its last, long sleep. The slightest possible smile played about the mouth, lighting up the waxen face with a touch of exquisite beauty. A white handkerchief was wrapped about its head, and a little white apron folded around its emaciated body. The mother, in the bitterness of her grief, could not bear to lay her baby away and leave it in

this lonely, though beautiful, spot. The father, repressing his own sorrow, was vainly trying to comfort her, while the children were crying aloud, more in sympathy for the mother than from any realization of personal loss in the death of the babe. The young preacher was, of course, deeply touched by this strange and unexpected scene. Dismounting from his horse, he drew near with uncovered head and said, "Friends, I am a minister of the Gospel. Can I help you in any way?" The whole group turned toward him in astonishment, for they had not observed his approach, and the man replied, "May be it would comfort the *old woman* if you would pray a little." A prayer was offered, a few words of consolation spoken, and the stranger, with kindly hands, took the little form from its mother's arms, helped to place it in the rude box coffin, lay it in its last couch, and cover it up in its lonely bed.

During the burial the mother continued her sobs and cries, and when all was over she suddenly bent forward, and, convulsively snatching a clod from the new-made grave, pressed it to her lips and bosom. Amid the growing shadows of evening the preacher stretched out his hands and pronounced a benediction upon these friendless and stricken ones, and turned away with tearful eyes and a heavy heart from the sorrowful group whom he had so strangely met, and to whom he had so tenderly ministered.

After the harvest had been gathered in, came another season for special meetings; and Mr. Eddy

seems never to have lost an opportunity of holding one. The following letter gives a glimpse of his summer work, and also reveals the operations of his mind on the great subject of the higher Christian life. He was always clear and positive in his belief of the evangelical doctrines of the Bible, as held by his Church.

"CANAAN CIRCUIT, INDIANA, *August* 2, 1844.

"MY DEAR ANNA:—Last week I held a meeting for five days, at which we had a glorious revival of religion, in the pure, old-fashioned style of primitive Methodism. Souls were converted at the 'mourner's bench' so they felt it and knew it. My own soul was filled with 'holy zeal and conquering love.' During the meeting we held *four* services a day, and as I had but one preacher with me (except for one day) you may be sure the burden fell tolerably heavily on me. On closing that meeting I rode about twenty-five miles to assist in holding a quarterly meeting on an adjoining circuit. Here I labored hard for three days, came home to-day, and to-morrow our own quarterly meeting will commence. Then we are to hold four meetings in the five weeks following. How I will stand all this racket I do not know. Brother Morrow is back on the circuit, and has begun to preach again, but only occasionally, so the larger part of the work will still devolve upon me. He is willing, but not able to work. . The pleasures of earth are often only the gilding which covers misery and sorrow. Christianity is a fountain of

joy, unfailing and pure. I believe we both possess it. God converted us in the morning of life, and has kept us in his love; but let us look for still greater blessing, even for all the fullness of God. This may be obtained by simple faith in his Son. We are to see his promises, to claim them as our own, to believe that he *doeth the work, and it is done.* I have been examining this subject more closely than ever before during the last few days, and I am fully persuaded that it is our privilege to live without sin; to be made perfect here below. I am as firmly convinced of the truth of this doctrine as that the Bible is a revelation from God; and I believe the blessing may be obtained when we make a *full* surrender, and claim the promises.

"Yours, T. M. EDDY."

The work of this second year of itinerant toil closed with the last of these *five protracted meetings.* There had been gracious and extensive ingatherings in some parts of the circuit, and more or less revival at every appointment. Mr. Eddy had averaged a sermon or exhortation for every day. His salary for the whole year was *fifty-five dollars!* about fifteen cents per sermon, without estimating any thing for other labor. Yet he was satisfied, happy, and hopeful, eager for continued work, and does not even seem to have discovered that there was any hardship in the manner and labors of his life. He says: 'It proved on the whole a pleasant year."

He was at this time just twenty-one years old, and was already a preacher of very considerable ability. Considering the abundance of his labors, and his many engagements, it seems almost incredible that he should have made any progress in his studies, or have given any considerable attention to the careful preparation of sermons. But those grand "circuit riders" had a way of studying in the saddle. Allen Wiley learned Greek and Hebrew on horseback, and many others attained no mean degree of scholarship in a similar manner. It is certain that Mr. Eddy diligently pursued his conference studies during these years, for his carefully prepared analyses of them are now before us. There remain to us, also, a large number of well-digested sermons and essays from his pen, written at this time.

In an old, cheap blank book, six inches wide by seven inches long, in which there is not a single date, we find many of these sketches. It is not difficult to fix the time of their preparation, for on the inside of the front pasteboard cover are the words *Manchester Circuit*, and on the last page of the book are the following quaint memoranda, which not only fix the place of his residence at the time they were made, but reveal to us the way in which he received his salary. They run thus:—

Quarterage.	Canaan Circuit.
First Quarter.....	$6 00
Second "	20 00
Third "	10 00

The sketches of sermons found in this book, therefore, belong to the first two years of his ministry, and acquaint us with his methods of work, as well as the character and subject-matter of his preaching. From them we learn that his early sermons were characterized by a close adherence to the text, much use of Scripture quotation, with the chapter and verse always given, and by strongly evangelical teachings. They were clear and practical, and constantly dwelt on the fundamental doctrines of Christianity. They bear decided indication of the controversial spirit of the times, and strike frequent blows at Calvinism and Universalism. They abound in exhortation and warning, not failing to declare the whole counsel of God. Some passages, by their forcible denunciation of popular forms of sin, show a high courage in the author. Many of these sermons were preached from *themes*, and were prepared before selecting the texts. I present one, as a fair specimen of his subjects, and his manner of treating them. There is, of course, wanting the filling up on the occasion of its delivery, which his ready and fervid utterance would not fail to give it. But we can see with what honest and manly declaration of truth he spoke in the name of the Master. There is no text given, and he heads his preparation

REPENTANCE.

He says: "This was the first doctrine preached at the promulgation of the Gospel. John the Baptist

came preaching and saying: 'Repent, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand.' The Saviour, in his first sermons, repeats the same great truth; and when the disciples were sent forth, they, also, 'preached that men should repent.' It is an old and most important doctrine, that all men must repent or perish.

"*Repentance involves turning from darkness to light,* from the power of Satan to the living God. It must, I suppose, be preceded by belief in the truth. He that cometh to God must believe that he is, and that he is a rewarder of them that diligently seek him. I do not say he must have a justifying faith, or that he must be converted and *then* have faith, and after this have repentance. Such an order of spiritual operations I regard as absurd. We are to repent, and believe the Gospel with a justifying faith. The faith that brings adoption cannot exist without genuine repentance. But before true repentance for having broken God's law can take place, the sinner must believe that *it is* God's law against which he has wickedly offended. Before he can 'humble himself in dust and ashes' he must be convinced that 'it is against Thee, and thee only have I sinned, and done this evil in thy sight.' Hence the Gospel is preached and its awful sanctions proclaimed. *Repentance embraces deep and pungent conviction of sin;* sorrow for having grieved God, and deep contrition and humility of soul.

"There can be no true repentance when there is no deep conviction for sin. The defilement of sin

and the magnitude of our crimes must be realized. We must know 'the plague of our own hearts.' We must bring our souls face to face with God's law, see how sinful we have been, and how ungrateful for mercies numberless as ocean sands. There must be real sorrow for having sinned. The recollection of having disobeyed our God should trouble us, as if 'the pains of hell got hold of us.' This feeling is represented by the sacred writers in the strongest terms. Says the Psalmist, 'Mine iniquities are a heavy burden,' 'My soul melteth for heaviness.' God says, 'Turn unto me with all your heart, with fasting and weeping and mourning.' We must feel a guilty shame for having thus sinned. 'They shall loathe themselves for the sins they have committed in all their abominations.' And with this sense of guilt and shame there must, also, be a feeling of deep and unfeigned humility. This will grow out of proper views of our condition. The true penitent can feel no exaltation in his own eyes. No! 'The plague of his own heart' fills him with self-abhorrence. He comes with a 'broken and contrite heart.' Here we observe the difference between *true* and *false* repentance: the 'sorrow of the world' and 'godly sorrow.' Many have a sorrow for sin, a heart-crushing sorrow, who do not in reality repent of their sins. They grieve because they have been disgraced or thwarted or punished; not because they have offended God. Godly sorrow grieves because his law is broken, the blood of Christ slighted, and truth rejected.

"*Confession is another element of genuine repentance.* I know that this is an unpopular suggestion; that it is hard to humble the proud spirit so as to consent to make it; that it finds little favor with the depraved and unregenerate heart; yet it is the doctrine of God's word. Let us go to that book, and settle this controversy by its declarations. 'He that covereth his sins shall not prosper, but whoso confesseth and forsaketh them shall have mercy.' 'Acknowledge thine iniquity, that thou hast transgressed against the Lord.' If our offense is against our neighbor, unless strong and clear reasons forbid, we should confess our fault fully to him and ask his forgiveness. The same may be said of sins against the Church. But to God we are to confess *all* our sins, and 'if we confess our sins he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins.'

"Genuine repentance stops not at sorrow for sin, nor yet at confession. It goes a step farther, and *renounces and forsakes sin.* It is not difficult for you to test this matter. 'Are you sorry for sin?' 'Are you ashamed of sin?' 'Yes.' If these answers are, indeed, true, you will go a step farther, and 'break off your sins by righteousness.'

"We must hate sin so thoroughly that we will no longer touch it. 'Cease to do evil; learn to do well.' 'Bring forth fruits meet for repentance.' 'Turn from your evil ways.' 'Turn from all your sins.' 'If we confess and forsake our sins we shall find mercy.' Such is the language of inspiration. I call that a

false repentance which does not lead us to forsake our sins, and try, with all our power, to obey God. Do not say you have repented when you have not forsaken your sins. You must so much desire God's favor that you are willing to give up the 'right eye' and the 'right hand' sins for it.

"*Restitution is yet another part of repentance,* to which I wish especially to call your attention. If you have wronged your neighbor in property, person, or reputation, in vain may you hope for God's pardoning mercy while you refuse to make reparation so far as is in your power. 'If I regard iniquity in my heart the Lord will not hear me.' 'If iniquity be in thy hand, put it far away; so shalt thou lift up thy face without spot.'

"Such are some of the characteristics of genuine, godly repentance. It is turning from sin to God, and vowing for him to live and die, while at the same time we 'put away the evil of our doings.'

"*Who, I ask, are to repent?* Are there some who have no need of repentance? No. 'All have sinned,' and, of course, must need repentance and pardon. One passage of Scripture settles the question. 'All have sinned and come short of the glory of God.' Not only under the dispensation of the old law of justice, but under the blood-bought dispensation of mercy, man has need to 'seek with tears' a place for repentance. Under the law of Jesus Christ he is required to 'love God with all his heart, and his neighbor as himself.' From his first omission of

these duties he stands a violator of divine law, a rebel against God. Then, all should repent, for all have sinned. No man is exempt from the alternative, 'Repent or perish.' Not one! for 'God commandeth all men every-where to repent.'

"What agency, we ask further, has man in this great work? Is it his work, or God's work? It most assuredly is God's work, in some high sense, for all our salvation is of God. 'God will give repentance,' 'Christ is exalted to give repentance.' These Scripture declarations do not admit of denial, and we accept them fully. But while God gives repentance, *he does not repent for us.* This must ever be borne in mind. God gives the grace of repentance, and we must work with him or be damned. God commands you now to repent, now to forsake your sins, now to 'cease to do evil, and learn to do well.' And you have the power to do it, or God demands an impossibility. You can, for 'God worketh in you to will and to do of his good pleasure.' Do not say you cannot repent. You *can*, you MUST, or YOU WILL BE LOST FOREVER.

"Consider the motives which persuade men to repentance. Motives from hell and from heaven; motives freighted with the deathless issues of eternity.

"*The threatenings of God are uttered against the impenitent.* I must declare the whole counsel of God, and I dare not pass these words in silence. Jesus, in the days of his incarnation, declared, 'It shall be more tolerable for Tyre and Sidon in the day of

judgment' than for Gospel-enlightened, impenitent sinners. 'The men of Nineveh shall rise up in judgment with this generation and condemn it.' Why, blessed Lord? Because 'they repented at the preaching of Jonah.' But Israel, heaven-favored Israel, 'hath not repented, though a greater than Jonah is here.' 'If the wicked turn not, God will whet his sword.' 'If thou warn the wicked and he turn not from his wickedness, he shall die in his iniquity.'

"*The goodness of God should lead men to repentance.* Consider the love of God, the sufferings of Jesus in your behalf, the mercies which surround you, the agencies which divine love employs to call you from the error of your ways, and turn unto the Lord, who will have mercy, and to our God, who will abundantly pardon.

"*The joy of the blessed Jesus, of the angels and the redeemed, over returning sinners, should lead you to repentance.* They rejoice because the sinner has turned from the road that leads to hell. Ere he did so all was danger; in that path was no comfort, no joy, no safety. Should they not rejoice when he turns and inquires the way to Zion, and walks with his face thitherward? He has taken a step that enlists in his behalf the prayers of God's people, the ministry of angels, the special intercession of Jesus, and the aid and presence of the Holy Spirit.

"Well may there be 'joy in heaven' over the repenting sinner, for if he holds fast to the end heaven is his certain home. It is impossible for a *true peni-*

tent to be lost. God's word has countless promises of blessing for him. I said there is joy in the bosom of the blessed Jesus when one sinner repents. Said I wrong? Is he not the sinner's advocate? Does he not plead for him at the Father's throne? Is he not touched with a feeling of our infirmities? And when he sees the one for whom he hath suffered travail of soul coming home to God, does he not rejoice? Yes, he sees the prodigal returning, and, from the glory that shines around him, from the countless songs of praises which come up before him, he moves to meet him, and calls to him, saying, 'Come to me, thou weary, heavy-laden one, and I will give thee rest.' While he looks upon the trouble of his burdened heart, and marks his tears of contrite grief, he says, 'Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted.'

"There is joy, too, among the angels of God over a sinner that repenteth. I know not the powers nor the nature of the angels. How much they sympathize with mortal cares, or aid in the conflicts of mortal life, I cannot tell. But this I know, they love Jesus. And when he gains another victory over the hosts of sin they shout in glad exultation, 'Worthy is the Lamb, for he hath prevailed to open the book and to unloose the seals thereof.' They rejoice that another soul is rescued from Satan, and taught to sing the songs of glory.

"But may we not suppose that still another class in heaven rejoice over returning prodigals? We do

suppose that the redeemed, who have been saved from sin and its pollution to holiness and happiness, feel most ecstatic joy when a sinner repents. We have reason to believe that memory will continue unimpaired in eternity. We know it existed in the anguish of the pit. Dives, in its torments, still remembered his five brethren. It exists in heaven. The martyrs remember their sorrows and their toils. And will not the return of sinners rejoice the blessed who remember them on earth? When parents see the children, so often prayed for, coming back to God, may they not be glad and rejoice? When the translated minister looks down from the hill of Zion and sees those for whom he has felt the deepest anxiety coming to Christ, shall he not exult, and give fuller praise to that God with whom is the 'residue of the Spirit?' There is a meaning for us in this joy. It marks the close connection there is between earth and heaven. We are now separated from that happy land by the 'narrow stream of death,' yet one common interest pervades the entire family of God. Boundless love is the heaven of heaven, the joy of earth."

CHAPTER VI.

LEXINGTON CIRCUIT AND SALEM STATION.

IN the autumn of 1844 the session of the Indiana Conference was held at Bloomington, and Mr. Eddy came up to it, to be examined upon the regular course of conference studies, and as a candidate for deacons' orders, and for admission into membership in the traveling connection of Methodist preachers. He made the journey to Conference on horseback, the usual method of traveling among ministers. Bishop Waugh presided. During the year Mr. Eddy had joined the order of *Odd-Fellows*, and the matter was talked about among some of the preachers, and unfavorably commented upon. They were not sure of the propriety of a minister of the Gospel holding membership in any of these secret societies. When his name came before the Conference for the examination of his character and election to orders, the fact of his connection with the Odd-Fellows was brought out, and some of the older brethren urged it as an objection to his admission. Many other ministers had done the same thing, both the younger and older ones, and a few had committed the still graver offense of taking membership in the Masonic order. This was made the occasion of the *first*

and *last* discussion of the question of secret societies in the Indiana Conference. After a heated debate on the subject, the matter was referred to a carefully selected committee, who brought in a report which "disapproved of our ministers joining secret societies." The report was adopted, but the character of Mr. Eddy was passed, and he was "elected to deacons' orders and admitted."

He does not, in his correspondence, so far as we have seen it, in any way allude to this peculiar and certainly unpleasant experience. It was never the habit of his life to record or remember the disagreeable things. He was of a happy and hopeful spirit, and practiced the injunction of the apostle, "Whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things."

From the seat of the Conference he wrote to Miss White, giving her an account of the pleasant things which were taking place, and also pouring out to her the thoughts and feelings of his inmost soul. Here is the letter:—

"BLOOMINGTON, IND., *September* 28, 1844.

"DEAR ANNA:—I am here at Conference, and have been for five days. I have passed through my *examinations*, and have been admitted into full connection. Thank God! I passed a far better examination than I thought I could. The duties and labors of the past year were so onerous and incessant that I feared I would be in the rear rank. But I came off with

flying colors, compared with some who had the whole year (with light work) in which to study for it. I do thank God that I was able, amid all my duties, to prepare myself to pass a close examination in a creditable manner. Yesterday I and several others were admitted into full connection. The venerable Bishop Waugh was before us, and as he propounded to us the momentous questions contained in our Discipline I felt solemn as eternity. On Sabbath I am to be ordained. That, also, will be a heart-searching hour. To vow to devote myself entirely to the work of the ministry—to saving souls—to cry through life, 'Behold the Lamb of God'—these are weighty promises. This work 'might fill an angel's hands.'

"All here is constant excitement. As yet we have *no idea* of our appointments for the ensuing year. The Bishop and Presiding Elders keep all dark on this matter. However, *rumor* says there will be a scattering of the preachers to the four winds of heaven. I think, though, from what I can gather, I will remain in the river country—perhaps go to Paris, Vernon, or Moorefield. But this is all uncertain. *I pray God to direct in my appointment,* that I may be useful to the world and to the Church. My health is fine, and I begin to think my voice is improving. I have resolved, during the coming year to preach *less loud and less long.* This is a duty I owe to God, to the Church, to my friends, and to my dear ——. I do not feel at liberty to throw away my life, and shall in future endeavor to let knowledge govern my zeal. . .

I feel some excitement about my coming appointment. I try to say, 'The will of the Lord be done,' and to *feel* it when I say it. I do believe I am willing to go wherever God directs, (through the Church,) but I have my preference as to location, if I dared indulge the thought. I hope to remain on the river. I cannot say when I will be in the Queen City, nor can I direct you where to send me an answer, as I do not know where my lot may fall. . I shall come to see you, or write you, immediately after Conference—perhaps do both.

"Farewell. Yours, T. M. EDDY."

On Sabbath morning, with his class, he was solemnly ordained a deacon in the Methodist Episcopal Church, by Bishop Waugh. As the document may be of interest to the lay reader, we insert a *verbatim* copy of the little parchment, four by six inches in size, upon which was written his certificate of ordination :—

"Know all Men by these Presents,

That I, BEVERLY WAUGH, *one of the Bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church, in the United States of America, under the protection of Almighty God, and with a single eye to his glory, by the imposition of my hands and prayer, have this day set apart* THOMAS M. EDDY *for the office of a* DEACON *in the*

said Methodist Episcopal Church, a man who, in the judgment of the Indiana Annual Conference, is well qualified for that work: and he is hereby recommended, to all whom it may concern, as a proper person to administer the ordinance of Baptism, Marriage, and the Burial of the Dead, in the absence of an Elder, and to feed the flock of Christ, so long as his spirit and practice are such as become the Gospel of Christ, and he continueth to hold fast the form of sound words, according to the established doctrines of the Gospel.

"*In Testimony Whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and seal, this Twenty-ninth day of September, in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and forty-four,* (1844.)

"Done at Bloomington, Indiana. } "B. WAUGH." (SEAL.) | Our sufficiency is of God. |

The method of making Conference appointments was the military one. The Bishop and his Cabinet were a council of war, organizing the religious campaign of the Church for the coming year, and no secrets were to be divulged, lest the enemy should become aware of their plans and hinder their successful execution. Although his father was a member of the Cabinet and his own presiding elder, and though he was himself anxious about where he should

go, in spite of his prayers, and his determination to accept cheerfully any work that should be given him, Mr. Eddy was profoundly ignorant of where his field of labor was to be. He thought he might go to Paris, or Vernon, or Moorefield; but all three of his guesses were wrong, and when the appointments were read, at the closing session of Conference, he found himself fixed as "junior preacher" for Lexington Circuit.

There is something grand and thrilling in the splendid discipline and high devotion by which a hundred men come together for a week, cheerily transact the business of the Church, and wait, with unfaltering loyalty, while the Bishop and his Cabinet canvass in secret sessions the different fields of labor, the needs of each, and the peculiar characteristics and talents of these men, and then as secretly settle the question to which field each man shall go. Upon these appointments hang questions of overwhelming importance to each minister: the health and support of his family, dear to him as his own life; the educational opportunities of his children; the society by which he shall be surrounded; the character of his labors; whether his wife and children shall be abundantly or scantily provided for; whether the house they are to occupy will be comfortable and convenient, or the opposite; whether their locality shall be healthful or sickly. In the adjustment of these vital questions they have no authoritative voice, and they come up to the closing

hour of Conference ignorant of their appointment, to receive it in silence, in the presence of all their ministerial brethren and a multitude of other people who are drawn together by the intense interest of that moment. Yet the refusal of any minister to accept his appointment is extremely rare. This rigor has become much relaxed in our day, but enough of it remains to enable us to appreciate in some good degree what it must have been in the times of its more absolute enforcement.

The appointment to Lexington Circuit carried Mr. Eddy still farther down the Ohio River, into a region of country yet newer, and where his social privileges were not so good as they had been the year before. This circuit, like those of the two preceding years, was a large one; how large precisely we have not the means at hand of determining. We can, however, form some idea, from the date and contents of his letters. On the 14th of October he writes that *he is making* his first round. On the 9th of November, nearly a month later, he writes again, that he has completed that round. It was, probably, a four weeks' circuit, with appointments for nearly every day in the week. Lexington was the county seat of Scott County; it lay five or six miles back from the Ohio River, and contained a population of two or three hundred people. The county was very new and sparsely settled. Into this frontier work he entered heartily and cheerily. He concludes he will like the work pretty well, "because he has deter-

mined to like it." The following letter, written shortly after Conference, will show the spirit with which he entered this new field. It is not wonderful, in view of the character of this work, amid poor people, with few conveniences, bad roads, and meager support, that he should have felt anxious misgivings about bringing a young girl from her comfortable home in Cincinnati, where her every wish was gratified, and where her life-long friends were all around her, and ask her, as his wife, to share the privations and hardships which were inevitable in a calling like his. His picture of himself as a homeless wanderer was literally exact. Here is the letter:—

"LEXINGTON, INDIANA, *October* 14, 1844.

"DEAR ANNA:—Here I am in Lexington, Scott County, Indiana, *one of the members of these United States*, the junior preacher of this circuit. I am at present going on my first round of appointments. I think I shall like it pretty well, for I am *determined* to like it. Part of the circuit lies in a rough country, among hills and hollows; part of it is very fine. Lexington is about nineteen miles from Madison, but some of my preaching places are within four miles of the city, so I am close on the river. My colleague is a good man, one who I think has the work at heart, and the people like him. My health is good, unusually so. My voice is improving, and I feel that I shall not soon break down. I believe 'I am immortal till my work is done;' longer than that I

desire not to live. *I hope I shall never live to be useless. God grant that I may leave the world long—long before that time.* Since Conference closed I have felt unusually impressed with the sacredness of my calling. I have taken upon me the solemn vows of ordination. May God give me grace to keep them inviolate! The work of a Christian minister 'might fill an angel's heart, and filled a Saviour's hands.' How can I, dust and ashes, perform the great, important work? My heart almost sinks when I look at the prospect of our Zion. 'Division' is sighed by every breeze—division thunders from the South, and a glooming cloud gathers over our future. Did I not know that 'God ruleth on the throne,' I must despair; but the Lord God omnipotent reigneth; therefore I feel willing to await with calmness the events of the future, and

> "'Leave to his sovereign sway
> To choose and to command.'

"Excuse this strain of sadness. I love the Church of the living God. I love that branch of it that took me, in the days of early boyhood, within her pale. Should I not love her? Should I not esteem her above my chief joy? Let me weep over her in her hour of sadness, that I may shout in the day of her exaltation.

"Dear Anna, while I write a feeling of subdued joy plays round my heart. I have joy in the knowledge that I am loved; yet when I see the life which

awaits you in the itinerant service, as a homeless wanderer, as subject to severe trials, I am almost led to accuse myself of selfishness in demanding or requesting the sacrifice of you.

"Still, there is joy even in wandering from place to place in obedience to God's will. Like Abraham, we look for a home of rest, pure and permanent. Faith lifts the veil that hides the far-off future, and shows a home where weary wanderers rest forever. Anna, religion is no cunningly devised fable.

I have not been to Cincinnati yet, have I? I had to go around by Zara's going to and coming from Conference; this detained me, and made me late getting to my work. I do intend to take you at your word, and 'come when you least expect it.' I hope to hear from you and see you often this year. Pray God to give me a good year on Lexington Circuit. Give my love to all my old friends. Write immediately.

"God bless you. T. M. EDDY."

He had always, in these early years, trouble with his voice, a trouble which, as he grew older, was so far relieved as to cease to give him pain; yet it left its traces in a slight hoarseness which was noticeable to the end of his life. This difficulty, and his general feebleness, gave his friends constant anxiety. Under his heavy work his health was at all times precarious, but his spirits never flagged. He is always writing that his voice is better, and his health greatly improved. His heart warmed toward his simple-minded, plain

parishioners, and he loved them with all the wealth of his generous nature. Through his whole life he possessed that very rare combination of qualities, the faculty of making friendships quickly, but so strongly that they never fell into decay. He needed and valued the love of the most lowly, and he never failed to receive it. With such a disposition, he soon became much attached to his new people and work. And besides this, there was the hope of glorious revival, which always cheered him on. In a short note from Lexington Circuit he gives his impressions and feelings after completing his first round :—

"LEXINGTON CIRCUIT, *November* 9, 1844.

"DEAR ANNA :—I think my voice is improving, and I still *tolerably well* adhere to my resolution to not preach *loud* or *long*. I have completed an entire round on my circuit, and I am pretty well pleased. In some respects it is not as pleasant as my former fields of labor. My round has been an enjoyable one; good meetings, warm-hearted, simple friends, and a prospect for general revival. I could scarcely bear to labor all the year and see no outpouring of God's Spirit. I should feel disposed to retire and give place to better men and more efficient laborers.

"Yours, etc., T. M. EDDY."

He only remained on this circuit one quarter of the year. Soon after Conference Rev. P B. Guthrie, a talented and popular young minister, who had been stationed at *Salem*, sickened with congestive

fever, and, after an illness of several weeks, died, before he had fairly begun work in his new charge. A call came from the bereaved station for the appointment of Mr. Eddy to fill the vacancy. Writing of this event, his father, who was still his presiding elder, says: "Before I had completed my first round one of the most promising young preachers on the district died, Brother Guthrie, of the Salem Station. He was a man who gave much promise of future usefulness; but he was called away from his charge and his young wife and babes, in the morning of life. I had much difficulty in supplying the vacancy, as the official members of Salem Charge insisted that T. M. Eddy, and he only, could properly fill the place. There were several difficulties in the way of granting this request. Thomas had but just commenced his third year in the ministry; he was only a little more than twenty-one years of age, and had never been in charge of a circuit or station. Besides this, I well knew I should greatly grieve some of my old friends on Lexington Circuit if I removed him from that work. But, finally, I was compelled to make the appointment, and he had a successful year at Salem." We have, in the above extract, the feelings of the father in regard to this removal.

To Mr. Eddy himself the thought of making the change was very painful. Rude as was his circuit, hard as was his work, and attractive as a station might appear to him, he could not leave his plain country friends without many tears and much sincere

regret. He had already become so deeply interested in the work of the circuit that it was not easy to leave it; and, besides, he had always been associated with an older minister who was responsible for the administration, and he shrank from working alone and being "in charge."

In the following letter he gives us his views and feelings concerning the proposed arrangement :—

"LEXINGTON, INDIANA, *December* 25, 1844.

"DEAR ANNA :—You have, doubtless, looked for and expected a letter from me before this, and have wondered that it has not been received. Well, here it is at last. I have not been settled in my mind or in my position for the past three weeks sufficiently to write to any one. Events have occurred that render my removal from Lexington Circuit necessary. Brother P. B. Guthrie, a man beloved by all who knew him, and an able minister of the New Testament, was appointed to Salem at our last Conference. Salem is an important inland town, and one of our most popular appointments. He went, and began his work. Had a fine congregation, prospects fair, all things seemed pleasant, when he was seized with congestive fever, and, after lingering some weeks, died, leaving a helpless family and a prostrated work. After his death the presiding elder was requested to send me to fill the place.

"For something like three weeks I have been in a state of uncertainty on this point. To-morrow I go.

The people on my circuit have rebelled most prodigiously against my removal. Every effort has been made to prevent it, but in vain. I feel most singularly on the subject. I have kind, affectionate friends on this circuit; friends I love in the gospel. I must leave them—my associations here must be broken off; this is painful. On the other hand, a suffering work, a bleeding Church, and the deathless interests of souls, say, 'Go.' Well, so be it; I am resigned to do or suffer God's will. Salem is a station, *with four country appointments;* Sabbaths to be spent in town. So you see my labor and exposure will be less than at present. I will not have to preach nearly so often as now, and I shall have more time for study. But I am farther from Cincinnati. However, a day's ride will bring me to the river—it is thirty miles from Jeffersonville, and forty-eight from Madison—and I will try to come in the spring and spend a Sabbath.

"I feel the importance of the charge to which I am being sent. It is one that demands much grace, study, humility, and fortitude. I shall be again among strangers; I go from the simplicity of a country circuit to a station—from a colleague, to work alone. I part with dear friends, and this has cost me many a tear; but I go in the strength of God. My Redeemer will be with me, to comfort and sustain me. I thank God amid trials, scenes of anguish and heart-trying dispensations, there is a blood-bought mercy-seat, to which I may come and find grace to help in time of need. God hears prayer,

and often I fancy I see one who has been my own long loved, bowing before the throne in my behalf. Need I say this is consoling to me?

I want you to write to me at Salem, Washington County, Indiana, on the receipt of this, as I shall be most impatient until I hear from you. It is ten o'clock at night. I have just preached, and must prepare for an early start to-morrow.

"Farewell. Yours as ever, T M. EDDY."

Salem was at this time a town of thirteen hundred inhabitants, the county seat of Washington County, and, though inland, was a place of considerable importance. The county officers and many lawyers resided there with their families, so that much of the best talent of that part of the country would be likely to attend service at the Methodist Episcopal Church. There were *four country appointments* attached to the station, at each of which was to be regular preaching through the week, besides two sermons every Sabbath in the town. Mr. Eddy came to Salem about the first of January, 1845. Notwithstanding his added country appointments, one of the crumbs of comfort he found in the charge was that "the work would be lighter, the exposure less, and the opportunities for study greater," than on the circuit he had just left. During the illness of the late pastor and the time that intervened before the appointment of his successor, the charge became greatly disorganized, and the congregation much run down. The

outlook of the work when Mr. Eddy entered upon it was very disheartening. But almost immediately upon his arrival matters began to grow brighter. On the thirteenth of January, which must have been in less than three weeks after his taking charge, he writes that his congregations are rapidly growing, and that he has already received nine persons into the Church on probation. The small-pox was at this time epidemic in Cincinnati, a fact which explains the anxiety manifested in parts of the following letter:—

"SALEM, INDIANA, *January* 13, 1845.

"MY DEAR ANNA:—How fleeting are all sublunary joys. Your letter informs me that Sister Dubois and her sister have crossed over Jordan. Well, 'tis a voyage we all must take ere long. Though I supposed Mrs. Dubois must die, the intelligence of her death caused me much emotion. I remember her in the days of my boyhood as a meek and consistent follower of the Saviour.

"'None knew her but to love her,
None named her but to praise.'

But I hear a voice from heaven saying, 'Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord, for they rest from their labors.' How sweet that word, *rest*. Does the storm-tossed mariner desire rest? Heaven is a secure and blessed port, where storms cannot come. Does the home-less slave desire a rest where the hand of tyranny shall never come in heart-crushing power? Let him seek it in heaven. . . .

"Last night when preaching on the text, 'Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this, To visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world,' my soul was filled with joyous rapture. While discoursing on 'pure religion' I seemed bathed in an ocean of love. This morning I am happy; Jesus is my delight. I can say with the poet, 'I love thee, I love thee, my Lord.' Religion is a blessed, a cheering reality; I proclaim a felt and known Redeemer.

"Were I called to be a wanderer over earth, to forsake home, friends, and all the sweet endearments of relationship, to go and proclaim some heartless system of philosophy, I would say the sacrifice is too great. But to preach Jesus, I feel I have made no sacrifice. I yield God his right, glad that I myself am his. I am concerned about the epidemic in your city. O, be careful! . May God shield and guard you! May he preserve you from the 'pestilence that walketh in darkness, and the destruction that wasteth at noonday.'

"My own health is good. I have had a prosperous time thus far in my station. I found matters much disorganized, classes all out of order, and confusion reigned supreme. My first quarterly meeting commenced the week I reached here. It was a good time; the Church was enlivened and God's power manifested. I have received nine on trial since I came. This may seem a small number, but, considering all things, I feel that I can thank God and take

courage. My congregation is steadily increasing—last night it was overwhelming. To God be all the glory! I need much grace. I pray the Lord to give me humility, and to arm me with all the panoply of God.

"I advise you to get the 'Way of Holiness,' with notes, and study it carefully. You will be charmed, delighted, and blessed in reading it.

"May God keep you, and may all the covenant blessings of religion be your portion.

"Yours indeed, THOMAS M. EDDY."

His work in Salem continued to prosper, and he devoted his whole time and strength to its duties. His forenoons were given to study, and the afternoons to pastoral visiting. He was now nearly twenty-two years old, and the subject of his matrimonial designs naturally engaged the attention of his good people, who were not slow to give him advice on the subject. Unfortunately for his ability to adopt their counsel, they were not agreed among themselves as to what he would better do. Some advised him to marry soon; others to wait two or three years.

He shall himself tell the story of these counsels, and of the manner and spirit in which he received them. He writes under date of February 3, 1845:—

"I am driving away as usual, my congregations large and attentive, my health good, and my voice has not been so strong for many months as it was yesterday.

"I take good care of myself, as usual. I employ my forenoons in reading and studying; my afternoons are spent in visiting. Last week I *perpetrated* an article for the 'Ladies' Repository.' I read it over, liked it pretty well, put it in my drawer, locked it up, and there it is likely to remain.

"I am much amused sometimes at the counsels of the good people, some advising me to get married, some saying, Wait two or three years. Well, I thank them all for their advice; *it costs me nothing, and comes easier than quarterage.*

"Yours, T. M. EDDY."

His earnest labors and fervent prayers for the outpouring of the Spirit were not in vain. Before the middle of February he was engaged in special services, and the flames of a glorious revival were warming and lighting the whole town. His joyful enthusiasm was unbounded, as is seen in the following letter:—

"SALEM, IND., *March* 1, 1845.

"DEAR ANNA:—I can scarcely stop from my work even to write to my dearest. We are in a glorious revival of religion. God is making bare his mighty arm in our midst. I have had a meeting going on for three weeks in Salem; it has been a time of power, and many souls have been converted. I had no help for the first thirteen days, with the exception of one sermon. I had to preach, exhort, pray, and lead the altar prayer-meetings all myself.

"This, to say the least, was tolerably trying on my system. A revival is a good place to test a man's constitution. I presume you are beginning to say, 'Well, now, he is broken down again.' But you are mistaken, most gloriously. I was hoarse and exhausted when the work began, but I have got well on it. I have seemed nerved with more than mortal energy. Grace and strength according to my day and trial have been given me.

"Had there been no revival, half the labor would have prostrated me; but God, to whom I have dedicated my life, to whose service I consecrated my early youth, will sustain me. In his service let me spend my all of life and strength, and when I fall, I ask no better epitaph to be placed on my tombstone than this, 'He was a good man, full of the Holy Ghost and of faith, and much people were added unto the Lord.' I pray that I may be made useful. I ask not for the meteor flash of fame. I crave not the evanescent adulation of the world. No! let me be loved of God; let me feel his power, and I desire no more. But does not loving God thus supremely cut off from our hearts in some degree love toward our fellow-creatures? No, it teaches lessons of love untaught by worldly philosophy.

"Up to this time twenty-five have joined the Church since my meeting began. I look for still greater manifestations of divine power before it closes.

"Yours, T. M. EDDY."

The year was sadly marked by the breaking down in health of a number of the efficient members of the Conference, and by the death of several others. Taken in connection with his own feeble health, these facts greatly depressed Mr. Eddy. He was especially affected by the death of Rev. D. S. Elder, of whom he writes: "He was a noble young man. Soon his morning sun passed to its evening horizon." Speaking of others, he continues, "Some of our most pious ministers have broken down, and been compelled to retire from active labor. But I, poor and inefficient as I am, have been spared. Well, my prayer is,

> "'If in this feeble flesh I may
> Awhile show forth thy praise,
> Jesus, support the tottering clay,
> And lengthen out my days!'"

The subject of his approaching marriage, which was to take place the coming summer, of course was much in his mind, and entered largely into his correspondence. It seems to have filled him with mingled and contradictory feelings. He looked forward to the event with happy anticipations, and yet he evidently felt anxious lest in the new experiences of hardship, poverty, and homelessness which awaited his young bride, she might not be perfectly happy. So he warns her continually against taking any romantic view of the future, and as constantly points to the larger fields of usefulness before her, and the joy of working for the Master, as sweet and high compensations for any loss of worldly comfort.

His plans were made to visit Cincinnati early in April, and his correspondent urged him to accept an invitation to preach at Morris Chapel. He answered playfully, "I shall visit the city on 'business at the Book Rooms,' and perhaps I may call a *few minutes* at *George-street*. Do you think I will? I shall spend the Sabbath with you, I presume, but any thing *but my preaching*, unless in Maley Chapel, or to the darkey brethren."

How liable to disappointment are all human hopes! Instead of a trip to Cincinnati and preaching at "Maley Chapel, or to the darkey brethren," he was to pass through a far different experience. The labors of the winter were too much for his strength, notwithstanding his self-congratulations upon his wonderful health. He was suddenly prostrated by an attack of malignant typhoid fever, which brought him very near the gates of death. But after a protracted illness, by the providence of God he was raised up again. His next letter is written, not amid the scenes of his abundant labors, but from his mother's home in the city of Madison. Long and doubtful had been the struggle with the king of terrors. He shall himself tell the story of that struggle, and of the wonderful presence of the Holy Spirit he enjoyed through it all. He thus writes of it:—

"MADISON, IND., *April* 23, 1845.

"DEAR ANNA:—You are, doubtless, very anxious to hear from me, and to learn how I am getting

along. Well, though I am so nervous I can scarcely write, I will try. Through God's mercy I am slowly recovering; I now sit up most of the time, and am able to walk out into the yard and go about a little. This morning, for the first time, I rode out in a buggy. It was very refreshing. I now trust I shall speedily recover.

"It has been a hard struggle to save my life. I have been brought to look the king of terrors full in the face, but, bless God! I felt no fear. I could say at all times, with strong and unwavering confidence, 'The will of the Lord be done,' for sickness or health, for months of scorching fever and lingering disease or for a speedy recovery, for life or death.

"I was enabled to feel that if God should call me I could give up all into his hands, and pass through the 'valley' in perfect peace and reliance upon Him who has brought me safe thus far. How consoling to me was this passage: 'I know that my Redeemer liveth.' Jesus, Jesus is my friend! O, the sacred soul-supporting power of religion in deep affliction! But though I felt reconciled to die, I thank God for returning health. I feel like saying, with the psalmist: 'Seven times a day will I praise thee, O Lord.' God does right; just and true are his ways, and I can say:—

"'Blest be his hand!—whether it shed
Mercies or judgments on my head,
Extend the scepter or exalt the rod—
Blest be the hand, for 'tis the hand of God.'

"I now expect, if I continue to recover, to be in Cincinnati the last of next week. Sooner I cannot come. I must close this miserable scrawl. I will not apologize, for I have done the best I could.

"Dear Anna, I need not repeat to you assurances of my love; 'tis the same ever. Give my kindest regards to all the family. May the good-will of Him who dwelt in the bush be your portion in time and in eternity, in joy and in sorrow, in life and in death! Farewell.

"Yours, indeed, THOS. M. EDDY."

As soon as he was able to take the journey he visited Cincinnati, and soon afterward, much before it was prudent for him to do so, returned to his work at Salem. His people received him back with unbounded demonstrations of joy. In the first part of the year a young and talented minister had been taken from them by death, just as he was entering upon the work of the charge; and now the one they had asked for and received in his place had been brought so near the grave that his recovery seemed little less than a miracle. The affectionate welcome by which he was met delighted, yet humbled, him. We have an account of his feelings on returning to his charge, of his slow recovery, and of the manner in which he spent his invalid days, in the following letter:—

"INDIANA CONFERENCE, SALEM, *May* 12, 1845.

"DEAR ANNA:—I reached Madison at 6:03 P.M., the day I left Cincinnati. I had a pleasant trip.

On board were Brothers Hill and Hicks, on their way to the Louisville Convention. I found all well at home. Alice coolly remarked I must have had a *h'art* time in selecting books, as I had been detained two days over my time. Can you furnish the explanation?

"I remained in Madison until Thursday morning, when I left for Salem. Friday, at 4 P.M., I arrived. The people received me almost as one risen from the dead. A more loving people I never saw. They seemed so happy at my return, their deep devotion humbled me. Who am I, thus to be cared for, thus to be received? Yesterday my pulpit was filled, morning and night, by the Rev. George W Ames. So, you see, I have sufficient moderation to accept the assistance of a fellow-laborer, and hold still myself. 'Twas a great cross. I did want to preach, O how badly!

"My health is much as when I left Cincinnati. I am getting along, through God's mercy, without a relapse. I am still very feeble and nervous, as my chirography plainly shows. I am staying at Dr. Newland's, so, you see, I am under a physician's watch-care. I shall not preach any this week. For once T. M. Eddy will let his 'moderation be known unto all men.' You may have your doubts of this, but it will be even so.

"I have thus far found matters in much better order than I expected. My brethren have kept up the prayer-meetings and class-meetings. I am in

hopes of a glorious revival to crown our efforts ere the year shall close. May God send it in power! I am engaged in visiting my members, as I can't preach much. I love the work when I get at it.

"May the God of peace keep your heart and mind in perfect peace! Farewell.

"Yours, THOS. M. EDDY."

He worked on all through the spring and early summer, disregarding the cautions of friends concerning his health, and retarding his recovery by continually overtaxing his strength. He quieted his own conscience in the matter by the thought that he was in the home and under the professional care of his dear friend, Dr. Newland, and that it was somehow the doctor's business to take care of his health, and not his own. In a letter written in June, about a month after his return to Salem, he says: "I preached yesterday in the morning on 'the conversion of St. Paul,' at three o'clock I delivered a Sabbath-school sermon, and at six o'clock I was thrown from my horse into the water while crossing a creek. But, in spite of my two sermons and my *ducking*, I feel as well as usual this Monday morning."

Among the many warm friendships formed at Salem, none were more tender and true than that which grew up between himself and Rev. A. M'Ferson, pastor of the New School Presbyterian Church

Their surroundings were similar, their callings the same, and being so much alike in temperament and so nearly of the same age, it is not surprising that they became strongly attached to each other. They were both young, of slender health, and among strangers. Mr. M'Ferson had come from his far-off New England home, and here toiled earnestly for Christ, till the voice of the Master called him, saying, "It is enough; come up higher." He died, leaving a wife and little children among strangers, poorly provided for with worldly goods. We shall hear again of this friendship as we get further on in these pages. His death greatly affected Mr. Eddy, as we see in the following letter:—

"INDIANA CONFERENCE, SALEM, *July* 3, 1845.

"DEAR ANNA:—I write in a great hurry, as I have to prepare an address to be delivered to-morrow at a celebration. Day before yesterday I assisted at the funeral service of the Rev. A. M'Ferson, pastor of the New School Presbyterian Church of this place. He lingered a long time in great pain, and then fell from Zion's walls. I loved him much. He was a gentleman, and, better still, a Christian. His last thought was his charge. In the hour of death the Church clung around his heart. He left a helpless family among strangers. Wonderful and mysterious are the ways of Providence. He was in life's fair prime, honored, esteemed and beloved; a kind husband, a devoted father—why was he taken? God took him. He does right. May I be impressed with a sense of

my high duty by this sad warning. Death, that comes to all, shall come to us, to me!

"Our conference year is almost ended. I hope to pass my examinations with credit to myself and friends. Where my lot will fall next year I cannot tell. This is all dark. I must wait for time to interpret.

"Yours faithfully, T. M. EDDY."

On the 7th of August, 1845, at nine o'clock in the morning, Mr. Eddy was married to Miss Anna White, in the city of Cincinnati, by Rev. George W. Walker, the minister who had received her into the Church when she was a child, and who was now her pastor. The same day the bridal party left on the mail boat, for Madison, Indiana, where an "*infair*" was given them by the groom's family. A few days were spent here among their many friends, and the next week they went together to Salem, and were cordially received into the home of Dr. Elijah Newland. Here, and with the family of Mr. Atkinson, they found pleasant homes till the close of the conference year.

To Mrs. Eddy there was an indescribable charm in this new life. Its experiences were pleasures, and she readily adapted herself to the primitive customs of the plain people among whom she went. There was a pleasing quaintness in the trips on horseback beside her husband to the "two days' meetings" at the country appointments; in the hospitable usages

of their country parishioners; the extemporized beds for the many guests; the lengthened tables, loaded abundantly with the good things of the farm; the custom of the morning ablutions, in which the brethren surrendered the tin wash-basin to the sisters, while they, in turn, poured water from the tin cup into each other's hands, and thus dispensed with the use of the wash-bowl. Then came the gathering of the family and guests into the largest room for morning worship, to which the hearty singing and the earnest amens gave a real fervor. Then the brethren, by each caring for his own horse, and the sisters, by lending the hostess a helping hand in doing up the morning household work, lightened the burdens of this generous hospitality. This primitive life, of course, belonged to the rural appointments, and was necessitated by the newness of the country. In the town there was a more developed state of society, and not a few persons, who were then leading men of the State, or who afterward became so, were members of the Methodist congregation.

The conference year closed, and the young minister and his wife, bidding adieu to happy scenes and loving friends, started over the hills for Madison, the seat of the next conference session, taking all their worldly possessions with them. The memory of this charge was afterward celebrated by naming their first-born son Augustus Newland, the latter name given in honor of Dr. Newland, beneath whose roof the young married people first found a home.

The year had been an eventful, as well as a happy, one. Beginning on the largest and hardest circuit to which he had ever been appointed, at the end of the first quarter Mr. Eddy was removed, and put in charge of an important station. His predecessor had fallen in death, and he himself had been brought to the verge of the grave. He had been blessed with a gracious revival, and had taken to himself a wife. Financially, the year had been the best of his ministry, his salary reaching the unprecedented amount of *ninety dollars*. His private memoranda show that with so large an income he did not forget the great benevolences of the Church. He gave that year ten dollars for missions and five dollars to the Bible cause.

Happy Methodist preacher! Rich in friends, family, and faith, out of debt, rejoicing in the privilege of preaching Christ, and having something to give to the great charities of the Church. Let no reader imagine he was having a hard time. Blessings came to him, enough to keep him shouting happy; work enough to employ all his energies; and, best of all, God was with him.

CHAPTER VII.

RISING SUN STATION

IF there is augury in a name, this year should have been a prosperous one. At the conference session of 1845, held in Madison, he was appointed to the station at Rising Sun. This town was the county seat of Ohio County, Indiana, and was situated on the river, thirty-six miles below Cincinnati.

Though his father, at whose house he was being entertained, was a member of the Bishop's Cabinet, he received no intimation of where his field of labor would be till the announcement was made to him by the formal reading of the appointments. But, as if to contradict terms, his going to Rising Sun was the beginning of the gathering of shadows around him. He had never been depressed by being sent to a hard field of labor. His appointment to a prominent one brought him pain. There were at this time five members of the Conference who were mutually related by ties of blood or marriage. The two Eddys, William Morrow, Louis Hurlbut, and B. F Crary.

Whether there was really any sensitiveness in the Conference growing out of this relationship or not, we do not know; but it is certain that both Augus-

tus Eddy and his son Thomas felt embarrassed by this clerical kinship. The latter went to his new charge somewhat depressed lest some one should unkindly associate the two facts that the father was in the Cabinet and the son had received what was thought to be a very good appointment.

He found the congregation at Rising Sun distracted with painful divisions and dissensions; of these, was one of those bitterest and most implacable of all feuds, a quarrel among a family of brothers. Besides this, some jealousy, which had been awakened by his appointment to a station that paid what was to him the unprecedented salary of $365, became known to him. A brother minister addressed him some unkind letters, and thus drew him into a correspondence which, for the time, made him very unhappy.

There was no parsonage, but, finding a home for himself and wife in part of the house of an aged minister, every-where familiarly known as "Uncle Jimmy Jones," he began his labors. He worked hard, and his congregations were large; but for the first time in his ministry no considerable revival followed his efforts. He felt himself fortunate in having Rev. John Miller for his Presiding Elder, who, he says, "was one of the best and most companionable of men." It was a year of hard work, small results, great discouragements, and much heartache. Into such shadows does the providence of God sometimes lead his children, that they may be drawn closer to himself, and receive

the needed discipline for the greater work he has for them still to do.

It is true, the year was not all shadows. He made many warm and life-long friends. His social relations, not only with his own congregation, but with ministers and people of other denominations, were very delightful. Some persons, destined to be prominent in the Church and the political movements of the State, were converted and received into membership; but there was no general revival, and all through the year there were painful disagreements among brethren.

But, however small the visible results, the work was not allowed to go by default. On the 10th of July he writes to his wife, who was, for the time, in Cincinnati: "The weather is as hot as pepper. All the ice is melted in the ice-houses. *To-night my meeting begins.* I don't expect any help until to-morrow night, when Brother Rutlege will be here. Dear Anna, pray for us, that God may aid us, that power from on high may attend the ministry of the word, and that great grace may rest on all the people.

> "'O, could I see the season come,
> When sinners shall come flocking home,

how much would my heart be rejoiced, and my spirits cheered! A genuine revival would do so much good in this place. It would heal dissensions, and enable Zion to put on her beautiful garments."

Here was born their first child, a son, whom they named for Father Eddy and Dr. Newland, of Salem. This new joy and responsibility early called forth the loving care and governmental talents of the fond young father, a talent usually exercised in training the *first baby* as never afterward. While his wife was in Cincinnati he writes thus: "Take good care of my boy. Don't let him sleep too long, cry too loud, or keep awake more than is good for him." Rather comprehensive directions concerning a baby a month old!

At the close of this year he requested to be removed from this station and placed on a circuit. He was now twenty-three years of age, had been in the ministry four full years, and had labored in five different charges. During the first three years his entire receipts for salary aggregated only $205. For the last year he received $365.

The session of his Conference for the fall of 1846 was to be held at Connersville, fifty or sixty miles north of Rising Sun, and Mr. Eddy determined to start early and visit his brother Zara, then residing in Paris, Illinois, before going to Conference. He had several relatives whom he wished to call upon on the way. This trip, involving a ride of two or three hundred miles, was made on horseback, after the Methodist preacher style of traveling. The following letter, descriptive of the journey, will give the reader some idea of a part of the country through which he passed:—

"BLOOMINGTON, WEDNESDAY NIGHT, *Sept.* 23, 1846.

"MY DEAR WIFE:—I am here, safe and sound, in good health, though right down tired. To-day we had a late start and rode forty miles over hills. Last night we stayed in Columbus, a town of some eight hundred souls, situated in a most lovely country. 'Tis delightful, but, alas! very sickly. Ague and fever, fever and ague! We stayed last night with a very hospitable Methodist family, by the name of Reynolds.

"To-day our ride has been of all sorts. Part of the road was through a pleasant country; the greater part, however, ran along the top of very high, but very narrow, ridges. Sometimes we would ride for miles together and see no house at all. The scenery was magnificent. The high ridge, winding and turning and stretching for miles on miles, was covered with towering poplars and majestic oaks. Then there was the greatest profusion of wild flowers of every kind and hue. It was not only lovely, but wildly sublime. From our lofty position we would look down to the dark glens below with solemn delight. Truly these scenes of grandeur declare the hand of God Almighty.

> "'These are thy glorious works, Parent of good,
> Almighty, thine this universal frame.'

"To-night I reached here an hour after dark, and, to my sorrow, found Uncle Will out in the country; but aunt is at home, and she and I are talking while I

write. I hope to get to Terre Haute to-morrow, and to Zara's the day after, by noon. I may not write again, as it takes a letter so long to get from the West to the city; so if you get no further word from me before I return you need not be alarmed. Be sure and meet me in Lawrenceburgh.

"Take good care of my boy, don't let him get hurt, sick, or any such thing. If you do, take care! Pray for me. Improve your religious privileges while you have them, for such will, perhaps, not be within your reach soon again. Next year weeks may intervene between sermons.

"Now, my dear wife, good-bye. Don't you criticise this letter; it is done up in a hurry, and while talking all the time. God bless you! Amen and amen! Give my love to your mother's family. Kiss *the baby* twenty times for me. Good-bye.

"Your husband. T. M. EDDY."

The visit was completed as he had planned it, the long journey accomplished, and Mr. Eddy was at Connersville in time to answer to his name at the conference roll-call.

On the 11th of October, 1846, he was ordained to the office of Elder by Bishop Morris, after having passed a satisfactory examination in his studies. The annual gathering of ministers was to him, as to all Methodist preachers, an occasion of great interest and enjoyment. His fine social qualities never found fuller play than in the companionship of his minis-

terial brethren. He was so constituted that they were peculiarly profitable as well as pleasant to him.

He was a close observer of men, and never failed to avail himself of an opportunity to study the characteristics of those who possessed unusual ability. He also gave the most careful attention to conference business, was never out of the room during the sessions, and thus, early in life, acquired an accurate knowledge of all denominational enterprises, and of the details of Church business.

CHAPTER VIII.

A GROUP OF PEN PICTURES.

MR. EDDY was now freely using his pen. He was a contributor to the columns of the "Ladies' Repository," "Western Christian Advocate," and the local newspapers of his vicinity. Many of his articles were not offered for publication, but either found their way into the waste basket, or were laid quietly aside among his old papers to be forgotten. From this latter class we have selected the three that are reproduced in this chapter.

There were at that time, among the many strong men it contained, two members of the Indiana Conference who were already recognized as among the foremost ministers in the connection; both of whom, at a later period, were elected to the General Superintendency of the Church, and are still honored members of our Board of Bishops. They were Matthew Simpson, the incomparable preacher, and successful President of the Indiana Asbury University; and Edward R. Ames, the profound thinker, the great organizer, the wise and skillful leader in Church movements. They were both in the full vigor of their early manhood, and were exerting wide and beneficent influence throughout the State.

Mr. Eddy has left us a pen sketch of each of these, as they appeared to him at the Conference of 1846. For the double purpose of presenting pictures of these great men at that period of their lives, and of showing his style of writing, we insert the articles.

They were never written for the public eye, and, doubtless, Mr. Eddy would have revised them had he intended them for publication; but they are honest statements of the impressions made on his mind at the time. We find them, with the sketch of Christie, in an old blank book, such as he then used for all of his writing. They were evidently written about 1847. He entitles the first,

"MATTHEW SIMPSON, D.D.—A SKETCH.

"He who sits at the Secretary's table is Matthew Simpson. There is nothing in his appearance to suggest to the casual observer the vigor of his mind and the brilliancy of his genius. He is stooped in gait, and there is a hint of carelessness in his dress. When conducting public worship he reads his hymns and lessons in so plain and straightforward a manner that as yet there is no indication of his wonderful ability. Still, his talents and piety have won him a reputation second to none in our Church.

"He has the thorough scholarship and administrative ability which enable him to sustain, with credit and dignity, his position as president of a flourishing university. As a business man in our Conference he

has no superior. As a writer he is vigorous, clear, and frequently very beautiful. As a preacher he is *peerless* and *indescribable.* It is impossible to give any idea of his pulpit power by comparing him with others. He is not to be measured simply as a metaphysician, for while he reasons with great strength and clearness on all questions, even the most abstruse, he does not forget that his hearers have hearts as well as heads—emotions as well as perceptions. His descriptive powers are of a very high order, and, when his subject demands it, the places, persons and incidents of which he speaks, pass, with all the vividness of a panorama, before his hearers.

"His appeals are absolutely irresistible, and his auditors willingly surrender themselves to him, to be moved by his words as the wind moves the fields of growing grain.

"On the missionary platform he shines with peculiar brilliancy. As he proceeds with his addresses he seems to undergo a transformation. He appears to grow in stature, his face lights up until it becomes radiant with thought, his voice develops tones of wonderful pathos, and his eye kindles and flashes until it speaks with a language and eloquence of its own.

"We have often witnessed manifestations of his marvelous power over his audiences. We reproduce here one scene illustrative of his ability in the pulpit. It was in the fall of 1846, at the Conference held in Connersville. He was announced for Sab-

bath evening, at seven o'clock, but long before six there was a dense crowd of eager men, women, and children gathered for a whole square around the church, waiting the opening of the doors. When they were at last opened, *mirabile dictu!* what a scramble. I had climbed up by the aid of a plank, entered a side window, and had a comfortable position where I could see the struggle for seats. When so many of the congregation as could gain admission were seated, he entered and pressed his way through the crowded aisles to the pulpit. His appearance during the opening services indicated something of embarrassment. He selected for his text the memorable words of Jesus, 'Behold, I send you forth as sheep in the midst of wolves: be ye therefore wise as serpents, and harmless as doves.' His theme was, the 'Call and Qualifications of the Christian Minister.' The arguments employed on the call were most masterly. And although he did not treat the modest claims of 'the succession' with all the deference its votaries might desire, he did honor the truth of God and clearly demonstrate that the great Head of the Church had never surrendered his right to send forth his own laborers; and that without this divine call no talents, no education, no human ordination could authorize any man to enter upon the work of the ministry. The qualifications for this vocation he presented as twofold. The wisdom of the serpent, the harmlessness of the dove; that is, great knowledge and deep personal piety. Having exhibited

clearly the essentials of ministerial qualification, he drew a vivid picture of ministerial toil and reward. We saw the devoted itinerant obeying the command of Jesus—'Go.' Go in the face of poverty, danger, death, disgrace! We saw his family afflicted, his own frame wasted and worn. We followed him with anxious contemplation until we heard the same voice speak again. But it no longer said 'Go.' In sweetest accents it said, 'Come, come. Come up higher!' At this point there was an irrepressible burst of feeling among the preachers in the congregation, which was so overwhelming and prolonged as to render it impossible, for several minutes, for him to proceed. As for me, I would at the close of that sermon have willingly received an appointment to Central Africa."

Following this description of President Simpson is another, portraying Rev. E. R. Ames, as he appeared to Mr. Eddy at that time. We here present it to the reader.

"REV. E. R. AMES.—A SKETCH.

"Sitting just to the right of the platform is a man whom every body notices, and every body inquires, 'Who is he?' That is Edward R. Ames, one of the broadest and strongest men in Methodism. He is known every-where throughout our connection in consequence of having occupied for several years the position of General Corresponding Missionary Secretary, in which capacity he traveled extensively, both

East and West. His appearance is very commanding. He is of full habit, six feet in height, of dark complexion, with coal-black hair, and his whole cast of countenance bespeaks superior talent and power. You at once associate with his appearance ideas of dignity and command. You are reminded of the conceptions you formed of Hector or Agamemnon when you first read the immortal 'Iliad.' When he visited the Indians at our missionary stations they are said to have given him the cognomen of 'Big Thunder,' as descriptive of his appearance and bearing. He is universally admitted to be one of the wisest and most competent business men among us. With a keen foresight as to the results of any course of action, and great breadth of comprehension; with the practical sense which wisely adapts means to ends, and the power to compass the largest plans while noting the minutest details, he is naturally a leader and organizer.

"He can be relied on to attend to every item of the most complicated business, not forgetting the smallest interest. He is equally attentive to the wording of the most unimportant report which may become the action of the Conference, and to the discussion of the broadest connectional plans.

"But his superior ability is manifested in other p aces besides the conference room. In a general educational convention for the State, recently held, he attracted much attention and exercised great influence, because of his perfect familiarity with the oper-

ations of the educational systems of this and past ages, and of his clear apprehension of the present needs of our State, and the most practical methods of supplying them.

"As a debater, it would be hard to find his superior. Always familiar with all the details of any question he undertakes to discuss, his clear judgment generally insuring the correctness of his positions, quick to perceive the fallacy of an opponent's argument or to discover an error in his presentation of facts, with great self-possession and courage, he never appears in debate to disadvantage. Methodism has cause for gratitude to him for the manner in which he has, more than once, defended her rights and vindicated her honor against the attacks of sectarian bigots and political adventurers.

Nor is he less remarkable in the pulpit. He seems utterly to forget that there is such a thing as public opinion, so far as shaping his preaching to catch its favor. Rising altogether above it, he comes before his congregations as a teacher of truth, anxious only to enlighten their minds, quicken their consciences, and lead them to Christ. His manner is majestic rather than familiar, and he moves with the tread of a giant rather than with the light step of the mere rhetorician. His manner and matter at once arrest the attention of the audience, and secure for him a careful hearing. His sermons are replete with facts, drawn both from sacred and profane history, which are so used as to illustrate and enforce

divine truth. At times he enters the field of religious controversy. When he does, it is with a few brief, bold strokes that clear the field at once, leaving him complete master of it.

"Let it not be supposed, because his sermons possess so much strength, that they are, therefore, destitute of vivacity and beauty. Nay, verily. They flash, from time to time, with coruscations of the highest wit, and are full of exquisite touches of sentiment and poetic imagery. When he relates an incident it is so vividly and appropriately presented that the hearer can never forget either the story or the truth it is intended to illustrate. Take him all in all, I do consider him one of the first men in American Methodism, and destined in the future to fill a high place in her counsels and administration."

We place before our reader another pen-picture, not written with the subject before him, as the foregoing ones, but drawn from the recollections of his boyhood, and elaborated in the light of the admiration which filled his child soul with love and veneration for a minister of wondrous talents and eloquence, who found an early grave—one whom many thoughtful men have regarded as the peerless pulpit orator. This is it.

"REV. W. B. CHRISTIE.—A SKETCH.

"'The memory of the just is blessed,' says the voice of inspiration; and the disposition to cherish

the recollections of the good and the high deeds of the noble is an indication, not to be lightly disregarded, that immortality is the heritage of virtue, and that he who would not be forgotten must be just and fear not. True, by crime he may be remembered! He may be 'damned to endless fame.' He may live immortalized by the hatred of the world! But it is virtue only that can leave a record which thousands will delight to contemplate. Deeds of piety, of patriotism, of humanity, are indelibly written. They shall not be forgotten!

"I have ever delighted to remember the noble man whose name stands at the head of this page. He was often an inmate of my father's house, and in my childhood I learned to love him. There was a most winning sweetness and gentle yet dignified amiability in his manner, which won the love of all who knew him. But I cannot essay to delineate his private character. It is as a minister that I would write concerning him. He was one of those rarely met, whose minds are so symmetrical that they excel both in close, studied argumentation and in lofty, soul-stirring power over the feelings. There are some who excel in description, who can stir at will the emotional nature, who can carry the minds of their auditors with them, lifting them to the highest pitch of moral feeling. But, although thus gifted, they are incapable of making a close, convincing argument; they cannot endure the tedium of logical investigation. Others can reason most profoundly,

can construct an argument until the highest degree of moral demonstration is attained; but with all their wisdom they are cold, emotionless, and, to the mass of hearers, uninteresting. The heart is left untouched. The feelings, the passions, the affections, lie waste and fallow under such cultivation. These extremes are, perhaps, owing in part to natural constitution, in part to acquired mental habits. Each class has its warm admirers. Each may be eminently useful in a certain way and to a certain degree; and yet there are those who must ever be beyond the reach of either alone. There are some who, if ever led captive by the truth, must *at the same time* have the intellect enlightened and the feelings enlisted.

"To this duplicate work was he of whom I write most admirably adapted. His reasoning powers were of a very high order. When he attempted to convince of important principles he began as 'a wise master builder.' On the 'foundation laid in Zion' he based his arguments. He calmly rose, round after round, and as he proceeded men gazed with wonder as the towers of truth seemed to rise in beauty and grandeur at his touch. And still they rose, until they stood, lifted into the light of the heavenly world. From that lofty elevation he poured volley after volley on the defenseless heads of poor sinners, until they would tremble and plead for mercy. Then, with all the tenderness of a soul overflowing with love, he would invite them to the

Saviour of sinners. Obtuse was that intellect that remained unconvinced, hard that heart which did not feel.

"The first time I remember hearing him was in 1832. During Conference, at Circleville, he came to our village, and preached for us on the holy Sabbath. I was but a child, yet right well do I remember it. His subject was the rapture of St. Paul, and the thorn in the flesh. I shall never forget that sermon. How earnestly he combated the opinion that the thorn in the flesh was some peculiar besetting sin, over which Paul could not gain the victory! How clearly he showed that divine grace could conquer every and all sin! I have said I was quite young, but, young as I was, the impression was indelibly fixed on my heart that sin could and should be destroyed by the blood of Christ. As he spoke of the depth of the apostle's fervent prayer his manner became touchingly tender. But when he came to describe the sufficiency of divine grace to sustain and comfort, he was a flame of fire. His pale countenance glowed with rapture, as if illuminated by transfiguration glory. I cannot, at this distance of time, pretend to give even an outline of that wonderful discourse.

"On another occasion I was permitted to listen to his magnetic words. He rose, pale and wan; it was evident that the spoiler who 'loves a shining mark' was contending for his precious life. When he prayed that night he seemed to feel that the destiny

of souls immortal was involved; that he was to preach for sinners,

> " 'for whom the Lord
> Did heavenly bliss forego.'

He rose and read, 'When he was come near, and beheld the city, he wept over it, saying, If thou hadst known, even thou, at least in this thy day, the things which belong to thy peace! but now they are hid from thine eyes.'

"Such descriptions of divine love and human guilt I had never heard. It seemed as though Jesus stood before us, with weeping eyes, bidding us know our merciful visitation. And when he described him as turning away from the obdurate multitude, crying, 'now they are hid from thine eyes,' it seemed as though the death knell sounded in the ears of sinners. As for me, I felt I was a sinner unsaved, who had long resisted mercy, who had

> " 'Continued to provoke, though wooed, chastised,
> A flagrant rebel still.'

I heard him once again, and for the last time. Then he opened the word of God and read, 'I know that my Redeemer liveth.' After a lucid and unanswerable exposition of the truth of the pre-existence of Christ, he gave some of the most tender and touching descriptions conceivable.

"We were carried to the land of Uz; we saw the prince in his glory; we gazed upon his lovely children; we beheld a confiding wife, who seemed the

impersonation of fidelity and truth. The scene changed; we saw the princely mansion destroyed; we gazed upon the smoking ruins beneath which were the remains of his children; we saw him afflicted in body; we beheld him taunted by wife, and mocked by acquaintances because of his trust in the living God. In the midst of all this we beheld the patriarch still holding fast his integrity, and exclaiming, 'O that my words were now written!' Not that he might record the mutable nature of all human joys; not to tell the uncertainty of human friendship. O no; but with an iron pen and lead in the rock forever to inscribe, 'I know that my Redeemer liveth.' Glorious, blessed, divine truth!

"'I know that my Redeemer lives;
What joy the blest assurance gives!'

"I have since seen a sketch of his sermon upon this text. But how unlike what I heard! how destitute of the soul-moving power! how devoid of the soothing, consoling sweetness that came from his great and loving heart! It seems strange that some of the brightest and noblest of the ministers of Jesus should fall in the midst of their days, and in the heat of the battle, while dealing blows with the Spirit's sword of almost superhuman energy. Watson died thus. Many, as they have laid down his unfinished "Exposition of Romans," have exclaimed, 'O, why did he die so soon?' The sun of Summerfield went down in death ere yet it had reached meridian height.

"So with Christie. He died in the prime of his days. Strong in intellectual and moral power, panting to do deeds of might in his Master's name. Thousands wept when they heard he had fallen. The minister could scarce believe that his brother's voice was forever hushed. Why was it so? We know not. 'Clouds and darkness are round about him'—but though those clouds be dense, still in characters of living light we see written upon them, 'He doeth all things well!'"

CHAPTER IX.

VEVAY CIRCUIT.

IN the fall of 1846 Mr. Eddy was appointed preacher in charge of Vevay Circuit, with James E. Tiffany as colleague. His presiding elder was Enoch G. Wood, one of the finest preachers of the West, a man of rare executive ability, unfailing good nature, and absolutely fearless. Wherever he was to preach people gathered in crowds. He still resides in that section of the State, where he so long and efficiently labored.

Vevay was a thriving village, lower down the Ohio, and was settled originally by Swiss. Mr. Eddy shipped his household goods by steamboat, and, with his wife and young babe, drove through, from Rising Sun, in his buggy. It was in the glorious season of autumn. The woods wore the hues of green, crimson, scarlet, and orange, which make our October forests so gorgeous. In due time they reached the little, old, unpainted, weather-beaten parsonage at Mount Sterling—a low, one-story cottage, with a broad porch extending across the entire front. On their arrival they were kindly invited to spend the night at the village inn, an invitation they were glad to accept. The next day they unpacked their goods, and began

housekeeping in their new home. This circuit, like those he had formerly traveled, reached from the banks of the Ohio River back into a region so hilly that the name of Switzerland, given to the county, was entirely appropriate.

Among his parishioners here were many people of fine talent and culture. Mr. Eggleston, a prominent lawyer, and father of Rev. Edward Eggleston; Mrs. Julia Dumont, a poetess of more than local reputation; the Ruters, Dufores, and many others widely known, were members of his charge in the town of Vevay. Back in the hills were a quaint, primitive, generous people, of sound sense, industrious habits and warm hearts, with whom he found himself very happy. There were all phases of life and character there, as elsewhere. Hope and disappointment, love, marriage, and bereavement, entered into the story of the lives of these rural people, as into that of humanity in all places and under all circumstances.

One day as Mr. Eddy, accompanied by his wife, was driving to a country appointment, he pointed out a farm-house by the roadside, just a little before them, and remarked: "Here is the home of old Brother D. Six weeks ago I attended the funeral of his wife, and I hear that he is already married again." By this time they were in front of the house, and the old gentleman coming to the door at the moment, Mr. Eddy called out, "Good morning, Brother D., how are you all this morning?"

"Waal, Brother Eddy," said the old man, dolefully,

"as for myself I am purty well just now, but as for *my wife's paart, she's dead* AT PRESENT."

It was, indeed, so. This quickly found second wife had suddenly died, and the pastor returned next day, to conduct funeral services over her remains. Let us hope that the good old gentleman had better fortune in his next matrimonial venture.

The whole period of his stay here was one continuous revival. "Protracted meetings" followed each other so closely that they became in reality one long series of special services, adjourned from time to time from one part of the circuit to another. Some of the quaint and stirring scenes which attended them are still remembered.

A meeting had, at one time, been in progress for several days at Mount Sterling without any decided manifestations of religious interest among the people, when a very prominent man in the community, noted for his positive antagonism to the Church, and at the time somewhat under the influence of liquor, came forward to the altar of prayer, and, falling upon his knees, began to call loudly for mercy. The whole congregation were startled and surprised—none more so than the pastor, who, for the moment, scarcely knew how to interpret the act. But all uncertainty was quickly removed by the evident sincerity of this unexpected penitent. He was soon converted with wonderful power, and became a zealous worker in the meetings. A great outpouring of the Spirit followed; many people in the neighborhood were converted,

and among them several of the family and relatives of him who was the *first penitent* at the altar. A few Sabbaths afterward he was one of a little procession of new converts that moved down from the church to the shaded creek near by to receive the ordinance of baptism—some by sprinkling, some by pouring, some by immersion.

The people gave many tangible evidences of the warm and grateful love they felt for their pastor. Wherever he went on the circuit the saddle-bag or the buggy-box was filled with good things from the farms.

In the small country towns the church service furnished the chief social attraction of the Sabbath, and when there was no preaching the day seemed long and dull. In Mount Sterling there was preaching only once in two weeks.

On the intervening Sabbath, which had only its class-meeting in the morning, Mrs. Eddy would occupy the afternoon by reading to such of the villagers as chose to come to her house a sermon from Christmas Evans, or some other pleasing author. Many a tedious hour was thus cheered and made profitable to these plain people by the thoughtful kindness of their young pastor's wife, and often, on the warm summer Sabbath afternoons, groups of men and women could be seen seated on the porch of the parsonage, deeply interested in the words she read to them.

Among many incidents which have come to us illustrative of Mr. Eddy's power over the hearts of his

hearers, and of their generous tokens of love for him, is the following, which we present to our readers.

One Sabbath morning, during a "two-days' meeting" held in Mount Sterling, he had preached with unusual liberty. The tears and responses of the congregation gave evidence of their enjoyment of the sermon.

After service, according to a custom of the times which required the entertainment of members and friends who came from a distance by those who lived nearer, more than twenty guests were at the parsonage for dinner. Among them was one of the stewards, a Brother Mallette, with whom generosity was a passion. At once, on coming into the house, he threw off his heavy blue overcoat, which was perfectly new, and said: "Brother Eddy, I never heard such a sermon before in all my life; here, take my overcoat; put it on and keep it. I hope it will fit. And take my hat, too, to go along with it. I can wear your old one home." The overcoat *did* fit, but the hat was too small, and was, therefore, declined. But he had a broad-brimmed drab hat that corresponded with the overcoat exactly. That overcoat and hat, with the blue leggins and saddle-bags, and the gray horse "Barney," became familiar to all the people throughout that region.

During a special meeting at one of his country appointments there arose a terrific storm. It was night. The little church stood in the edge of the woods, and as the tempest increased the building trembled, and

the forest trees were swept down like grass by the scythe of a mower. Consternation seized the congregation. It was perilous to remain, it was madness to venture out into the night. In the general dismay the pastor called upon all to kneel in prayer. The gale was at its fiercest—the flashes of blinding lightning were instantly followed by deafening peals of thunder—and each moment it seemed as if the building would be crushed. With unfaltering faith in Elijah's God, Mr. Eddy poured out his soul in prayer that the tempest might cease; and we may well believe that every soul in the little congregation joined earnestly in the fervent petitions. While they yet prayed, lo! "there was a great calm." The winds suddenly died away, till not a breath stirred the leaves. To that people it was as if they had heard the divine voice commanding the winds to cease in answer to their prayers. Then the power of God came down upon them. Believers rejoiced and the unconverted cried for mercy, so that for several hours there could be no unity of service in singing, prayer, exhortation, or preaching. It was Pentecost, repeated after eighteen hundred years, in this little country church. The services did not close until near midnight, and when, finally, the people departed for their homes, it was with the feeling that they had seen a wondrous answer to prayer. This was the beginning of a gracious revival at that appointment.

A severe hemorrhage from the throat, doubtless

induced by the constant use of his voice, occurred while he was holding a service in the Mount Sterling church, and for a time many thought him past recovery. But, with that wonderful recuperative power which he always possessed, and which was, probably, due quite as much to force of will as physical vitality, he was soon at his work again.

The two years spent at Vevay were the last of his circuit experiences. They were full of toil and prosperity. Great unity pervaded the charge, and revival fire burned continually. At times he would be prostrated by over-exertion, but after a few days' rest he would be in his pulpits again. His whole life was characterized by a disposition to undertake every thing within his reach which he thought ought to be done. He was always prodigal of his strength, and often found the supply exhausted. Let not the reader imagine that the pictures of his incessant activity given in these pages are overdrawn. With a quick, nervous temperament, an aggressive spirit, and a love of work, it would have been impossible for him to be idle when he had strength to labor.

The impress of his ministry on this charge was more marked and permanent than usually follows a brief pastorate of two years. The strength of Methodism in that region to-day may be traced, in no small degree, to his labors. His salary, when he first went to Vevay, was fixed at $290, but as the year drew to a close, in view of his extraordinary labors and the delicate state of his health, the quar-

terly conference, *by a unanimous vote, increased it to three hundred dollars.*

It is not to be inferred that he was insufficiently supported. There was a fine orchard and large garden connected with the parsonage, from which abundant supplies were obtained, and the kind people were constantly bringing in presents of such things as they had. The preacher was not required to maintain very much *style*, either in dress or housekeeping, so that, altogether, he and his little family not only lived well, but saved money while on this circuit. He leaves this statement concerning this pastorate: "I closed my second year in peace and harmony, in love with the people, and they, apparently, in love with me."

I cannot better conclude this chapter than by inserting an article written after the death of Dr. Eddy by Rev. R. M. Barnes, an eminent Methodist minister, who was converted under his labors during his first year on this charge. He says:—

"I would bring a garland of fragrant and dewy memories from my prairie home, and lay it upon the cold brow of one of my best earthly friends—my spiritual father, my guide and counselor, the lamented and now sainted Dr. T. M. Eddy. In the early autumn of 1846 I attended a camp-meeting, held in a grove near the old Bethel Church, on the Vevay Circuit, South-east Indiana Conference. During that meeting I heard Dr. Eddy preach from Isaiah liii, 3: 'He is despised and rejected of men.'

"His youthful appearance, his pale face, his bloodless hands, his peculiar voice, his ready utterance, his dramatic action—all of these impressed and fascinated my young heart, and drew me to him. Greatly to the pleasure and satisfaction of many who heard him at the camp-meeting, he was sent that fall to the Vevay Circuit. He moved his young wife and their child into the uncomfortable and rickety parsonage at Mount Sterling, and soon, with his pious and devoted colleague, entered upon the hard work of that rough and hilly circuit. Wherever he went crowds attended his ministry, and the churches could not contain the eager throngs. Soon the spirit of revival manifested itself, and the services of the circuit preachers were in constant demand. Up to the measure of his strength, and beyond, young Eddy was every-where 'in labors more abundant.' It was during one of the protracted meetings held at old Bethel Church, in January, 1847, under the ministry of Eddy, that my soul sank in condemnation and guilt to the very borders of despair; when, through the counsels and prayers of my dear friend, I looked upon Jesus and was saved. I have no data before me by which I can ascertain how many were gathered into the Church during the two years that he remained upon that work; but it is safe to say that, from those hills of Switzerland County, and from the valley of the Ohio River adjacent, multitudes will rise up to call him blessed.

"Mount Sterling Circuit is a kind of preacher-

factory for the South-east Indiana Conference, and has been since the days of Eddy. No man in all that country ever impressed his own individuality more deeply and favorably upon the hearts and souls of children and young men than Thomas M. Eddy. He was a favorite with the lads; his visits were always welcome; when he came upon his gray horse or in his buggy to the farm, there was general joy. He was a skillful hunter and a successful fisher. He could row a skiff or throw a ball as well as any of the boys in the families he visited; and yet, with all his sympathy for youth, he never forgot his ministerial position, and always carried with him a dignity that commanded respect.

"At an early period of his ministry his friends recognized in him those elements of power which were destined, by the blessing of God, to lift him into conspicuous prominence in the counsels and trusts of the Church. His ascent was brilliant, but not unexpected. From the circuit-rider to the admired city orator; from the station to the eldership; from the eldership to the responsible position of editor; and from that to one of the chief places in our Zion—his rise was rapid and well-deserved.

"Years have passed since I heard his voice for the first time. The last sermons which I heard him preach were at the dedication of the First Methodist Episcopal Church, in Decatur, Illinois. A large indebtedness was to be provided for, and deep solicitude was felt by the pastor, Rev. James Noble, and

shared by his people. There was a general desire to hear Dr. Eddy, and public expectation was at the highest pitch. The Sabbath came, and the people came. The vast temple, one of the grandest of this grand State, was crowded. The doctor made one of his happiest efforts. For one hour and more he held the audience at his will, and spake as rarely men speak of the "imperishable words of Jesus." At night, though greatly fatigued, he preached again from Isaiah lv, 8: 'For my thoughts are not your thoughts.' It was the last time I ever met him. I had heard him preach many times. Now, to me, the circle of his preaching was complete. It began with Isaiah and ended with Isaiah. I linger long and lovingly by his silent remains. My eldest son bears his honored name. I write in tears. I pray for a double portion of his spirit to rest upon me. 'My father, my father, the chariot of Israel, and the horsemen thereof.'"

CHAPTER X.

JEFFERSONVILLE STATION.

MR. EDDY was appointed in the fall of 1848 to Jeffersonville, one of the better charges of the Conference. Before the introduction of railroads the Ohio River was the chief commercial avenue to Indiana, and those towns which were situated upon its banks were the most flourishing of the State. The move carried him about seventy miles farther down the river. Jeffersonville had a population of about three thousand, and was rendered unusually important by its proximity to Louisville, Ky., and by its considerable manufactories; the State-prison, also, was located there.

The new brick parsonage, with its four rooms and side porch, furnished him a residence the splendor of which was altogether beyond comparison with any house he had ever occupied before. While this palatial edifice was being completed, himself and family were hospitably entertained for a fortnight at the home of Mr. Walthan, a gentleman who was himself a Roman Catholic, but whose wife was a faithful member of the Methodist Episcopal Church. This Christian lady is yet living, resides in the same beautiful home, and the Methodist preacher still finds

there a "prophet's chamber," a bountiful table, and a cordial welcome, as in the former days.

No "help" had been secured when the preacher's wife, with her two little children, the youngest only two months old, moved into the new house, and, with such help as her husband could give her, began to arrange the furniture for living. Together the two stretched the carpets and tacked them to the floor. Mr. Eddy was by no means efficient where any mechanical skill was required. Indeed, he was hardly equal to the task of driving a nail, and the hammer was quite as likely to strike his fingers as the tacks, when he attempted to fasten down the carpets. Moreover, he did not feel that his wife regarded him as a genius at this kind of work, and, withal, his feeble health prevented him from performing much physical labor. But he did what he could. For want of a better, he used the clothes-basket for a cradle, in which the wee baby was placed while they worked on. He tried to keep the little one quiet, and, with the best of intentions, endeavored to sing it to sleep.

He was never eminent as a singer. In his boyhood, while he lived on the farm, he once joined a singing school, bought a *patent note* book, and began to study music. We have heard him tell the story of this undertaking. One Sabbath morning, when he had retired to the garret to practice his music, and, having become wholly absorbed in it, was oblivious to all other things, he was interrupted by the voice of his

father calling to him in tones which were full of reproof and surprise, "Thomas, Thomas." And when he answered quietly, "Yes, father?" he was addressed thus: "My son, have you no more respect for the holy Sabbath than to be up there *sawing boards* this morning?"

It was enough to discourage a diffident youth concerning his musical abilities. He never pursued the science further.

He was, however, accustomed to say there were two tunes he could sing. One was "Auld Lang Syne," and the other *wasn't*, and he always sung the one that wasn't.

To this anonymous tune he sang the baby to sleep, and gave his wife such other aid as he could to help get the house in order. In a little while every thing was adjusted, and he was busily engaged with the duties of the charge.

His pastorate of two years in Jeffersonville was crowned with very great success. Gracious revivals attended his labors here, as had been the case in every field of his ministry, save one.

On the day before Christmas, in his first year, he began a series of meetings which continued for about six weeks, and resulted in between two and three hundred conversions and accessions to the Church. During these weeks the house of worship was thronged night after night, and the altar was crowded with penitents. A spirit of religious interest seemed to rest on the whole town. During this meeting his voice

failed him, as it had frequently done of late, so that he was often unable to speak above a whisper. Still he declined sending away for help, only availing himself of such aid as came in his way, and he says, "When I was wholly unable to work, *help always came.*"

He took great delight in his Sabbath-school, thinking it the best he had ever seen. He gave it much of his thought and labor, and was the first to organize it into a missionary society.

While here the first great sorrow of his life came to him in the death of his brother Zara. This was his oldest brother, the one who had been most intimately associated with him in boyhood, and who, in the absence of his father so much of the time from home, had been his counselor as well as his companion.

He now began to suffer more than ever before from pain in the chest. It is not probable that he was at any time in his life the victim of organic disease, but the constancy and severity of his labors overtaxed his strength, and the weaker organs were the first to be affected. He found that by the application of croton-oil to his breast on Friday, his voice was clearer and stronger on Sabbath, and he could preach with greater ease. For a year or two he resorted to the use of this irritant almost weekly. He seldom spoke of his sufferings to any one, for he had a great aversion to being regarded or treated as an invalid.

His nearness to the State-prison gave him an op-

portunity to study the criminal classes, and the character of the treatment they receive from the State. A marked feature of this pastorate was his constant and earnest efforts in behalf of the convicts. He believed in their susceptibility to good influences, and made special efforts to lead them to Christ.

The chaplain lived twenty or thirty miles away, and could only be at the institution on Sunday, so that much work in visiting the sick, and writing letters for those who were unable to write for themselves, if performed at all, had to be done by the clergymen of that city. Mr. Eddy performed many kind offices for the prisoners, and thus became a great favorite among them. During one of these years the cholera visited Jeffersonville, and was especially prevalent among the inmates of the penitentiary. Instead of leaving the place, Mr. Eddy entered upon the work of ministering to those who suffered from this scourge with heroic devotion and courage. He daily visited the prison hospital, to minister to the sick and dying, to receive their messages for friends, to write their last letters, and to point them to the Lamb of God.

One day he found in the sick ward a pious, intelligent, gentlemanly prisoner, who had been an officer in a bank, and had been convicted of robbing it. He had steadily asserted his innocence, and great efforts had been made to secure a pardon for him from the Governor. These efforts were of such a character that he was daily expecting their success and his re-

lease. But he was suddenly stricken down with cholera. As Mr. Eddy came in, this man called for him, and said, "I was afraid you would not get here in time. I shall die very soon; I had hoped to receive my pardon before this, but it has not come, and it *may not.* Will you write a letter to my wife and family?" Then the dying man dictated his last message to his dear ones, reiterating his innocence, assuring them of his undying love, declaring his faith in Christ as his Saviour, and saying that he would await them in the "house not made with hands." The letter finished, he sank back exhausted, and in a few moments the spirit was free. As Mr. Eddy walked out of the prison with a heavy heart, thinking of the letter he must write, and of the crushing sorrow its contents must cause, he met a messenger bearing the *pardon,* just received from the Governor. It had come too late! God's release had reached him first. It was afterward ascertained that this man was innocent, but had been made the victim of a wicked plot, in order to shield the real criminal.

During these two years he gathered many incidents of prison life which he afterward used with great effect in his sermons.

In his devotion to the ministry he never forgot his duties as a citizen. He took a lively interest in every question that concerned the commonwealth. He was so much in sympathy with all men, in all matters, that it could not be otherwise. He believed in the right of the preacher to participate in the set-

tlement of every question affecting the public welfare. He saw much in the management of the prison by the State Legislature which he felt was wrong, and called loudly for correction. Feeling thus, he was not the style of man to remain silent. He published, in one of the leading newspapers of the State, a series of articles, in which he fearlessly exposes what he conceives to be the mismanagement of the institution and the wrongs done the convicts. He lays down the following propositions as embracing the proper ends to be had in view in the establishment of a prison by the commonwealth. He says :—

"The establishment of a penitentiary for the punishment of higher felonies has in view, we apprehend, the following objects :—

"1. The punishment of crime by solitary confinement and constant labor.

"2. The protection of society by removing vicious offenders, with their corrupting example and evil practices, from its midst.

"3. The vindication of the law, by exemplary punishment, so as to deter others from the commission of crime.

"4. The reformation of the offender, and, if he be incarcerated for a limited time, his restoration to society, when he is liberated, a reformed man and a good citizen.

"This supposes that during his imprisonment he shall have careful moral instruction ; and that no efforts of kindness and firmness shall be spared in en-

deavoring to lead him back to the way of virtue. It supposes, further, that while he suffers the punishment of confinement, labor, and disgrace, the State shall place over him men of parental firmness and generous sympathy, and shall make him feel that it punishes him not for its pleasure, but for his profit."

Having laid down these propositions, he exposes what he regards as the blunders and oversights of the Legislature, in failing to make proper provision for these men, who, though guilty of crime, are still men with human feelings. He sets forth the provisions which he thinks ought to be made for improving their condition and remedying the evils which existed in the institution.

The articles show a most careful study on his part of the whole question of the proper treatment of criminals. They reveal to us the fact that his mind had expanded so as to take into its thought and sympathy another class of human unfortunates so often practically forgotten by most men.

CHAPTER XI.

THIRD-STREET, MADISON.

IN October, 1850, Mr. Eddy was appointed to Third street Charge in the city of Madison. Bidding good-bye to warm friends and pleasant surroundings in Jeffersonville, he moved, family and furniture, by steamboat to his new field of labor. They were met on their arrival by Mr. Northcraft, in whose home they were cordially and delightfully entertained until a suitable house could be secured for them. Madison was at that time one of the largest and most flourishing cities in the State, and was noted for its wealth, intelligence, and refinement. There were five Methodist charges in the city, including the suburban society of North Madison, and the pastors were C. B. Davidson, F. C. Holliday, James Jones, Henry Koch, and Mr. Eddy. Besides these, a number of other prominent Methodist ministers resided there, so that they were able to maintain a large and interesting weekly preachers' meeting. For the first time in his life Mr. Eddy was so situated as to be able to attend one of these clerical associations, and he very greatly enjoyed the intercourse with his brethren which was thus afforded him.

He had now reached the age of twenty-seven, had been eight years in the ministry, and was rapidly growing both in ability and popularity. No man ever made better use of his surroundings to accumulate knowledge, and learn how to use it, than he. He was a quick and close observer, and information acquired one day would be used the next as familiarly and easily as if he had always possessed it.

His social qualities were of the finest order. He was fond of stories, full of humor, ready in conversation, and possessed a keen sense of the grotesque and ludicrous. In any society he was at home, and he brought sunshine to whatever company he entered. He especially enjoyed the companionship of brother ministers, among whom he was always a favorite. His conscience never protested against a good story or a hearty laugh, and when telling jokes and anecdotes was the order of the hour he always contributed his full share. His flow of spirits was unfailing. It may have been with a view of rebuking this supposed levity of spirit that he received the following indirect reproof from a pious colored barber. Dr. Simpson being at the time his guest, he took him into the shop of this barber to have his hair trimmed. Said Mr. Eddy, with a merry twinkle of the eyes:

"James, see to it that you cut the doctor's hair very well. *That's Dr. Simpson, the President of the University.* Do your best; you don't often get such a man in your chair."

"Yes, sah," solemnly responded the pious son of Africa, casting a reproving look upon the young preacher; "I knows dat mighty well. Soon as I put my hands on dis bressed head I knew dere was 'no room for mirth or triflin' *here*.'"

Mr. Eddy devoted himself to the interests of his charge with characteristic constancy and enthusiasm, and had the joy of seeing it prosper. The two years were not marked by any great revival, but there was a constant and satisfactory growth of the Church through the whole period. Seldom, indeed, did a month pass without conversions and accessions to the Church. He was a firm believer in instantaneous and felt conversions, and in the efficacy of prayer. Many a time would he take the awakened sinner into his study, and spend hours reading and explaining God's promises to him, and praying with him.

The following incident illustrates his manner of work in this regard. One morning an old man who had spent a long life-time in sin, but who had been awakened under his preaching, and was deeply penitent, called upon him for advice and assistance. The man was almost in despair. He did not comprehend how there could be forgiveness for one so hardened in sin, and so long a rebel against God as he. On their knees they had talked and prayed long together, but still no light came to the darkened spirit. Finally, while they were yet kneeling, Mr. Eddy opened his Bible to 1 Timothy i, 15, and read: "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of *all accepta-*

tion, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, *of whom I am chief*."

"What is that you read?" cried the old man in joyful surprise. "Does it say *the chief* of sinners?"

"Yes, yes, it does."

"Then, Mr. Eddy, that must mean *me!* but let me read it for myself."

The pastor took the penitent's trembling hand in his, placed the opened Bible before him, and, guiding the old man's fingers along the line, allowed him to read it slowly for himself through his tears. The light came to him through the word. His faith took hold upon Christ, and in that hour he believed to the saving of his soul.

During this pastorate Mr. Eddy became involved in a curious newspaper controversy, by which he was brought more prominently to the notice of the Methodists of the West than ever before. The editor of the "Ladies' Repository," in reviewing a Greek grammar, had spoken very strongly to the effect that a knowledge of the Greek language was a necessary qualification for preaching the Gospel. But comparatively few of the pioneer preachers of the West had ever learned the Greek alphabet. They had preached Christ in cabins and barns, in log meeting-houses and groves, and in city churches. They had seen thousands of souls converted, and a great Church rise up as the divine seal of approval upon their ministry. They had given largely of their scanty incomes for the founding of a university for

others ; but they could not read Greek, and the slightest suggestion made in a Church periodical that they were, therefore, unqualified for their great work was likely to arouse their indignation.

Mr. Eddy replied to the review through the "Western Christian Advocate" in an article entitled, "A Defense of the Fathers." He was logical, satirical, eloquent. A rejoinder from the editor, in which Mr. Eddy was spoken of as "a young man somewhere in Indiana," called him out again in a still more vigorous paper, written over the signature of *A Young Man Somewhere in Indiana.* The eyes of the whole Church in that section were turned toward him. Scores of letters from the older ministers, and presents from prominent laymen, testified of the universal approval with which his articles were received. It is probable that this discussion first revealed to the Church his unusual ability as a writer, and afterward led to his appointment to editorial work.

Again he was prostrated by a severe attack of his old enemy, inflammation of the lungs. For weeks he trod very near the edge of the cold waters of Jordan, but, by the good providence of God, he was restored.

During his second year a little incident occurred which he loved to relate, and which we give here for its own beauty, and because it occurred in the course of his ministry, and thus became, in some sense, a part of the story of his life. It was Saturday morn-

ing of quarterly meeting, in bright, warm summer weather, and the presiding elder, Calvin W Ruter, was preaching from the words, "And lo the heavens were opened unto him, and he saw the Spirit of God descending like a dove, and lighting upon him: and lo a voice from heaven, saying, This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased." The sermon was beautiful and impressive, and the congregation were in full sympathy with the preacher. As he approached the close, his descriptions seemed to become realities. In the full tide of his feeling, as if he saw a vision, he was saying, And I see the Spirit of God descending like a dove. Just at that instant a beautiful snow-white dove flew in through the open window beside the pulpit, and, circling two or three times around, and very near the preacher's head, flew out again through the window by which it had entered.

This year was made sadly memorable by a second great bereavement. His oldest sister, Mrs. Oliver Tousey, the one in the family next younger than himself, was taken home. Hers was a character of rare and excellent beauty. In her illness she waited and watched anxiously for the coming of her mother, and when the closing hour came before that mother reached her bedside, she left her this message: "Say to her, Heaven is but a little way off."

As we get farther on in the story of his life we observe the gradual maturing of his character. He had not yet left the poetic and sentimental feel-

ings of youth behind him. Speaking of them in their best sense, he never did, but they then sometimes found expression in his newspaper contributions. The bereavements which he had suffered give color to part of the following article, written and published about this time. In it we have a specimen of his style of composition, and of at least one vein of his thoughts :—

"THE OLD LETTERS.

"Save them, reader. They don't take up a great deal of room, and by and by you will feel that no wealth could purchase them.

"This is 'house-cleaning' day. The 'good woman' has commenced the operation, so *excruciatingly pleasant* to us amiable husbands, of 'putting things to rights.' I have been called upon to overhaul a 'press' in which are stored piles of literature, good, bad, and indifferent — 'Harper's Monthly,' 'The Knickerbocker,' with its inimitable 'Editor's Table and Buncomville Flagstaff,' 'Glenn's Ark,' 'Moore's Masonic Review,' 'The Ladies' Repository,' 'The Living Age,' and, neither *last* nor *least*, the 'Family Mirror.' These were soon overhauled, and then I was directed to open a table and arrange the piles of letters, manuscript, etc., which had accumulated there. Soon I became deeply interested. Those old fold-worn letters, as I glanced at the 'directions,' or hastily scanned their pages, aroused memories which *will* find expression. Let me say to the reader : Stop just

here; go and hunt up *your* old letters and look them over. You may then appreciate my feelings, and you wont care whether you read the balance of this communication or not.

"First, here is a large package of very full and closely written sheets, neatly tied up in a bundle, with a 'blue ribbon;' but the lady aforesaid says I shall not write one word about them. I wish to know why, and she says there are now *three* reasons for not doing so, and the *smallest* of them fills—a cradle! Of course, I give up. I do so the more cheerfully, for I never erred when I followed her advice.

"Here is a letter from one of the greatest wags in Christendom. In looking over it I laughed heartily. The fellow absolutely writes me a grave foursider to convince me that I am crazy—'mad as a loon!'

"Here is a bold, manly autograph. The writer is one of the most distinguished Western pulpit orators. In the bold penmanship—the rapid, forcible and nervous style—the abrupt sentences and hasty dashes—you have the man's character, in some sort, crayoned. The child of poverty, destitute of money, teachers, books, and schools, he still felt he had a mind. He *dared to do.* Many an adverse wind and wave beat upon him; but still he struggled on. He hath now a noble name; and, more than that, he hath won very many from the paths of vice, and told them of brighter worlds beyond.

"Here is a letter inimitably beautiful in its chi-

rography; yet, beautiful as it is, you are struck by the lack of something from the pages. *Character* is wanting. The writer is a noble-hearted man. He would divide his last loaf and give his last dollar to relieve the suffering; but he would as readily offend his best and most reliable friend, if seized by some sudden whim. He is all impulse. He has scholarly attainments of the highest order, but they are valueless to him, for he has not the stern, unfaltering resolution which is necessary to one who would successfully tread any path leading to distinction. He crowds all sail, but has neither rudder nor chart. Poor man! I love him; but his whole life has been one constant series of wrecked and blasted hopes. He might have succeeded, but he *lacked fixedness of purpose!*

"Here is another. One paragraph says: 'In a few weeks or months I shall invite you to my wedding. I expect to marry *a rich* Kentucky girl. She is young, beautiful, intelligent, amiable, and has the dimes. I would not marry *for money*, but I am not fool enough to refuse a fine girl simply because she *is rich*.' Considerate, wasn't he? Somehow, he never sent me the invitation; but, shortly after, he *did* go to California. You live in Kentucky; see if you can give me any information as to why the affair did not 'come off,' as was anticipated.

"What say you to this admirable specimen of Christian candor: 'You will be very glad to hear of my son John. He is in Sacramento. He enjoys

very good health. He is also *desperate* pious. He didn't forget his religion out there. He is getting rich—but, bless you, not in the mines. He keeps a shaving shop, and *fleeces* the miners.' 'DESPERATE pious' it is!

"But here is a collection into which I look with deep emotion. The letters are in the handwriting of the departed. Dear, frail mementos of those whom I have loved and cherished—by whom I have stood and waited for the right—who have cheered *my* lonely hours; how dearly do I prize them now! I read the lines as *their* hands traced them, and can scarcely believe they can *be no more.*

"'I cannot make them dead.'

"Read this extract from a young minister of high promise, whom wasting consumption withered ere he had seen twenty-five summers: 'I must give up all hope of getting to Conference. This is, indeed, a hard trial. I wished to see them [the ministers] once more, if only to bid them farewell. They will meet, but I will not join in their songs. They will pray; perhaps they will remember me. I sometimes look upon my wife and boy, and think how they will be left, and then it seems hard *to die* so soon. But I will not murmur. I will not complain. "It has been good for me to be afflicted." God is my Father, and in a short time I shall "see him as he is," and rest in heaven. I need not tell you I am often happy. Death has lost his sting, and the grave its terrors.' What

saith the taunting infidel to the utterance of such hopes amid such deep and sore trials?

"Here is a bundle I have long treasured. They are from my oldest brother. He was a noble specimen of a man. One lies before me, written soon after the birth of my first-born:—

"'So you are blessed with a boy. But place not too strongly your affections upon him. I, too, had once a boy—a bold, free, intellectual child, whose deep blue eye was full of tenderness and childish affection. O, he was our joy, our hope, our pride. But now in one corner of our rural graveyard lie moldering his remains. He was taken from us. My heart was crushed, and my poor wife hung trembling, as the rose upon the broken stalk. A daughter was given us. She was beautiful as the chiseled marble; but now she lies by the side of her brother. It seems as though we have been called to drink the very dregs of the cup of affliction; but we endeavor to humble ourselves before almighty God. May you never be called to pass through so fiery an ordeal!'

"May I give one more extract? 'I wish you could stand with me and view the scenery of the grand prairie. Far as the eye can reach is one vast, almost boundless plain, covered with tall rich grass, and every tinge and every hue of wild flower is at your feet, while their rich perfume makes the passing breeze fragrant as "Araby the blest." In the distance are seen the lines of timber which skirt the rivers, hanging like a deep, rich fringe upon this beauti-

ful carpet. Yonder stalks the timid deer, and yonder again are seen the countless herds which graze in these exhaustless pastures. The great Creator has lavished all beauty upon these plains, and all things tell of his goodness to his creatures.'

"Would you know why I have kept *his* letters as sacred relics? Ah, me! those beauteous flowers of which he wrote are now blooming from the turf that rests upon that pulseless heart! I hope to meet him in a fairer clime, where a grave is never, *never* digged.

"Here, too, are the lines traced by the hand of a loved sister. Here is her daguerreotype in my room. O, there are the same deep blue eyes that told of a heart which was all kindness and affection. She was lovely—she was beloved. I cannot quote from *her* letters. They breathe a sister's love—and what love is deeper and purer? She is gone. In joyous exultation her spirit passed to its 'exceeding, eternal reward.'

"Here are others still, that bring up to memory hours no more to be enjoyed; kindness no more to be realized; friendship no longer given, and purity of example which in memory still lives, but before the eye shall pass '*nevermore*.'

" Reader, give the writer your kind indulgence in his trespass upon the columns which might have been more ably filled. But permit him to close as he began, by saying, 'Preserve the letters of your friends.' Treasure them. By and by, when you look

around, and find yourself almost a stranger in the wide and bustling world, while your yearning heart pants for the friends of your youth, 'twill be sweet to sit down and read the words they wrote—to breathe the thoughts which glowed in their heart. 'By these, being dead, they may yet speak.'"

It would be an inexcusable omission if we did not present, as prominent among his varied activities, his labors in the temperance cause. From the beginning of his public life to its close he was a zealous and enthusiastic worker in this great reform, both with tongue and pen. Indeed, his first public addresses, those in which he first gained reputation as a public speaker, were for temperance. In the ceaseless agitation of this question, which was carried on in Indiana during all the years of his ministry there, he never wearied in the work. Radical, fearless, outspoken, intense, he could command no language too strong, no denunciation too scathing, to apply to the traffic, the dealer, or the advocate of the liquor interest. In every phase of the great temperance war he was a leader, and never shrank from any consequence or responsibility which his position incurred.

The following pathetic story from his pen, written a few months after leaving Madison, is only one of his many papers in our hands that helped to make up the temperance literature of those times. The

coroner's verdict, which he quotes at its beginning, sufficiently introduces the article :—

"ONE OF A MILLION CASES.

"'CORONER'S INQUEST.—An inquest was held in Cotton Township, [Switzerland County,] about two miles north-west of Jacksonville, on the 27th of November, 1852, over the body of Lee Rogers, found dead in the woods of William Dickason, Jun. Verdict of the jury, that said Rogers came to his death in consequence of exposure, resulting from the excessive use of ardent spirits.

TIMOTHY W. GRAHAM, *Coroner.*'

"I knew Rogers. He had been in early days an active business man. The spoiler overcame him. He fell a victim to a licensed traffic that has murdered many thousands. But I wish only to note a little circumstance, not to moralize.

"Some years ago, when on a circuit lying mainly in the bounds of Switzerland County, after conducting the services of a protracted meeting, I was sent for to visit and baptize a dying young lady. A half hour's walk across a noble forest brought me, in company with one or two friends, to the house of Lee Rogers.

"It was a beautiful autumnal day, and there was in the sere foliage a consonance with the scene we were called to witness—loveliness withering before decay.

"We entered the chamber ; the open window was covered over with a climbing honeysuckle, and close by it was placed the couch of the sufferer. She was, perhaps, eighteen years of age, and was surpassingly

beautiful. Her dark hair was gracefully parted over her high, arched forehead. Her large black eyes shone with that unearthly brightness peculiar to her disease—pale, blighting consumption. She was much reduced by months of suffering. Through her pale hand we could almost see the rays of sunlight that struggled through the tangled honeysuckle. Upon her cheek played the death-proclaiming hectic flush.

"After some conversation we sang a hymn, and proceeded with the service. How solemn in that chamber of death sounded the words, "Dost thou renounce the pomp and glory of this world?" She made the solemn renunciation of all things earthly, and as, robed in spotless white, the baptismal consecration was pronounced, she seemed to be, indeed, 'the bride of heaven.'

"She clasped her pale hands, the tears rolled down her cheeks, and for a moment her utterance was choked. Then she burst forth into ascriptions of praise and holy joy, of confidence in her Saviour, of victory over death, of anticipations of an incorruptible inheritance in heaven. The scene was truly sublime. We bade her farewell, and left her. We saw her no more alive.

"A few days afterward she passed from earth in blissful triumph. Before she breathed her last she called for her father. He came. Naturally he was a generous spirit, a kind-hearted man. He sat down beside his dying daughter. She took his hand in hers,

and spoke to him of other days. She spoke of former peace and happiness. Then of the blight that intemperance had made. The strong man bowed his head and wept like the 'infant of days!' She plead with him to 'cast the bowl away,' to break off the chains of the destroying appetite. In that hour of death he made his dying daughter the promise. He said he would be a man, he would reform. And, more than that, he said he would give his heart to God, and try to meet his daughter in the home of the redeemed.

"She died. I was sent for to conduct the funeral services. We laid her down in a beautiful country 'burying-ground,' to rest until the 'resurrection of the dead.'

"Poor Lee! he seemed to be desolate, indeed. Some days afterward I saw him. He spoke of his daughter—he wept. I am sure he was sincere when he told me he would keep his vow. So he did for some time. Peace smiled on the household. Rogers was an altered man.

"But he had business in the county town. There he meet boon companions. They congratulated him that he had reformed—they thought he had been drinking too hard—they thought he ought to MODERATE and be TEMPERATE. The Shylock who had so often sold him the destructive poison said so, too.

"He wondered at this. He had expected their opposition, and had hardened himself against it—but they spoke KINDLY. Alas! their 'tender mercies were cruel.'

"They then proposed a social glass together; he refused—they urged it. The bland LICENSED MURDERER insisted also. Rogers had shown himself a man, and thought, of course, he could now indulge without danger—he had shown that he could master the appetite.

"That night Lee Rogers went home DRUNK. He rode past his daughter's grave giving the maudlin hiccough, and singing the drunken roundelay. His career from that day was downward. He never, so far as I have learned, made another effort to reform. His fate the coroner's verdict tells us in part—only in part. The spirit has gone to receive ITS sentence.

"Now, shall we continue to prate about MORAL SUASION to men who would sell Lee Rogers whisky, and press it upon him, when they knew—and that right well—how hard he was struggling to keep a promise made before Almighty God to his dying child? It is most absurd. As well talk of moral suasion to the ungorged hyena. We have seen these men pursue their victims—thwarting every effort at reformation by plans that might teach Satan deception and villainy, until they fell—dying of *delirium tremens;* then we have seen them hypocritically pretend to weep as they aided in burying them; and after that they have hurried away to secure by law the homestead from the widow and orphans! And yet men talk of a law forbidding this murder as being in advance of public sentiment! Alas! if this be so."

Time flew by. The two happy years of Third-street pastorate came to a close, and by the law of the Church it was necessary that he should be removed to another field. The years had been eventful ones in developing his character and talents, and in creating influences which were to affect his future. Association with other ministers had increased the catholicity of his spirit, and the society in which he had moved added ease and grace to his manners, and valuable names to the already long and ever increasing catalogue of his warm personal friends.

CHAPTER XII.

BROOKVILLE STATION.

AT the date to which the opening of this chapter brings us—the autumn of 1852—Mr. Eddy had been engaged in the work of the ministry ten full years. Beginning with the hardest and heaviest circuits, where the work was most laborious, and the support the most meager, he had been advanced to the charge of important stations, and had made a good record in every field to which he had been appointed.

He was now twenty-nine years old, and had come to be recognized as one of the most popular preachers in his Conference. The days of his boyhood ministry were behind him. He possessed a fullness of intellectual vigor and a maturity of character not often met with in one of his years.

For the first time in his ministry, so far as we can learn, he received beforehand a hint of his coming appointment. He writes to his wife from the seat of the Conference, under solemn injunctions of secrecy, giving her information as to where they are likely to be sent. He says: "I will give you an item or two *which must not be told to any one*, as all may yet be changed—'*Brookville*, T. M. Eddy!' I fear if we *are* sent there, that we shall have to use the old parsonage.

They say no good house can be had. Enoch G. Wood will be our presiding elder. Brother Frailey [his predecessor at Brookville] says the people are very attentive to their preacher's family. I hope you will like it. I will come home when Conference adjourns, go to my new charge and spend the first Sunday, return to Madison, visit the other Conference at Bedford, and then move to Brookville. The move will be expensive."

At the General Conference of 1852 the Indiana Conference was divided by a north and south line, and the eastern portion, into which Mr. Eddy fell on account of his locality, was organized as the Southeastern Indiana Conference. The other new Conference met that fall at Bedford, and he desired to see his brethren over there. His appointment was made as he had anticipated, and, having carried out his programme of visits, he moved to his new charge. His family and household effects were brought to Cincinnati by steamboat, and were thence conveyed to Brookville, a distance of forty miles, by *canal boat.* He reached his destination after dark, but was taken to the home of Mr. J. W. Hitt—a noble Christian gentleman and a life-long Methodist, where he was entertained till a suitable house could be secured for him. He did not move into the little frame parsonage in "the Bottom," but was provided with an excellent house half way up "the Hill."

Brookville had a population of about two thousand souls, was the county seat of Franklin County, and

was justly noted for the refinement and intelligence of its people. It is said to have been the home of more prominent and influential men than any other town in the State. The Methodist was the leading Protestant denomination, and had a congregation quite unusual for its culture. The plain little wooden church edifice in "the Bottom" was by no means a fair exponent of the society that worshiped in it.

Mr. Eddy's relations with the people of this charge were peculiarly pleasant. They greatly admired his preaching, and in the feeble state of his health were so considerate of him that he became bound to them by the strongest ties of gratitude. A literary institution located there, under the care of the denomination, added many young people to his congregation and Sabbath-school.

His health, which had always been so unreliable, now showed signs of breaking down completely. He would preach to full houses twice on Sabbath, and go home after service at night so much exhausted that it would sometimes be two or three days before he was able to leave his room.

It was while he was stationed here that the writer, then a boy, living eight miles distant on a farm, first saw and heard him. It was a great privilege, to mount our horse on a bright Sabbath morning and ride the eight miles to hear Mr. Eddy preach. We have a vivid recollection of his youthful face, almost colorless—his transparent, waxen complexion, with the large blue veins clearly traced on his high fore-

head. The light seemed actually to penetrate through his thin, bony hands, his chest was narrow, his shoulders were drawn slightly forward, and his whole appearance was that of great debility. There was a tremor in his voice which lent a peculiar pathos to it, yet it had a strength which was beyond what his appearance would indicate.

His preaching was full of vivacity and power. There was such audacity of attack upon whatever he opposed, such sprightliness of fancy, such touches of humor as often sent a smile rippling over the faces of his congregation; such a heartiness in all his words, his preaching was so wide awake and up to the times, that it was said he spoiled his people, until they were not willing to listen to any one else.

At times, when his health permitted, he would accompany the elder to his nearer quarterly meetings on Saturday, and preach, to the delight of the country congregations.

We remember hearing him at a "basket meeting" in the woods, among the hills of *Wolf Creek*, on a summer Sabbath afternoon. Hundreds were seated before him, anxious to hear, while many others, who had come for the ride, or to see their neighbors and acquaintances, sat in their buggies, or stood in groups at a little distance from the congregation of worshipers. Occasionally an unsophisticated young man, who was seated in front of the stand, would rise and pass to the outside groups. Sometimes a young woman from one side of the aisle, and a young man

from the other, (the men and women sat apart,) would rise at the same moment, and repair to the outside circles, where they could converse without disturbing the services.

Several had gone out in this manner during the sermon when Mr. Eddy said, "There are *some* in the congregation who may retire at any time it becomes necessary, and I will cheerfully excuse them. If any young man has a *a new suit of clothes* which he wishes the people to see, he may exhibit them by walking out of the audience; or if any one has a *new knife* and cannot wait, he may go out and get a stick and whittle; or if any young lady has no other opportunity *to see her lover* than during the sermon, she can rise and retire at any moment, and the young gentleman will immediately follow her to some place where they can converse together freely. All others I desire to have remain and hear the Gospel."

Near the close of the sermon a heavy thunder cloud arose, threatening a terrific storm. Those who were present cannot forget with what earnest and eloquent appeals he pointed to the gathering blackness and the vivid lightning, and compared this impending tempest with the storm of divine retribution that should break upon the heads of impenitent sinners in that day when they should call upon the mountains and rocks to fall upon them and hide them from the wrath of the Lamb.

Occasionally circumstances arose which called for

the exercise of physical courage of a high order, and at such times he did not fail to exhibit it.

One winter day he was called upon to attend a funeral a few miles east of the town. It was necessary for him to cross the "East Fork of Whitewater," a little stream which is usually forded without difficulty. He started to this service at noon in his buggy, taking his little boy with him, and promising to return in time to take supper with a company of friends at "Mother Goodwin's," before going to his week-night prayer-meeting. It rained heavily all the afternoon, and by the time evening approached the little river, which rises so suddenly on the slightest provocation, and rages so fiercely when swollen by the dashing rains, was very full, and the crossing dangerous.

It was already dark when Mr. Eddy reached the bank of the river on his return. There was a bridge some miles below, but the road to it was rough and muddy, so that the drive would be tedious and difficult, and if he attempted it he would be too late for his prayer-meeting.

"Sammy," a son of "Mother Goodwin," and a faithful friend of his, went down to the river bank with his lighted lantern to wait and watch for the coming of his pastor. The darkness was growing dense when he heard a "Halloo" from the other side of the stream.

"Is that you, Brother Eddy?" called out the boy.

"Yes, it's I. Can I ford?"

"Yes, if you'll drive *straight for the light* all the time."

Taking his boy up on the seat, and holding him close beside him, Mr. Eddy drove into the torrent-like current, and almost at once the water was dashing through his buggy and threatening to raise the top of the seat. The bottom was rough, and the current so swift as almost to overturn the vehicle. He drew the frightened child close to him and drove on.

The shallowest track of the ford, every inch of which *Sammy* knew, followed a curve, so that it was necessary to start in one direction and change his course constantly as he proceeded.

"Bear to the right!" rang out the boy's cheerful voice from the shore, and the frequent shouts from the stream informed him of the progress Mr. Eddy was making. "Drive straight for the light," again called out the boy as he moved further up the stream. And thus, while the heavy current was lifting and crowding the buggy downward, with shouts from the shore and answers from the river, the crossing was accomplished without accident.

Mr. Eddy kept his engagement for supper, and helped to cheer the occasion with story and laughter, was in time for his prayer-meeting that stormy night, and he did not tell the few brethren that came out through the rain to the service that he had hazarded his life in order to be present with them. This promptness in keeping his appointments was charac-

teristic of the man. No difficulties which were not impossibilities were allowed to interfere with his engagements.

During his first year, on account of the state of his health, the congregation provided him means for a trip to the Eastern States, and the Church granted him that *then* almost unheard-of favor—a ministerial vacation.

In company with his warm friend, Mr. C. F. Clarkson, he now made his first trip eastward. It was to him the revelation of a new life and a new world. He had devoted himself so closely to his work, and his income had been so limited, that hitherto neither the time nor the money for traveling had been at his disposal, and his longest journeys had extended only into the borders of the adjoining States. His letters written during this tour show the intense delight it afforded him, and the carefulness with which he observed everything around him, whether of natural scenery or social usages. He had his first view of the ocean, and, in a passage from New York to Boston, his first experience with sea-sickness. His patriotism was stirred by Faneuil Hall, the cradle of American liberty, by Boston harbor, and Bunker Hill Monument. His denominational love made it a great pleasure for him to stand in the shade of the old elm, on the Common, where Jesse Lee preached the first Methodist sermon in Boston. The great cities were great teachers and great wonders to him. He sought out the points of historical interest, vis-

ited the prominent charitable and corrective institutions, and came away from them, having seen more of their places of interest than many who had resided in them all their lives.

The eastern terminus of his tour was Rockland, in the State of Maine, which he reached in June, in time to attend the session of the East Maine Conference, which was held there that year. The reception given him was not only cordial, but enthusiastic. On the afternoon of the day of his arrival he addressed the Conference in behalf of the Tract Society. His speech was warmly received, and a collection of $550 was taken at its close. When the contributions had about ceased coming in, one of the oldest members of the body arose and proposed to be one of five who should make Mr. Eddy a *life director* by the payment of $25. The whole amount was immediately raised.

The next afternoon he was called upon to speak at the Missionary Anniversary. After his address he was at once made a life member of the Parent Society, and the ladies in the gallery made his *wife* a life member of the Conference Society, and this was immediately followed by the gentlemen in the gallery giving *him* the same compliment. Thus heartily was this young preacher from the West received by his brethren of the East.

Invitations poured in upon him from all quarters, to preach, to assist at the dedication of churches, and to deliver public addresses. Most of these invi-

tations were necessarily declined, and he set his face homeward.

During this trip there occurred one of those peculiar and touching events which are stranger than the creations of fiction. The reader will recall the incident, recorded in a preceding chapter, of the acquaintance between Mr. Eddy and Rev. A. M'Ferson, a New School Presbyterian minister, while they were both stationed in Salem, Indiana ; of the tenderness of their friendship, and of the sickness and death of Mr. M'Ferson.

Not only had they been warm friends, but there was a remarkable similarity in their personal appearance. Both were slightly built, of fair complexion, light blue eyes, thin brown hair, delicate *physique*, and youthful, almost beardless, face. Nor was the resemblance confined to personal appearance alone. There was an equally remarkable similarity in their style of thought and expression, and in their enthusiasm of soul and general manner of address.

While Mr. Eddy was traveling homeward across the State of Vermont a couple of intelligent and genteel old people entered the car at one of the stations, and were seated some distance in front of him, on the other side of the aisle. He soon became conscious that they were observing him closely, and that he was evidently the subject of their conversation. After some time the old lady, with her sweet, motherly face full of animation, crossed over to him and said :—

"You must pardon me, sir, for looking at you so intently, but you are so much like a son of ours we lost years ago that I could not help it."

Then, pushing back the thin hair from his forehead she continued: "Your eyes, your forehead, your hair, are so much like his."

His thought instantly recurred to his former friend, and he asked the name of the son she had lost.

"He was pastor of a New School Presbyterian Church, away out West, in Indiana," she replied, "at a little town called Salem, and his name was *Alexander M'Ferson.*"

What was the surprise of Mr. Eddy at this statement! and what were the emotions of that mother when he said, "I knew him well; we were brother pastors in the same town, and he was my dear friend. I watched with him in his illness; I held his hand and repeated the promises of Christ to him when he was dying; I preached the sermon at his funeral, and followed his body to the grave."

She called out, so as to attract the attention of the passengers, "Father, father, come here. This is the minister who watched with our son in his last sickness, and who preached the funeral sermon when he was gone."

The old man crossed quickly over to them, a seat was reversed, and Mr. Eddy told them all the story of their son's noble work, his success, his illness, the love he had for his people and they for him; of his frequent thoughts of them, and of his glorious tri-

umph in the last hour. Every few moments the old lady would exclaim :

"How like him ! Don't you see that brow, father ? just like his ! his eyes, his voice, almost the very same."

The whistle blew for the station to which the old people were going.

"I am so glad to have met you, and so grateful to you for all you did for *him*," said the old lady, as she rose to go ; and, bending over him, she pushed back the hair from his brow, and kissed his pale forehead as tenderly as if it had been the marble brow of her own lost son, as, indeed, by some strange power of association, it almost seemed to be. Then, giving him her benediction, she went her way. It was a wonderful providence which permitted him, at that distant day and far-off place, to bring to those aged parents tidings from the death-chamber of their son, who had fallen among strangers so far from home and kindred.

While stationed in Brookville there came to him the first solicitation of mammon to turn aside from his work. Notwithstanding his vacation, his health was not permanently improved. His voice was constantly troubling him, and he had so little strength that he was sometimes obliged to support himself by holding to the pulpit as he preached. It seemed against all human probabilities that he could much longer continue in the regular work of the ministry. With the best of motives kind friends secured for him the offer of the secretaryship of a prosperous railroad company, with a salary more than double what he was receiv-

ing or could hope to receive in the pastorate. It was urged, in favor of his accepting it, that the work would be light, that he could better care for his health, that if he recovered he could resume his ministry. But all these solicitations of friends he put aside, simply replying: "God has called me to the work of the ministry; when he means I shall leave it he will call for me." And he kept steadily on.

During his second year he had for his Presiding Elder Rev. S. T. Gillette, a converted naval officer, a model of Christian politeness, and a preacher to whose sermons a wonderful charm was given by stories and illustrations drawn from seafaring life. This association he greatly enjoyed.

Brookville was delightful to him for many reasons. The people were extremely kind to him, and he loved them very much. The natural scenery in the vicinity was magnificent, and he found great joy in contemplating it. From the tops of the high hills north of the town were views indescribably grand. It was while standing on the summit of one of these hills, with a strangely eccentric Irish local preacher, that the latter, with uncovered head, said, in solemn tones, "It is a great thing to be the Almighty."

The following lines, written long after, show how sacredly he cherishes the memory of this pastorate. He writes first in a merry strain, but shades down into tender thoughts as he proceeds:—

"We made a change in the singing while I was there, and a company of 'leading voices' stood near

together. It was a choir and not a choir. One day a voluntary was sung. The tune was a fugue, and had a bass solo, which fell to our modest Brother H. He went through one verse superbly, but, alas! the next one had the line

"'And bow before the throne,'

and the fugue made it

"'And bow, wow, wow,' etc.

I can see even now the look of appealing misery on his face as he found himself compelled to launch that musical *bark*. It was no fault of his, for the rehearsal had stopped on the first verse.

"I see the congregation to-day—the Johns, Spears, Goodwins, Prices, Hitts, Hollands, Shearers, Keelys, Williamses, Tyners, Clarksons, Adairs, etc. The Goodwin homestead is historic. I wish I could once more bow at that old family altar ere Mother Goodwin goes home."

CHAPTER XIII.

AMERICAN BIBLE SOCIETY AGENCY.

WHEN the autumn of 1854 brought Mr. Eddy to the close of his term in Brookville, the state of his health was such that it was not deemed advisable for him to enter upon the duties of another pastorate. He, therefore, accepted the agency of the American Bible Society for the northern half of the State of Indiana, with the hope that the outdoor exercise which it necessitated would prove beneficial to him.

Removing his family to Indianapolis, he entered at once on his new duties. He went out into the field assigned him to preach, deliver lectures, take collections, organize auxiliary societies, and superintend their working. He did most of his traveling in his buggy, or on horseback, and such was his zeal, energy, and thoroughness, that no points of importance were left unvisited.

It is not often that the agent of a society, who comes expressly to solicit money, meets a very enthusiastic reception. But such was the attractiveness of Mr. Eddy's pulpit and platform efforts that the people came in crowds to hear him, even though they knew he was coming for a "collection."

At that particular date much of the West, and especially Indiana, was flooded with a paper currency, issued under a *Free Banking* system, which had become much depreciated, and whose value diminished with every added mile of its distance from home. In money of this description the collections of his society were almost wholly taken.

It became necessary for him to sort it out, exchange it, and send it home for redemption. All this work he did in so business-like a manner as to save considerable sums to the organization, and to elicit from the management of the Parent Society, at New York, a formal vote of thanks for his wise and efficient services.

We have no details of his operations during the one year he held this position. The incidents, adventures, successes, and failures, the bright and dark hours and scenes, are not recorded for us. We only know that the general results were gratifying to the Society by which he was employed, and that he was constantly busy in its duties, as he always was with whatever his hands found to do.

Another fact of the greatest importance was that in the new kind of work which the agency imposed, his general health steadily and greatly improved. Indeed, this may be regarded as the critical point in his life, and the date from which his constitutional vigor began steadily to increase, until he possessed a power of endurance much above that of most men.

This work was undenominational in its character,

and brought him into active relations with Christian people of other denominations, and was thus an educator in the direction of broad catholic views and feelings. He was coming to know the unity and value of all evangelical Christian Churches, and to rise above the possibility of sectarian narrowness. The providence of God was thus training him to a comprehensive view of the needs of the world, which was to fit him for the broader fields of labor in which his later years were to be spent.

CHAPTER XIV

PRESIDING ELDERSHIP.

AFTER devoting a year to the agency of the Bible Society Mr. Eddy found his health so much improved that he came to the session of his Conference in 1855 ready for regular work, and was appointed presiding elder of the Indianapolis District. It was very unusual to appoint one so young—he was only thirty-two—to the eldership, especially in a Conference where there were so many strong and efficient men who were much older.

Although Mr. Eddy was never wanting in proper self-confidence, yet he entered upon the duties of this office with much diffidence and self-distrust. Perhaps this feeling was, in part, occasioned by the character of his predecessor on the district. He was following Rev. James Havens, a man of large experience, great force of character, much originality, and not a little eccentricity.

Few men of his day so completely won the hearts of the masses as Father Havens. He was self-educated, self-reliant, of positive character, a vigorous thinker, terse, original, and direct in his manner of expression, and possessed that rare and peculiar power, given to few men, which never failed to gain

the active sympathy of his hearers. He had hosts of enthusiastic friends wherever he was known. In middle manhood he had borne the *soubriquet* of "Old Sorrel," a designation suggested by the peculiar shade of his sandy hair; but as his locks became snowy white with advancing years, he took the cognomen of "Old Gray."

Mr. Eddy had a great veneration for this old chieftain. In a sketch, written many years later, he thus describes him :—

"I may again mention a name widely known in Indiana—James Havens. He was a man of limited early opportunities; he had a compact, sinewy frame, and possessed one of those rarely balanced organisms insensible to fear. He could thrash a bullying rowdy, could throw a ruffian over a camp-meeting 'altar,' could stop by the way-side where baffled sheriff and posse were cowed before a criminal brought to bay, could bid them fall back, and go alone to the desperado armed for such an hour, subdue him by the steady gaze of his glittering eye, disarm him, and hand him over to the surprised officer. All this James Havens could and did do, but he could sit in any presence unabashed, and with as true a dignity and grace as the highest of them all."

It was not a little trying to the young presiding elder to take the place of this old hero of more than twice his years.

But he threw himself enthusiastically into the district work, as he was accustomed to do in every duty

to which the Church assigned him. He gave Saturday and Sabbath wholly to the quarterly meetings, and often remained with the pastor, preaching a part of the evenings of the following week, where special religious interest was manifested. His great vivacity, his fondness for jokes and good stories, his fine conversational powers, his rare tact in adapting himself to his surroundings so that the humblest and most diffident felt at home in his presence, secured him a hearty welcome wherever he went. He had genuine piety, without the slightest approach to *cant*. He talked and laughed with unsuppressed gleefulness, and when he knelt to pray all felt the power of his sincerity and fervor. No one who knew him ever questioned the depth of his piety

From a diary, in which he kept a record of his quarterly meetings during the Conference year of 1855–56, we are able to form some idea of his labors on the district, and to present some items showing his plan of operations. We give the reader some extracts :—

"*Indianapolis, Oct.* 27, 28, 1855. First quarterly meeting. Had been suffering with the 'shakes,' but was able to preach three times. Brother Noble preached once, Brother Taylor once. The meetings were full of interest. Two joined by letter, one on probation. Closed with a good love-feast Monday night.

"*Franklin, Nov.* 3, 4. Preached four times with much freedom ; also delivered a Sabbath-school address, and

conducted the love-feast, which was a good meeting. There was one accession to the Church, and several were at the altar for prayer. There are good indications. The meeting will be continued by the pastor.

"*Southport, Nov.* 10–11. The weather was gloomy on Saturday. I began to preach at the forenoon service, but became so sick that I was compelled to desist. Attended the Quarterly Conference, at half-past three o'clock P. M. On Sunday conducted love-feast at nine, and preached at half-past ten A. M."

During the following Tuesday we find him organizing and addressing a district Tract Society at Franklin, and on Wednesday organizing a district Sunday-school Association at the same place.

These items are from the records of his first round on the district. From the accounts of the second round we make the following extracts. It was now the revival season, and he stays longer and works harder at his quarterly meetings :—

"*Indianapolis.* Began Thursday night, and held services twice a day for a week. We are having a glorious revival. I preached three times, and conducted the altar services.

"*Franklin.* Are having a great revival. I preached once to the Sabbath-school, made a financial speech, and delivered three of the sermons at the regular services.

"*Southport.* A gracious revival is in progress at this point. I have preached three times, and had great liberty and enjoyment.

"*Greenwood Circuit.* I stopped at Greenwood, and preached on Friday night. Saturday morning went in a sleigh to Mount Auburn Chapel, taking Rev. J. W T. M'Mullen with me. The weather was bitter cold. Meeting closed Monday noon.

"*Feb.* 4, 1856. The thermometer was 20° below zero. I came in a sleigh to Southport to-day. The meeting here still continues, and a powerful revival is in progress. Brother M'Mullen preached a wonderful sermon to-night. Sixteen penitents were at the altar.

"*Friday, Feb.* 8. I stopped at Edinburgh, and preached on my way to my quarterly meeting. The house was full, and there were two conversions."

These are specimen entries, giving an idea of his diligence as a presiding elder. He traveled by private conveyance from twenty to fifty miles a week, often over very bad roads, preaching from three to five times, holding love-feasts, addressing the Sabbath-schools, and conducting the altar services, and in his brief memoranda he never failed to record the *spiritual* condition of his work. He remained on the district but little more than a year; but while upon it he did his work well, and was becoming familiar with the law and economy of the Church. He had been on the circuit, the station, and the district. He had personal experience in every phase of the itinerancy, and was in every fiber of his nature, and every sympathy of his soul, a Methodist preacher.

All this time he kept his pen busy, so that he was now well known as a contributor to the Church papers and periodicals. His style was graphic and clear, and there was enough combativeness in his nature to lead him to write upon the living and controverted questions of the day. With living topics, fresh thought, and a crisp and attractive diction, he never failed to secure for his articles a wide reading. He met with the South-east Indiana Conference as one of its members, for the last time in 1866. He had never been transferred. When the old Indiana Conference was seeking to be divided he opposed the resolution resisting it with all his power, and then called for the ayes and nays, that his vote might go down in history on the side he thought right. He afterward says humorously that he found "history cared nothing at all about his vote."

His heart was full of genuine love for his ministerial brethren, and his admiration for them was unbounded. He says :—

"No man was ever more fortunate in his presiding elders—Calvin W Ruter, Augustus Eddy, John Miller, Enoch G. Wood, John Kearns, Miltiades Miller, Ruter again, and then Wood, and S. T. Gillett. They were in their prime, and I have sat wonderingly under their sermons. I still think I never heard a better sermon than one of Wood's, preached in a small church on Vevay Circuit, on the uplifting of the brazen serpent."

When in later years there appeared in the light

literature of the times a popular caricature of the Indiana Circuit Rider, it called from the pen of Dr. Eddy a strong remonstrance, and a glowing tribute to these early ministers. Speaking of them, he uses this language :—

"They are now before the world, and their work is undergoing criticism. What has been a phenomenon of ecclesiastical history has made its way into light literature, and evoked popular admiration and *depreciation.* There is no need to be nervous, nor to say apologetically of them, 'O, that work and those men did for those times, you know; but times are *so* different *now*, you know.'"

"I know something of that class of men, and because I know I write. That early Methodism was not a thing *bizarre*, rude, and eccentric. It had its rough riders, and so had our sister Churches in those times, but they were exceptions to the class. Take the Western Conferences, and run over the list of men of mark : Strange, the sweet singer and rapt exhorter ; Bigelow, the fiery logician ; Wiley, our Ajax Telamon; Raper, the controversial gentleman; Christie, unsurpassed for pulpit oratory ; Bascom, the thunderer. These men, and hosts like them, were *men*, and none blushed for them in society, or find it necessary now to depreciate their attainments. Most of them went untitled to their graves, for titles were not so cheap then as now, but they were heroes, ecclesiastical statesmen, and giant theologians.

"And there is a cluster of men yet living who were

the more youthful associates of the school of pioneer founders. The Woods, Gillett, and Goode, of Indiana ; Crews and Haney, of Illinois ; Wright, Trimble, and Simmons, of Ohio ; Harrison, Bruce, and and others, of Kentucky. These, and many such, are the sample men of pioneer times. They were heroic, but they were chivalrous as well.

"They were educated men. Not that they carried diplomas to prove it—they were founders of colleges rather than students in them—but their minds were thoroughly trained. It was better than any ordinary senatorial contest when Akers and Cartwright crossed swords. The older men of Ohio yet tell of the remarkable debate on the Canada question, led by Bigelow on one side and Christie on the other. In Indiana we all know the power of Havens on the floor. Ames, Simpson, Wiley, Ruter, and other men of might, were there, but peer of any of them was 'Old Sorrel,' as he was called.

"They understood theology. Aker's sermons on Atonement, Wiley's on Special Providence, Raper's on Universalism, Bigelow's on the Priesthood of Jesus, Christie's on every thing, were masterly. I have heard Havens until I hid myself from the storm which seemed about to burst. I have heard Enoch G. Wood when I hardly retained self-control enough to know whether I was in the body or out of the body.

"They knew the Bible, and could expound it ; knew its doctrines, and could defend them. They

were, also, patrons of learning and science—witness the schools they founded, and to sustain which they gave their money and their work.

"The pioneers were under my father's roof. I have heard their hearty laugh, have listened to their good stories, have wept under their household songs, and I bear this witness: they were, as a whole, a band of chivalrous Christian gentlemen, as well as able ministers of the New Testament."

With his heart full of such affection, he went out from the associations of his early ministry.

CHAPTER XV.

EDITORIAL LIFE.

MR. EDDY had but just entered upon his second year on the district when he was called, by the voice of the Church, to a very different sphere of labor.

Rev. J. V Watson, D.D., the brilliant editor of the "North-western Christian Advocate," who had long been in feeble health, died on the 17th of October, 1856, and, at a meeting of the Western Book Committee, called immediately after his death, Thomas M. Eddy, A.M., was elected to the vacant editorial chair. This honor, we know, was a great suprise to him, though at the General Conference, held the May previous, in Indianapolis, some votes had been cast for him by delegates who doubted the propriety of re-electing Dr. Watson, on account of his failing health.

For some reason no word was sent at once to Mr. Eddy of his election, and he received the information in the following manner. Bishop Morris had telegraphed him from Chicago, saying, "Meet me at the train in the Union Depot to-morrow noon." Mr. Eddy was there at the appointed hour, but the train from Chicago was late, and when it did come in it

was being hurried through the depot as speedily as possible. The Bishop threw up the car window when he saw his friend waiting and watching for him, and, putting his head out, said, in the genial tones of his deep bass voice, "Tommy, go home and pack up your *duds* for Chicago; we have elected you editor of the 'North-western.'" There was little time for conversation, or a detailed account of the election. The train with the Bishop passed on toward Ohio, and the new editor went home to prepare for the change which he was called upon to make so suddenly.

With characteristic promptness he closed up his district work, and entered upon his editorial labors. The assistant editor gave him a warm reception, and kindly introduced him to the readers of the paper. From his article announcing the election of Mr. Eddy we extract a few sentences :—

"THE NEW EDITOR.

"This gentleman is Rev. Thomas M. Eddy, A.M., of the South-eastern Indiana Conference. He is called from the Indianapolis District, where he was traveling as presiding elder when he was elected. Though quite a young man, he has been about fifteen years a traveling minister, and he comes to the office of the 'Advocate' with the saddle-bags on his arm and the itinerancy in his heart. In the West he is well known as a correspondent of our various Church periodicals. His pen is as sharp as a steel

blade, and, from its fearlessness, we judge it is taken from an eagle's wing."

In the issue of the week following, and bearing date of November 15, 1856, appeared the salutatory of the new editor, from which we extract the following :

"EDITORIAL GREETING.

"Having been called by the constitutional powers of the Church to the editorship of this paper, we now cordially greet our readers, and ask them to extend to us their prayers and sympathies. No one, unless those bound to him by the ties of relationship, felt more deeply than did we the departure of our gifted predecessor. The Church has lost a noble son, society an ornament, and true progress an ardent and able advocate. We feel that we have lost a *friend.* We loved him much. Friends are not so plenty, that one so true, so noble, so manly, can drop out of our ranks and not be missed. Nor are men of the real manly sort, full of soul and heart, so abundant that one can fall and no vacancy be created. He was a man—a Christian. No higher encomium can be pronounced. We lay this cypress bough upon his tomb, and, looking up to heaven with tearful eyes and swelling heart, say :—

"'Servant of God, well done!
Thy glorious warfare's past;
The battle's fought, the race is won,
And thou art crowned at last.'

"Thou hast gone up through much tribulation; but all tears, all pain, all sorrow, with thee are ended! Bright is thy crown, thou once suffering one! May we share, at last, thy triumph! Let us remember in our prayers those to whom he was 'all of earth.'

"We early learned to place a high estimate upon the power of the press. Its iron arms, which rest not day nor night, are moving nations. They pull down dynasties, overturn parties, elevate and put down politicians. They are arms of power for good, and, alas! for evil, also.

"The *book* is an embodiment of power. It gives its author *plurality*. It places him at once upon the mountain and prairie; in the shop, the factory, the hovel, and the palace. It also gives him multiplicity of years. He continues to live in its pages, to speak in its paragraphs. Every day the press reproduces his mind, and the binder and bookseller send him to the masses.

"Less permanent, but more widely diffused, is the influence of the *magazine*. Its frequent issues, its beauty of typography and illustrations, and the freshness of its matter, cause it to be eagerly sought for. Both in England and America the magazine commands the first literary talent of the age, consequently it goes every-where, and its influence is constantly increasing.

"More ephemeral in existence, yet more potent for good or evil, than either the book or magazine is the *newspaper* It is cheaper, fresher, comes with greater

frequency, and discusses a far wider range of topics. It is the vehicle of all news, home and foreign: news of the exchange, the camp, the forum, the field; news of peace and of war; of fire, flood, and famine. It guides the speculator in his venture, the student to his books, the emigrant to his new home, and the 'squatter' to his claim. It is the depository of advanced public opinion. Here are presented the best thoughts of the people on matters political, educational, mechanical, scientific, social, religious. Here their various views are stated and argued. Many a huge tome has derived its materials from newspaper discussions. To its columns the politician goes for facts and arguments. To it the minister turns for ecclesiastical information. Here he studies the extent and wants of the mission field, the means and resources for its cultivation. To it the believer turns to note the march of revival, the news of conversions and sanctifications. Here, too, he looks for the records of grace triumphant amid the swellings of Jordan. It was a glorious hour when the Church reached out her hand, and, seizing the public journal, bade it do her bidding. It is to be regretted that she has not worked this power to its full capacity. A high-toned religious press is one of the necessities of our times.

"The secular press is too much subsidized by party and by mammon. There is needed in society a rigid application of the spirit and ethics of Christianity. But the mission of the religious press! what is it?

This is not the time for us to answer that question in detail. Yet we may indicate in part our ideal.

"*The religious press has sympathy with the people.* Sympathy with their real and highest wants. Its columns are not all to be filled with theological essays. It is not to be devoted solely to religious controversy and religious experience. These it must not forget; but it has a much wider range. It is to be a *live press.* 'Good-will to man,' as well as 'Glory to God,' must fill its columns. It must lend a helping hand to whatever can elevate humanity toward true perfection; and with whatever tends to debase, corrupt, degrade or oppress any portion of the great brotherhood of man it wages ceaseless war. It boldly seeks to extirpate all social and political wrongs. With sin it can have no compromise, though wearing the mantle of antiquity or the badge of political faith. It must battle for the *right* against the wrong, no matter what the issue, or be false to God and religion. And can it *now* be silent? Can it ignore, with stupid affectation of dignity, the grave questions which to-day agitate the public mind? Impossible! *Necessity* compels it to utter and defend its opinions.

"It must plead for temperance against the ravages of the spoiler; for the purity and sacredness of the marriage relation in these days of revived polygamy; for an open Bible now when Jesuitism is courted; for the cause of our brethren 'in bonds,' as earnestly as if 'bound with them,' in these times when

superhuman efforts are being made to extend the area of human slavery in a form the 'vilest beneath the sun.'

"It cannot ignore these questions. As well ignore the earthquake which is shaking your house into ruins. *They* are shaking the *social fabric* and threatening its downfall. In the establishment of virtue is our only hope, and virtue can only be securely established by religion.

"But the religious paper must not be wholly or mainly controversial. It must be the fireside teacher, the fireside exhorter, the fireside psalmist. It should be the chosen friend and reliable counselor of its reader; 'giving a portion to six and also to seven.' Its contents should be so varied as to give to each 'meat in due season.' There must be strong meat for those that are of full growth, and there must be milk for babes. There must be food for the student who delves among recondite facts and metaphysical mysteries, and plain teachings for the plain people. There must be songs for the merry-hearted, and comfort for the mourner.

"The religious paper goes to thousands of readers, each of whom has his peculiar notions of what it ought to be, and imagines it is an easy work to make it according to his model. All expect to be pleased, and but few remember there has never been but *One* of whom it could be truly said, 'He hath done *all* things well,' and even to this day *He* pleases but a minority of the human family. With such an esti-

mate of the mission of our paper, we feel keenly how unequal we are to the task of conducting it. Our pen is not altogether unpracticed, yet in editorial duties we are the merest novice. We are fresh from the active toils of the itinerancy upon a wide field. We know that this post demands the 'spirit of love, and of power, and of a sound mind;' the guidance of heaven, the full baptism of the Holy Ghost."

The ideal of a religious family newspaper here outlined, he endeavored to realize in the journal which he conducted for nearly twelve years.

The period embraced in his editorial life was also a momentous one in the history of the nation and the Church. When it began, the great Republican party was just completing its first presidential campaign, under the banner of Colonel John C. Fremont, and in that campaign the slavery question was, for the first time, the great issue in national politics. Following this came the stormy years of the troubles in Kansas, and the fierce excitement and bloody conflicts attending its organization as a free State. The election of Abraham Lincoln to the presidency, the long and dreadful civil war, and the questions of negro suffrage and reconstruction, filled up this momentous epoch in our national history. Upon every one of these great issues "The North-western" was outspoken, and strongly supported the Government. Mr. Eddy was pronounced and intense in his antislavery convictions. He regarded the secession of the Southern States and

the war which followed as great crimes against God and the country. Almost every week these opinions found expression in his editorial columns. Some subscribers were lost, and thousands gained, by his course concerning national politics. His paper came to be recognized as one of the reliable forces upon which the administration could depend for sympathy and support. Yet many a time it reproved boldly what it regarded as the sins and follies of the dominant party. The editor made strong friends among the supporters of the Government, and bitter enemies of many who sympathized with secession.

In the Church great changes were occurring, and new agencies, demanded by the transitions of society, were coming into existence. The pastoral term was extended from two to three years; the subject of Lay Representation in the General Conference was being discussed and pressed; the Church Extension and Freedmen's Aid Societies were organized; a fresh impetus was given to missionary work, and its collections largely increased.

On all questions of Church polity the "North-western" took progressive positions, but the spirit in which it discussed these issues was remarkable for courtesy, forbearance, and good temper.

The geographical position of the paper added much to its importance. When Mr. Eddy took charge of it Chicago had less than fifty thousand inhabitants, and when, twelve years later, he vacated the editorial chair, it was a city containing more than a quarter of

a million of people. And this marvelous growth of the city was only a fair indication of the rapidity with which the North-western States were filling up. The circulation of the paper increased from eleven thousand to thirty thousand during the twelve years in which he had charge of it. Who can measure the value of its services under these circumstances and through these times? But its editorials were not altogether, nor *chiefly*, devoted to Church polity and national issues. Great prominence was given to the consideration of personal Christian duty and experience. Mr. Eddy always considered his paper as in a high sense his pulpit, through which he might preach to his many thousands of readers.

Sometimes a series of short expository sermons would appear, and then a course of brief exhortations on practical subjects. As a paragraphist he was almost inimitable. In every number were jottings and brief notes, sparkling with wit and dimpled with humor, in which the reader had mental photographs of the editor in his various moods.

But better than any characterization of ours will be specimens of his editorial work. In the selections we present we have chosen those that still have a living value, rather than the controversial ones, that discussed issues long since settled. To recall such now would serve no useful purpose.

He loved to call attention to the great duties of the Christian life. As an illustration of how he pressed home these practical, personal obligations, consider

the following appeal to those whose home religion was being neglected :—

"THAT FAMILY ALTAR.

"How came it down? Its existence is associated with memories joyful and tender. The morning worship made you stronger for the duties of the day. The Scripture lesson came up to you in the midst of your cares and toils. You found yourself unconsciously humming those bits of song which went heavenward, and you worked with lighter and happier heart. After the hallowed evening worship you lay down feeling that God granted you protection. You had committed yourself, your house, and loved ones, to his care, and his word gave pledge that he accepted the charge.

"There you kneeled when you prayed that your sick child might not die. There you bowed in mighty grief when the death-blow fell, and you grew strong under the sorrow. There you gave thanks when one came back, whose feet had stood in the edge of Jordan. There you poured forth fervent thanksgiving when one of your fold was converted to God. The moments spent there were once the most sacred of the day. They were too sacred to be given to other things.

"No earthly priesthood was ever so grand as yours. You led, for that 'Church in the household,' their worship. Aaron bore on his breast the names of the twelve tribes of Israel; you bore on *your heart* the

names of wife and children! Your wife! your children! You spake for them to Almighty God. Grand are the organ peals of the sanctuary, hallowed the swelling songs of the congregation of the Lord; but dearer to you, sweeter and more soul-stirring, was warbling *Dundee* or *St. Martin's* sung at your family altar by voices of your homestead. Do you remember—aye, *do* you remember when you read the fourteenth of John, and then sang—

"'O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home?'

Do you remember the whispered Amen of her who kneeled by your side? Do you remember how subdued the voices of your children, as they bade you good-night?

"The altar is down. The fire has gone out. No more morning and evening pleadings from the word of God. No more songs of praise. No more voice of prayer at the beginning and ending of the day! Who did that wrong to your household? Whose sacrilegious hand wrought the ruin? Did she whose eye grows dewy at the mention of those former days? Did your children? How could they? Surely it was not the venerable grandmother who sits there in her arm-chair? It was only yesterday she was trying to sing one of those morning hymns. *Who did?* Have you been happier since its downfall? Have you grown in grace beside its ruins?

Do things go better with you now? Do you sink more sweetly to your prayerless sleep?

"*Shall it not be reared again?* Aye, to-night, ere you close your eyes in slumber? We greatly fear our paper goes into many families where God is never honored by the family as such. Alas! that it should be so."

Here is a close and loving talk with the Church member, who, having removed from his old home and the Christian society that was around him, has kept his certificate of membership till his religious enjoyment and activities are well-nigh dead. He has neglected his Christian obligations, till he is ready to make any excuse, and throw the blame on any one but himself. Is not the appeal well calculated to make him think soberly, and to arouse him to a sense of duty?

"THAT CHURCH LETTER.

"What have you done with it? One thing you have *not* done with it; you have not presented it to the Church where you reside. You are not in the communion of saints. You do not go to the sacrament of the Lord's Supper. His words, uttered as the shadow of his terrible agony and fearful death was over him—'Do this in remembrance of me'—you disregard.

"The 'assembling together' has no charm for you. Once it had. Why such a change? You no longer bear a part in the expenses, the labors, the conflicts,

of the militant Church. Once you did. Once your sympathy was in them. You have often sung in those days—

"'I love thy Church, O God!
Her walls before thee stand,
Dear as the apple of thine eye,
And graven on thy hand.'

"You more than once felt the exiled psalmist's emotions: 'If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget its cunning.' Alas! alas! As that Church letter grew old and sere your love for Zion grew less and less. Now, deny it as you may, *you are backslidden*, and no longer *really love* as formerly the Church 'He hath purchased with his own blood.'

"This loss of love for the Church is a sign of soul-blight, which should excite the gravest alarm. Why did you not present that letter? '*I found the Church cold and lifeless.*' So, instead of attempting to arouse it to life, you deserted it! You found it dark, and *therefore* put *your* light under a bushel! Can you go to the bar of God with that excuse? Did you think the world so much better, so much purer, that you chose it with its sins rather than the Church with its ordinances?

"'*I was a stranger, and none noticed me.*' Possibly there *was* wrong there, but what claim had you to brotherly recognition until you presented a brother's credentials, and showed a brotherly sympathy and brotherly love? Was it manly of you, did it exhibit

sturdy piety, to stand off, forsaking privileges and abjuring duty because there seemed to be a barrier in the way? Have you a piety so spongy and infantile that it cannot overcome difficulties?

"Why did you not come into the Church, and set an example of Christian courtesy to strangers? Many have entered the Church and become useful members since you came to live where you are. No, no; the Church may have been neglectful, but for your neglect of positive duty *there is no excuse.*

"'*The Church was contentious.*' Indeed! and you, forgetting that the Master had said, 'Blessed are the peace-makers,' put yourself where it was not possible to breathe a peaceful, loving spirit upon it! By your own showing, you saw the ship in danger and made no effort to save it.

"Brother, sister, hunt up that old Church letter. Take it in your hand—look at it—read it slowly. What memories it recalls! How it brings up the days of the past! Let them come—vows, promises, and all! Remember them—measure your duty, and go at once to the minister of Christ; present that letter to him—tell him of your error, and start anew. Do this for the sake of your household, for the sake of your imperiled soul!"

In the homes of his subscribers he knew there were many aged and infirm people, who were

"Only waiting till the shadows
Were a little longer grown;"

whose eyes turned more lovingly across the river, for the companionship of those who had gone before, than toward any joys or possessions which remained this side. How sweet to these aged pilgrims, sitting in their arm-chairs, watching the sports of the great grandchildren, and thinking of their own youth and vigor and early friends, all gone, would it be to open the fresh, clean sheet of the "Advocate" and read :—

"THE HEAVENLY VISION.

"It was but yesterday that, with a brother preacher, we visited the sick-room of a venerable Christian minister, now worn by suffering, and seemingly not far from his home above. We exchanged greetings, and expressed regret that he had not been able to join us in the parlor below. He spoke not one word of loneliness or suffering, but his face lighted up with a heavenly smile as he said, 'O yes, it would have been pleasant, but I have had a delightful season here. I was not left alone. The Master has been with me! Tell your father, Brother Eddy, when you write him, that I am *all packed up*, ready to go to my home. The horses and the chariot are here, but the charioteer has not yet bidden me come on board!' The hope was expressed that he would yet awhile be spared to us. He replied, 'As the Master wills, but I am ready—my soul yearns for immortality! The thought of dying has become familiar to me, and there is nothing fearful in it. I have longings to be with the Lord. Longings to put on immortality!

I sometimes think I should not intrude this subject of dying upon my kind friends who call to see me, but O, it is unspeakably blessed to feel I am so near my Lord! with so little between!'

"It was a sublime moment! Not a murmur of suffering; not a wish expressed to escape from affliction; not a longing for a place where suffering comes not. O no; but a desire to 'depart and be with Christ, which is far better.' Do you say this was the closing up of a life of ministerial fidelity, therefore the rapture? True, but that was not his ground of hope. Said he, 'I rest in the atonement; only that is my hope. It is my all.'

"What gives him the victory? Ah, reader, for years this has been his testimony, '*The blood of Jesus cleanseth from all sin.*' '*Perfect love casteth out fear.*'

"Victory of grace! Triumph of love! Mysterious purifying of nature! Wondrous power to change the intuitive dread, the instinctive shrinkings of humanity as the grave opens, into delight and longing—to put out of sight all mourning, and give in its stead the song—

"'I long to behold Him arrayed
With glory and light from above;
The King in his beauty displayed,
His beauty of holiest love:
I languish and sigh to be there,
Where Jesus hath fixed his abode;
O when shall we meet in the air,
And fly to the mountain of God!'

"May we, dear reader, feel its utmost influence! Why dispute about terms? Why quarrel over phrases? Is not such victorious grace worth having? If one may possess it, why not all? 'God is no respecter of persons.' Cheer thee, pilgrim; nearer comes the rest, nearer the home.

"'Dropping down the eddying river
With a Helmsman true and tried,
Dropping down the perilous river,
Mortality's dark river—
With a sure and heavenly Guide;
Even Him who to deliver
Our souls from death hath died;
O Helmsman true and tried!

"'Dropping down the rapid river,
To the dear and deathless land
Dropping down the well known river—
Life's swollen and rushing river,
To the resurrection land,
Where the living live forever,
And the dead have joined the band,—
O fair and blessed land!'"

Dr. Eddy made his paper especially valuable to pastors and preachers. He constantly urged upon the laity the duty of assisting, supporting, and sympathizing with their pastors. He set forth with clearness and power their obligations to the cause, and the necessity of their co-operation with the minister. But while he thus sent his paper as a "John the Baptist," going before the preacher to prepare his way, he as constantly and faithfully urged upon him the performance of all the duties which his sacred

calling imposed. His editorials were of great value in presenting the proper ends and methods of preaching. We insert one of many able and practical articles in which he discussed ministerial motives and methods:

"PERSUASION.

"When once conversing with a young friend in the ministry, he said: 'I cannot persuade.' As for myself, I want only to know what is truth and what is duty, and I do not want any man to coax or tease me to seek the one or do the other. This is, perhaps, the failing of not a few peculiarly organized minds. There are mathematicians to whom a demonstration wrought on a blackboard is far more commanding than the eloquence of pulpit or *bema*. There are men whose habits have only one avenue of approach, and that is logic. You must approach them, not in the chariot of poetry, or the fiery car of oratory, but in the plain cart of syllogism, drawn by three terms, harnessed and driven *tandem*. If neither be imperfect, you are welcome; if either halts, limps, or shies, or is defectively harnessed, out you go, though loaded with jewels.

"Most of us are not so. Heart is mightier than head. Emotion sways intellect, and something more than demonstration, something beyond syllogism, is demanded. We must be moved. Our emotions must be stirred. We must not only be told that such is truth, but we must be warmed into the love of truth. Said the apostle of the Gentiles—

the logician of the New Testament: 'We persuade men. We preach, warning every man, teaching every man. As though God did beseech you by us, we pray you be reconciled to Him. I beseech you, therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God.' Persuasion is recognized by all standards as the great business of the orator. To accomplish it, he must reason, conciliate, rouse. Says Cicero: 'The whole business of speaking rests upon three things for success in persuasion; that we prove what we maintain to be true; that we conciliate those who hear; that we produce in their minds whatever feeling our cause may require.'

"Following received authorities, we say he who persuades must speak the language of emotion. Of this the Bible is full. Professor Tayler Lewis has done good service in his excellent articles in our Quarterly, by showing the emotional element of the original Scriptures. It is all through it. So is it through all successful speaking.

"He must have continued emotion. This had Jeremiah. It lives through his prophetic life. The spirit of the great Master was ever full of gushing sympathy, of yearning love, of deathless desire. No wonder 'the common people heard him gladly.' Was the emotion of Demosthenes transient, or were not those fiery orations only culminations of feelings long cherished? They had become, not part of his life, they had become *his life!* It was no evanescent emotion which gave Wilberforce his triumph over the

British Senate, made 'Otis a flame of fire,' and enabled Patrick Henry to shake a nation.

"Men must have a great truth to present, a truth worthy of being spoken and of being heard. They must feel that the destiny of the people is to be affected by that truth, and its importance must come to be supreme. 'It must be alive in the speaker like a passion.' Because he loves, reveres and fears that truth, he must speak it to others. He must speak it, urge it, plead for it, *from a sense of right.* Its claims are laid in eternal rightness, and can never be modified or suspended.

"These things are essential to any successful orator, and how naturally they enter into the very idea of the gospel ministry. If a preacher would learn how to persuade, let him consider the peculiar character of his ministry. St. Paul thus states it: 'God hath committed unto us the word of reconciliation. Now, then, we are embassadors for Christ, as though God did beseech you by us, we pray you in Christ's stead, be ye reconciled to God.' His work is to be a reconciler, a beseecher, a persuader. In his embassadorial character he is to stand—we write it with tearful recognition of our own unworthiness—in Christ's stead. When Christ looked upon his own people according to the flesh, he wept over them. He cried, 'How oft would I have gathered you!' 'Come unto me, and I will give you rest.' Surely, he who realizes that in his ministerial character he stands for Christ, and *beseeches* for his God, cannot

find it hard to say with Christly emotion, 'Be ye reconciled to God.'

"Let him ever bear in mind the *atonement* he represents. He has one, only one, ground of reconciliation. He speaks of the incarnation, of the life of blamelessness, spent not in disputation, but in doing good. That life he is to persuade men to imitate. Can he do so by syllogism or appeal? He speaks of Gethsemane, its agony, and its fearful struggle; of the cross, with its bitterness and its consummated grief and redeeming merit. Can he use no words of persuasion? Let him stand by that cross, drink in its spirit, and then go, and, in the stead of that pale, blood-stained Sufferer, say, 'Be ye reconciled to God.' Going thus, he cannot help speaking persuasively, for he will speak in sympathy with Him he represents.

"As he looks upon the people to whom he speaks, *let him consider their peril.* They are in danger of being lost. Their souls, which he believes shall live forever, he also believes may be lost forever. Let him gauge the dimensions of that loss, as he understands it; let him think of the elements mingled in their cup of sorrow, according to his faith, and then feel that he comes to them 'in Christ's stead,' to save them; and will he not persuade? Can he help it? St. Paul said, 'We must all appear before the judgment-seat of Christ. Knowing, therefore, *the terror of the Lord*, we persuade men.'

"Men are to be saved by love. They are to be led into the supreme love of God; and does reason

teach that this can best be done by logical processes? He who wins others to love must himself show that 'the love of Christ constraineth.'

"Is there not growing among us a frigid style of preaching? Do not too many, in the pride of intellect, suppose they must be cool and dispassionate, or fail to impress their hearers as men of culture? Do not such know that not only do they fall infinitely below the standard of the 'Ministry of Reconciliation,' but that they violate every canon of eloquence, and are false to all its historic models?

"O, it is pitiable to see a man whose sermons fall dead, *dead*, doubly dead, plume himself on having eschewed all emotion, and to hear him say with an air which would be amusing were it not disgusting, 'I address the intellect, I speak to the judgment.' Poor man! ignorant, profoundly ignorant, of the mental constitution; ignorant of that world of emotion represented by poet, painter, and orator; ignorant of the first principles of eloquence; careless of the example and spirit of his Master, and the holy prophets, apostles, and evangelists, and entirely overlooking the character of his ministry, he is a man to be profoundly pitied.

"To young men who desire to persuade, but find it difficult from their mental constitution, the consideration of the topics we have indicated will prove advantageous. Let them argue, but let argument be the approach preparatory to the charge of persuasion, entreaty, beseeching, with which they purpose by

God's help to carry the citadel. Let them have in their hearts the conviction, 'We speak to men in peril; speak in Christ's stead; speak for God; speak to save them; speak because God sends us with the word of reconciliation;' and they will soon 'beseech,' agonize, and plead. Each sermon will become a fearful reality; each message, one from the Lord of hosts. They will rely none the less upon truth, will study none the less to state it clearly, but they will speak it from the heart. Doctrines will be preached with no less care, but as *means* to salvation, not as the *end* of preaching. There will be logic still, but it will be set on fire of love."

He had unusual vigor and vivacity, as we have already said, in writing short, crisp, and racy editorial paragraphs. When the General Conference was about to assemble in Chicago, where "winter lingers in the lap of spring" long after the first of May, he wrote an item addressed to the delegates thus: "Bring your overcoats, brethren; '*December's* as pleasant as *May' in Chicago.*"

We insert the following short paragraphs :—

"Slowly with us, in this North-west, comes in the spring. Winter lingers sullenly, mutteringly, refusing to go 'to his own place.' It's hard work to bear with winter wrappings, and worth one's life to lay them aside. The grass comes, but is 'green' for so doing. Some bunches of flag and fancy lilies peep

up, and adventurous people talk of garden-making! We confess to an admiration for their hardihood. April goes. May is often more disagreeable than December. But by and by our glorious summer comes, with its long days of delicious breeziness, its superb sunrises (said to be) and gorgeous sunsets! O, such summers! And then our autumns are unsurpassed, and they stay with us almost to the holidays. 'But what's all this fine weather of summer and autumn to do with the spring? *Nothing at all*, reader; and we are sorry that it *is* so, but are glad that these bright seasons come after it, and we would encourage all grumblers by assuring them if they will wait awhile that the good time will surely come."

"It is better to be poor, with one's manhood kept bright and unsullied, than to gather wealth by thousands, knowing every time you pace your parlor floor a mean man's foot presses your velvet carpet, and that you see the face of a cheat and a sneak every time you look into your costly mirror."

"Not much can be made of the religion of a man who 'likes one Church just as well as another;' nor in the State, of him who 'likes one party just as well as another, or, if any odds, a little better;' and still less can you think of the man's patriotism, at this time, who 'stands by the Government, but not the administration,' who says the South ought not to be expected to lay down arms until the President

rescinds his proclamation, and who prefers cursing abolitionists to putting down traitors." (April 5, 1863.)

The early summer of 1863 was the darkest period of the Civil War. For weary months Grant had been vainly thundering at the gates of Vicksburgh, and noble men were dying in camp and hospital, or making the ground crimson with their blood where they bravely but fruitlessly charged the rebel ramparts. The gallant army of the Potomac had again suffered terrible defeat at Chancellorsville under General Hooker, and Lee, flushed with victory, was advancing northward, invading Maryland and Pennsylvania. Secret armed organizations in various parts of the country were threatening to resist the "draft" which had been ordered. The terrible "draft riots" had occurred in New York city at the moment the Southern armies were marching toward the North. Then, as noonday born suddenly out of midnight darkness, came the midsummer victories, unexpected, brilliant, decisive. Grant took Vicksburgh, with thirty thousand prisoners; Meade met and defeated Lee at Gettysburgh, destroying the pride and flower of his army; the riots were suppressed; and hope, like the phenix, arose renewed from her own ashes. Never, in the history of the nation, had the Fourth of July been so grandly celebrated as at Vicksburgh, Gettysburgh, and Helena in 1863.

While the people of his city were wild with rejoic-

ing, Dr. Eddy was closing that eventful week by writing the following editorial :—

"SATURDAY NIGHT.

"The Lord be praised! it's come at last. How long is one of these weary midsummer weeks, with its heat and dust and drought! How much weariness one can get through between its Monday morning and Saturday night! This week closes amid the ten thousand-tongued clamor of rumor. The streets have been alive with people ; bells have been ringing, joyous multitudes shouting, flags waving, cannon roaring. Vicksburgh, the western Sebastapol, the Gibraltar of the Mississippi, has capitulated—has been *Grant*-ed to the prowess of the army. The gallant Prentiss and his brave handful of men have defeated a horde of daring rebels at Helena. Eastward the army of the Potomac has proven itself capable of great things, and has driven the invaders from Harrisburgh back to the Heights of Hagerstown, and Saturday night closes in with the indescribable anxiety of the nation for the battle yet pending.

"Two of our brave soldiers have been buried with military pomp. Lieutenant-Colonel Wright, the eloquent speaker, the spotless business man, the brave soldier, the accomplished officer, the chevalier *sans peur, sans reproche,* whose arm was shot away in the field. He died peacefully, trustingly. Colonel Scott, of the 19th Illinois, is gone ; brave 'young Joe,' the daring Zouave, the friend of Ellsworth, the associate

of Turchin. He was the soul of honor. He threw forward his 19th on the gory field of Murfreesborough, snatched victory from the jaws of defeat, and received his death-wound. Long he lingered. Life seemed awhile to triumph over death, but death won at last. From the time he was struck he felt Providence was especially watching over him. When he hoped—with good prospect, too—for recovery, he gave his heart to God. Good-bye, brave Joe Scott, the youngest of your rank, and none braver!

"To-morrow comes the Sabbath. Thank God for the blessed day of rest! It comes with healing; it comes with benedictions. 'How amiable are thy tabernacles, O Lord of hosts!' It is blessed to enjoy the rest and culture of the holy day. Sweet the communion of saints. Childhood shall gather for instruction, youth for counsel, old age for comfort.

"Much to be pitied is the congregation whose minister shall preach himself rather than Christ Jesus the Lord—who shall wander off amid prettiness when he should lead his flock through the pasture of promises—who shuns the cross, dreading its reproach. Give us, O preacher, give us *food!* All the week we have strifes and battles; on Sunday feed us, heal our wounds, and send us forth with the words of benediction ringing in our ears, to labor and battle again. But do not, if you can help it, doom us to Sunday polemics, to barren disputation.

"May the divine blessing be on the songs and the sermons, the prayers and praises, the gifts and givers,

of to-morrow! And at last may all be gathered to the upper temple, and to the songs and worship of the eternal Sabbath.

"Songs! Ah, yes: the ransomed shall return and come to Zion *with songs!* What songs shall we have to-morrow? Shall they be didactic or homiletic poetry, bound up in the hymn book into which the polemic has strained his creed, but as utterly destitute of *worship* as a chapter of the Revised Statutes! Shall the congregation have the privilege of praise or worship, of singing an inspiring outburst of hope in anticipation of the coming glory, or must it be set to preaching the sermon of the preacher? He is God's minister—let *him* preach. He is called to his solemn and glorious work—let him instruct and warn, admonish and entreat, but let him also lead us with the worship of song up to the gates of heaven.

"To-morrow will the *congregation* sing God's praises, or will it, with the meekness of Moses and the patience of Polycarp, stand up and be *sung for? Sung for* either by a select few, who, with sacrilegious impiety, prevent the congregation from praising God in the song by the introduction of operatic or other strange music, introduced that the people may be kept from singing, and fantastic culture exhibited, or by a half-dozen cracked dissonant voices, all jangling out of tune, who persist in the desecration of the temple of God by the murder of time and tune, which cruel performance they persist in denominating con-

gregational singing? Why not bring a chastened musical taste and culture into the sanctuary? and why, under its guidance, may not the whole congregation praise the Lord? Whether led by choir or precentor, by one or many voices, praise is the right of the congregation, and its duty. Let no select few seize the right, and render the performance of duty impossible.

"It grows late. So pass our lives. 'We spend our years as a tale that is told.' The weeks are their chapters, writ with joy and sorrow, victory and catastrophe. By and by, *finis* will be written, the period affixed. Beyond our work-day life-toil shall there be the Sabbath of heaven? It has been in our songs, meditations, dreams. It has been the hope of our lives. There remaineth a rest! The word is sweet. How long since some of us could find time to rest? Family, church, country, each full of demands, have pressed upon us. We are weary, weary! Can there be rest ahead? Can there be quiet? Can these sighings and tossings end?

"Will there come a morning clear and beautiful, that shall never be followed by night? Shall we meet dear friends in some happy home, where partings never come?

"It must be so. It is no dream of poet, but the word of God. It is no rhapsody, but the sober sayings of inspiration, that rest remaineth. It is rest of cessation from toil, temptation, tribulation. It is rest among the pure, the precious, the cherished,

the saved. It is rest surrounded by the beatitudes of heaven; but only for the 'people of God'—only for them!

"'Let us therefore fear, lest, a promise being left us of entering into that rest, any of us should seem to come short of it.'"

We leave the story of his outside labors for another chapter, for during these years he not only attended to editorial duties, but was active and busy beyond measure in the many other tasks to which he was constantly being invited.

CHAPTER XVI.

OUTSIDE WORK.

MR. EDDY did not content himself with performing merely his official duties. Outside of the editorial rooms he gave himself to general Church work with the greatest zeal and activity. He became fully identified with all the great enterprises of the denomination, especially with those of the North-west, and his counsel and assistance were always in demand.

He probably preached as frequently as any regular pastor. He was an intemperate worker, and constantly took engagements enough to fill every moment that could be spared from his paper. His attractive pulpit oratory and versatility of talent made him peculiarly available for special occasions; and it may be truthfully said of him, that he seldom disappointed the expectations of his admiring friends at such times, or failed to measure up to the demands of the hour.

Almost at once after coming to Chicago he became the great Church dedicator of the North-west, and by his carefulness in organization, and tact in management, he rarely failed to secure pledges for whatever amounts he called upon a congregation to subscribe. He was able to hold an audience for an

hour beyond the usual time for closing services, and to keep up their good humor to the highest point while he pressed the subscriptions.

It would be unjust to his memory to attempt a reproduction of these scenes; of his telling remarks, brilliant flashes of wit, constant humor, tearful stories of heroic sacrifices, and touching appeals to the generosity and sense of duty of his hearers, by which he carried forward the effort to a successful issue.

If the reader has never been present on one of these occasions, and would understand the work of the "dedicator," he must imagine a *preliminary meeting* the night before, in which the pastor and a number of his most faithful brethren meet Dr. Eddy, and discuss with him their wishes, hopes, and plans for the next day. He shall see the difficulty of inducing some brethren to say what they intend to do on the morrow; some gloomily suggest the hard times, hint at unwise expenditure, and prophesy failure; others, full of heart and hope, inspire the faith and courage of their brethren. Meanwhile the dedicator has given hints, proposed plans, made figures, and shown the need of success, till all begin to believe that the amount to be asked for ought to be, and will be, secured. At a late hour a plan of operations has been agreed upon; so many thousands, hundreds, fifties, and tens have been pledged, and every body goes home feeling hopeful of the result, and determined to do twice as much as he thought he could, rather than have a failure.

At midnight, or later, Dr. Eddy retires to his bed,

but not to sleep; for by this time he has taken the whole weight of that Church debt upon his heart, and, as much as any member, has become anxious to see it fully provided for.

Next day he preaches the glorious Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ till all are in raptures. Then follows the statement of cost, previous collections, valid subscriptions, and amount to be raised. At first there is a feeling in the congregation that it will be impossible to secure the sum asked for; but as he talks on, and large subscriptions are announced, the faith of the people grows, dollars look small, and the consciousness of ability to give comes to every body. Then the desire to give follows. Each liberal soul begins to subscribe, gives again, and grows happy as he does so, till the last dollar is pledged. He has given more than he intended, but when the dedicatory prayer has been offered, and the benediction pronounced, he goes home inexpressibly happy, and feeling that, somehow, both he and the Church are richer than before the service.

Probably no other man in the North-west dedicated half so many churches in the same length of time as he. The amount of money pledged to the payment of Church debts through his efforts, could it be stated, would appear marvelous. Some idea of his great activity may be gained by tracing his movements, as they are recorded in his brief memoranda made at the time. We follow him but for a single week, and assure our readers that we present only a sample of

his *average* activity. Taking our facts from the pages of an old diary of 1864, we make the following sketch :—

Monday, Jan. 11. Mrs. Eddy is slowly recovering from a dangerous illness. In the afternoon he leaves her sick room to attend, at four o'clock, a meeting of the Freedmen's Aid Commission, of which he was an active member.

Tuesday, 12. Mrs. Eddy is slightly better, and he leaves home in the evening to take a night-train on his way to a church dedication in the town of St. John, Michigan, distant, by the route he must travel, about four hundred miles. He rides all night, and reaches Detroit next morning in time for breakfast.

Wednesday, 13. Takes a train, at nine o'clock A. M., for St. John, distant seventy-five miles, and that evening holds his preliminary meeting to arrange for the financial work of the next day.

Thursday, 14. Preaches in the morning; secures the sum needed to free the Church from debt; conducts the dedicatory services; and at midnight takes a train homeward, reaching Detroit by daylight.

Friday, 15. Takes the through train for Chicago; *is sick all day,* and reaches home at half-past eleven at night.

Saturday, 16. Works all day in the office, and at six o'clock in the evening takes a train for Milwaukee, ninety miles distant, where he arrives half an hour before midnight.

Sabbath, 17 Preaches the dedicatory sermon at

the Spring-street Church, and manages the collection. Preaches again in the evening, and, having completed the provision for the whole debt, amounting to $4,400, conducts the dedicatory services.

Monday, 18. He takes a seven o'clock morning train, and reaches home at noon. Finds his wife better, but still very feeble ; and in the afternoon he again meets with the Freedmen's Aid Commission.

All this he does, besides preparing his paper; yet that week his editorial columns contain a vigorous leader, one or two shorter articles, and his "Notes by the Way," full of graphic, spicy, and good-natured descriptions of the journeys he has made, the places he has visited, the churches he has dedicated, and the country he has seen.

This week's work would strike us as necessarily exceptional, and it seems incredible that it should represent his usual outside labors. But, in fact, it may be doubted if its toils were above the average for him. If some weeks he traveled fewer miles, he preached or spoke more frequently. It was his established custom to travel at night in order to save time.

When at home, one half of each day he remained at his house, preparing his editorials ; the other half was devoted to the office duties, correspondence, and receiving calls. He was always on the most friendly terms with his fellow-laborers.

In 1864 Rev. Mr. Edwards became his assistant, of whom he thus kindly speaks : "We have secured as our assistant Rev. Arthur Edwards, of Detroit. He

is a fine scholar, a ready and graceful writer, and we think a born *newspaperist.* We introduce him to our readers with the assurance that he comes to our aid having our entire confidence, and now leave him to speak for himself."

Dr. Eddy was recognized as a leading man of great public spirit by all classes of citizens. He did valuable work for the Garrett Biblical Institute, the Northwestern University, and in the management of the great Centenary enterprises.

In the fall of 1857, soon after going to Chicago, he was transferred to the Rock River Conference, which he *four times* represented in the General Conference. He was re-elected editor of the Northwestern in 1860 and 1864, serving altogether nearly twelve years in that position.

One night his youngest child, two and a half years old, wandered away from home, and for twenty hours was lost in the wilderness of that great city. The story of suspense, and the lesson drawn from its agony are given in the following editorial :—

"JOY OVER THE RETURNING.

"It long seemed strange to us that the word of the Lord described the return of the sinner as occasioning such thrilling rapture in heaven, and that it contrasted, as it did, that joy with the emotions toward those who remained in the Father's house, those who had not wandered, and 'needed no repentance.' It surely could not be that a heaven of purity loved

one sinner more than ninety and nine toiling, struggling, faithful Christians. That was impossible. The children of God are all precious in his sight. He has told us 'the righteous is more excellent than his neighbor.' But it *is* possible that the All-merciful, who pleads with sinners 'to be reconciled'—that the kind Shepherd, who goes afar over desert and mountain after the one wandering sheep—shall feel for the imperiled a solicitude not felt for those in safety, and that its deliverance from imminent peril shall cause a thrill of joy such as is not occasioned by a contemplation of the already saved. One almost gone is saved. One poised upon the crumbling bank of the dark river is rescued.

"But to us such declarations *now* have a meaning such as never before. We can see how there is joy, deep and thrilling, over the wanderer's return, such as is not, and cannot be, felt over those who have not 'been from home,' and yet how love for the latter may be none the less tender and enduring.

"Monday evening of last week, after a hard day's work, we left the office and started homeward. In the room below we found Mrs. E. in waiting, and together we walked up State-street. About half way home we met our oldest son, and saw that he had some tidings of evil. He could only say, 'Little Ramie is lost, and we cannot find him anywhere.' The little one is the lamb of our fold, a bright-eyed boy between two and three years of age, with fair hair hanging in sunny ringlets. Dear child—his little feet always patter

on the hall when we ring the bell at noon, his arms have always 'a hug,' and his rosy lips a kiss, for papa.

"We hastened home, and ascertained that he had been gone nearly an hour. The immediate neighborhood had been searched in vain. We started instantly—the streets and alleys within reach were traversed, but no tidings. Night was at hand, and evidently our child was beyond our neighborhood, and that cold night was lost in the midst of this great Babel.

"Notice was sent to the police station, and to some of the churches having service that evening. A friend procured the crier. We had often heard that bell, and the cry of lost child, but never felt the tones so sadly as we heard them that night. '*Lost child—a little boy, not three years old, lost from* 112 *Edina Place—bare-headed, light curly hair, had on a red dress, stockings and little slippers.*' O, those cries! We have heard them ever since. Kind friends came to our aid; strangers came with tearful sympathy; parties were formed, who patrolled the streets and alleys in all directions, but came back with the sad word, 'No tidings.' The hours wore on, and near midnight the search was given up till morning.

"Dear reader, may you never pass a night of such suspense! We sat by the fire, and how our hearts would bound as a footstep neared our gate. Perhaps it is some one from the police station with our child! No; the steps sound on. Our door is passed!

"We did pray; we did commit our child to the All-Father, and that alone sustained us. But we could not shut out the visions which crowded upon us unbidden. Now we imagined we heard his wail above the moaning of the tempest and sighing of the waves; now we saw him lying upon the cold ground, those locks frozen to the earth; then again we saw him caught in the net-work of railroads on Clark-street, and crushed to a shapeless mass.

"Slowly passed the hours. Will daylight never come? It came at last. Ere we began our search again we went into the breakfast-room, and there, lying upon the sewing-machine, was his little hat. We turned from it, and in the corner stood his rocking-horse, with the reins drawn over its head, just as he left it, while on the table was *his* plate, with his high-chair beside it. Up to that moment we had maintained our firmness, but we could no longer.

"Friends came to sympathize with us. God bless them! Never did we need them more—never did we appreciate them more highly. The authorities placed the police at our service, to make the search thorough. Still no tidings. Nearly eighteen hours had passed, each hope had been crushed, and the prospect grew darker.

"At this juncture came a German to the house, and said that if our child was the one described in the morning papers *he was safe*, and he would bring him. We did not see him, and on learning the news drove to the place we supposed he designated, but found

no child. Homeward again—he had not come. Some of the friends engaged in the search had returned, and were awaiting the result of this intelligence ere they should go again. The anxiety was too deep for words. At last we saw some one coming—*how far one can see who looks for a lost child!*—nearer and nearer. It was—it was our child! God be praised, he was safe!

"Our friends gathered with swimming eyes about him. There was no need to call them to 'come and rejoice with us.' They came unbidden. There were three other children who had not been in peril; three who had not wandered; three whom we loved as we loved the fourth, but, O! there was in our hearts, there was among our neighbors, more joy over the ONE than over the three that went not astray! More—aye, MORE! We did not love them less, but the JOY was over the rescued.

"An honest German had found the little wanderer a long distance from home, and saw that he was lost. He took him up and carried him to his house, placed him in the crib, and rocked him to sleep, had washed and fed him, and restored him to our arms. We asked him to accept a pecuniary recompense; but he refused, saying in broken English, 'I have children, too; if one of mine was lost, I would want some one to take *him* up. No, no—no money,' and he buttoned his coat over his noble Teutonic heart, and bid us good-bye.

"Will our readers pardon this personal detail? It

has taught us some lessons. Never before did we fully know the import of that word SUSPENSE. Never did we so feel the terrible meaning of the word LOST! Never did we so read the declaration of joy in heaven over the repenting! And never did we so appreciate the kind attention of friends, whom we thank from the depth of our inmost nature; and devoutly do we pray that we may never have occasion to assist them in a similar trial."

About 1864 he undertook, in addition to his other labors, the preparation of "a record of the civil and military history of the State in the war for the Union," which was entitled, "*The Patriotism of Illinois.*" This work was published in two octavo volumes, of more than six hundred pages each, the last being issued in 1866. We have not room even to sketch its contents. It was universally commended by the press as a most valuable contribution to the historical literature of the State and the times.

Dr Eddy was now approaching the close of his editorial experience. From the beginning of his newspaper management he had grown in reputation and influence. He had become well and favorably known to all the leading men of the North-west, and was recognized by them as one of the first men in that part of the nation.

We copy extracts from one more editorial, in which he reviews his own course and opinions. If the article exhibits to us the heat of war times, and sounds

strange in these happier and more peaceful days, we must remember that it was penned when the fever of the conflict was not yet allayed, scarcely abated. It will exhibit the spirit of turbulent times, now, happily, forever behind us.

"A RETROSPECT.

"It is now about eleven years since the editor was called, unexpectedly to himself, to the charge of the 'Northwestern,' the editorship of which was left vacant by the death of Dr. Watson. He came, a young man, to a new, laborious, and responsible work. Twice he has been returned to it by the chief council of the Church, and, now that he sees approaching the end of his editorial life, he claims the privilege of a retrospect, and, also, of an outlook.

"In the autumn of 1856 the skies were dark, and the country was agitated from side to side. The 'Northwestern' had no decisive participation in the political contest which resulted in the election of James Buchanan to the presidential chair. The slavery controversy in the Church was measurably stayed for a season. But soon came the celebrated and ever-to-be-anathematized Dred Scott decision. The 'Northwestern' reviewed it at length, and its animadversions were widely copied. Its position was then known to be in the forefront of anti-slavery advocates. It was called to an account, and conservatism used the old arguments of angry and excited men, and withdrew its patronage; but the people sustained us.

"In the controversy preceding the General Conference of 1860, it claimed the right of the Church to discipline slave-holders under the 'Discipline as it was;' the right of the General Conference to give an authoritative interpretation of the chapter, or to replace it with a new one; and also the expediency of a change of the general rule on this subject, so as to end all controversy. We run over those pages with approval. In the light of all that has since transpired we would scarcely change one of those editorials, or modify a single proposition. Again we were sustained by the people.

"In the presidential contest of 1860 the 'Northwestern' was comparatively silent. It addressed a letter to President Buchanan on the indignities offered by slave-holders to our clergy on the border, and demanded for them the protection of the civil law. The letter called down the thunder of Lieutenant-Governor M'Comas, then editor of the 'Chicago Times;' but it was reproduced in scores of newspapers, and was distributed in several States as a handbill document, and was believed to have exerted some influence in the pending canvass. The war came in 1861. It is a comfort to know that the 'Northwestern' was never indorsed by a single rebel or northern rebellion-sympathizer, but that it was ever welcome in the army of the Union; that it was among the first to condemn the placing of starving Union soldiers to keep watch over rebel property; was second to none in advocating military emanci-

pation; and it was first to urge that, when that long-delayed act of justice was consummated, the men of color should every-where be armed, brigaded, and enrolled in the Union armies. Our friends more than once chided, even stanch friends feared, our enemies denounced; but we waited, and soon saw each position approved by our countrymen. The war ended; we lost no time in calling the attention of the country to the fact that only universal suffrage could complete the work to which God summoned us. We were second to none in exposing the drunken revels of the Vice-President. When he was elevated to the presidency by the act of J. Wilkes Booth, and showed his rebel affinities, we warned the American Congress that only strong legislation could save the country. We are content that our record shall go into history. We turn over our files without a blush, and with no desire to cancel what we have written.

"Our record on Church questions is before our brethren. We have favored, we still favor, the admission of laymen into our chief council, and on that question, also, we are willing that posterity shall be our judge. During these eleven years we have eschewed personal controversy, but have sought fearlessly to do our whole duty.

"We have not suffered abuse of our Church to pass unchallenged, but have stood for its order, doctrine, and discipline. Our times have been full of excitement. The slavery controversy in the

nation and the Church, the war with its new questions and fiery trials, reconstruction with its problems, the Centenary with its vast plans and ceaseless demands, the extension of the pastoral service, lay representation, etc., all have crowded upon us.

"During all these years we have taken no vacations. We have been away at times, but always on duty; and when absent have kept up our full share of editorial work. Few copies of the paper have gone to press without our personal supervision; so limited have been the means at our disposal that but few articles have gone into the editorial columns not written by editorial fingers. Our office, from the necessity of the case, is thronged with company—it averages at least fifteen calls a day; consequently most of our editorial writing has necessarily been done at home, and often in hours which should have been given to sleep. We are weary—O how weary, of its toils, its continued excitements, its ceaseless pressure, its nervous wear. Gladly, if we could, we would lay down its burdens when our conference meets, and re-enter the pastorate. Never did mariner hail more cheerily the port than we welcome the near approach of our release."

At the General Conference of 1868 Dr. Eddy did not allow his name to be submitted as a candidate for re-election, and Rev. J. M. Reid, D.D., was chosen as his successor, and at once entered upon the duties of the position.

CHAPTER XVII.

A BROKEN YEAR.

AT the close of the General Conference session in 1868 Dr. Eddy found himself, for the first time in twenty-six years, without work assigned him by the authorities of the Church. He had taken no vacations, and had been in a chronic condition of overwork during the whole period. But, much as he *needed* rest and freedom from care, he could not be idle. To remain unemployed would have been the hardest task that could have been given him.

The pulpit of the Charles-street Methodist Episcopal Church, of Baltimore, was temporarily vacant by the absence of its much-loved pastor, Rev. Andrew Longacre, on account of ill health, and Dr. Eddy was called upon to occupy it for a few weeks.

In a graphic sketch furnished us by H. M. Wilson, M.D., one of the official members of this Church, we have the following account of his first appearance in Baltimore :—

" Dr. Eddy reached Baltimore on Friday afternoon, and attended the usual Church prayer-meeting the same evening. He was not known, even by sight, to a single member of the congregation, but when, as a stranger of unusually interesting appearance, he was

approached before the opening of the service and his name asked, he gave his name and announced himself the *protempore* pastor of the Church, ready for any work except *leading the singing*. Of course, he was *at once* put on duty. His remarks on that occasion were pointed, appropriate, and full of enthusiasm. He took occasion to say that the circumstances under which he came did not permit him to wait for the formalities of a regular introduction. The time he was to remain with them and work for them was very short, and he begged them to grant him the cordial familiarity given to an old friend anxious for their spiritual good, rather than to maintain toward him the reserve with which a stranger was usually received.

"With inimitable tact he placed himself in perfect accord with the congregation. He said every thing pleased him. The attendance was much larger than he had expected to find; the attention was reverent; the singing delightful; the meeting spiritual and profitable."

When, at the close of the service, the members gathered around, and were presented to him, the cordiality of his manner won all hearts, and every one went home having the conviction that the Spirit of God had directed in bringing Dr. Eddy to them. During the few weeks of this visit he preached on Sabbath to crowded congregations, making a profound impression upon the whole city. He found time, also, to visit some of the grand camp-meetings

for which the vicinity of Baltimore is so justly celebrated, and preached in such a manner as to win the love and command the enthusiastic admiration of all who heard him.

This brief engagement ended, he returned to his home in Chicago, and spent the few weeks left before the meeting of his Conference in working for the Freedmen's Aid Society. An invitation to become the pastor of the Charles-street Church, in Baltimore, the following spring, was received, and accepted subject to the approval of the proper authorities.

In October, Trinity Charge, Chicago, was left to be supplied, and Dr. Eddy was called to serve it till the time of his going to Baltimore, six months later. Entering upon his duties here it was soon discovered that his old power in the pastorate was neither lost nor abated. No Church ever responded to the skillful touch of its leader more promptly than did this to the new management. Its organization grew perfect, its congregations increased, its prayer-meetings filled up, and it made progress in all its interests. While filling the editorial chair, this had been the Church-home of his family, and during all those years he was never absent from the mid-week prayer-meeting, unless out of the city, or hindered by imperative engagements. During all the period of his life, as a General Conference officer, he was a regular attendant upon the social meeting of the Church where his family worshiped. While in Chicago, and especially as the time approached for his leaving, he

received many substantial tokens of the high esteem in which he was held by all classes of people.

On the 18th of October, 1864, an elegant gold watch was given him by his Methodist friends in the city, and again, just before leaving for Baltimore, he was the recipient of a beautiful case of solid silver from his friends of Trinity Church. Accompanying a present of valuable books from the largest book firm in Chicago, was the following note :—

"TO THE REV. T. M. EDDY, D.D :

"The gentleman and scholar ; one of that band of workers who are the pillars of Chicago's glory and greatness. With the highest regards of his friend.

"S. C. G."

In October, 1868, during the last session of the Rock River Conference which he attended as a member of that body, a silver service was presented to him on behalf of the Conference.

The secular papers of all political parties spoke in the highest terms of his influence and usefulness in the city and throughout the North-west. Thus he came to the end of a more than twelve years' residence in this great young city, having breathed the spirit of its enterprise and ambition ; and when duty called him elsewhere he carried with him the confidence, respect, and affection of the people among whom he had lived and labored so long.

CHAPTER XVIII.

CHARLES-STREET, BALTIMORE.

IN March, 1869, Dr. Eddy was transferred from the Rock River to the Baltimore Conference, and stationed in the city of Baltimore, at the Charles-street Church, where he had spent a few weeks the previous summer.

This charge was one of great prominence and importance. It numbered among its members many of the old, influential, and wealthy Methodist families of the city.

Being the only *pewed* Methodist Episcopal Church in Baltimore, it had drawn together a congregation from all directions, and from considerable distances, of those who preferred that arrangement of sittings. It was noted for large liberality, the harmony of its membership, and its great devotion to the distinctive doctrines and usages of the denomination.

His brief stay with them the year before had made him acquainted with this people, and had won for him their universal confidence and esteem, so that he was able to begin his pastoral term as if he had known them always. If there had ever been any misgivings about the adaptation of this Northern preacher to this representative Southern pulpit, they

had been already dissipated. His manner, methods, and spirit were precisely suited to the people among whom he had come. His preaching continued to be, as it always had been, evangelical and earnest. He had unusual fervor of style, and not unfrequently seemed to exhaust his physical strength by the time his sermon was ended. No one could hear him without being impressed with the singleness of his purpose, and his absolute devotion to his work. He believed, without mental reservation, in the great doctrines of depravity, atonement, repentance, forgiveness, conversion, sanctification, and the endless punishment of the incorrigibly wicked. He believed, too, in the efficacy of these doctrines when faithfully preached, for leading souls to Christ. He expounded the Scriptures clearly and carefully, explaining fully the meaning and connection of his texts, and proclaimed the time-honored orthodox faith without apology or evasion.

He attacked, fearlessly and vigorously, all forms of vice, heresy, and popular sin, directing against them the declarations of God's word, argument, satire, denunciation, warning, and expostulation. But while he thus preached sound doctrine, and rebuked all forms of sin, he also possessed unusual power of appeal. Indeed, in no other respect was his preaching more effective than in this. When he held up before sinners the provisions of divine mercy, and painted the folly, ingratitude, and baseness of their rebellion against God, and then in the name of Him who

was crucified besought them to seek his pardon and favor, the effect was often overwhelming. Not unfrequently the postman would bring him, on Monday, touching and grateful letters from those who, under his preaching the day before, had resolved to "break off their sins by righteousness," and give Christ their hearts.

His preaching was both instructive and persuasive. He was, in the truest sense, a revivalist, though he never resorted to questionable methods for producing momentary excitement among his hearers. His people believed in him, were proud of him, and loved him. His congregations were constantly very large, and at times exceeded the seating capacity of the church.

If his success in the pulpit was great, it was fully equaled by his efficiency and popularity as a pastor. The social life of Baltimore is the warmest and most cordial in the world, and no unsocial minister can meet the demands of a congregation there. Dr. Eddy's nature and manner were pre-eminently genial. He became at once the center and life of any company of acquaintances and friends which he entered. He was exuberantly cheerful. His conversation sparkled with wit, overflowed with humor, and abounded in anecdote. He made acquaintances quickly and easily, and seldom forgot them. He possessed the rare magnetism which comes from being altogether and intensely *alive*. Where he was in any way responsible for social management, he was careful to see

that every person received attention; if any appeared strange or neglected, he sought them out, paid them special attention himself, and introduced them to others. He was very considerate of the obscure and the diffident. In a word, he was a *whole-souled* man.

It was the custom of Mr. John Hurst, one of his prominent and wealthy members, to entertain the whole Church, both congregation and Sabbath-school, at his elegant country seat every Fourth of July. These occasions were perfectly delightful, combining, as they did, the most generous hospitality, great beauty of place and scenery, and the meeting of many people, all acquainted and united together in the most perfect sympathy.

It is remembered how charmingly Dr. Eddy's social powers came into play at these annual Church reunions. Passing from group to group, as they gathered on the lawn, or under the grand old spreading trees, or in the shade of the spacious verandas of the stately mansion, he became at once a participant in the conversation and spirit of each. He was the wise and sympathetic friend of the aged, the comrade of the younger people, and the merriest one in the groups of children, who always shouted for glee as he joined their company. He would share their play of "*blind man's buff*," or assume the character of "*Lord of Misrule*," adding, in every case, to the merriment of the sport. The children were passionately attached to him, and in his visits to the Church in later years, his reception by them was invariably an ovation.

It was his custom to recognize kindly the domestics in the families of his people, and he was generally able to call each one by name. His attentions to the sick were affectionate and untiring, and he was careful that the worthy poor should not be neglected. At every point of his pastoral and pulpit labor he was diligent and efficient. He made very many warm personal friends, both inside his congregation and among those who did not attend on his ministry. Indeed, the number and strength of these attachments were truly wonderful.

His labors were blest with very considerable revival. Sometimes penitents would be at the altar, night after night, for weeks during the special meetings, and conversions were constantly occurring in the course of his regular ministrations. All the time the Church was growing stronger, more compact, and more efficient. From the time of his coming he was recognized, both by his own and other denominations, as a representative man. He was constantly being called upon for sermons, lectures, addresses, the management of dedications, and other outside work, and, up to the measure of his power, he always gave the assistance asked for. He was an *obliging man.* He never refused to lend help because the occasion was an obscure one. He was now in the fullest intellectual and physical vigor of his whole life, and the amount of labor he performed was almost incredible.

He was a public-spirited man. In all the general religious enterprises of the city he took a lively in-

terest, and did what he could to advance them. Instead of being afraid that his Church would be called on to help causes not immediately connected with it, he welcomed worthy outside demands upon its charity, and encouraged it to broad views of Christian beneficence.

At a critical hour in the history of the Sailors' City Bethel, when the property was in danger of being sold if a considerable sum of money was not raised for it immediately, it will be remembered how earnestly he appealed to the Preachers' Meeting in its behalf, concluding his address by pledging his own charge for a thousand dollars, and, in full faith that they would honor that pledge, gave his check for the amount.

Young ministers found in him a kind and true friend. No one was quicker to discover and encourage merit, and the modest preacher of moderate ability, embarrassed by the presence of more prominent men, never had a kindlier critic or a more sympathizing hearer than he. He would find places for interjecting "Amens" during the preaching of a struggling brother, where few others could see them. He was able to see the good there was in every one, and was grandly free from ministerial envy and jealousy.

He drew all classes of ministers to him, but the *aged* and the *young men* were especially his friends and admirers. His election as a delegate to the General Conference of 1872, when he had only been a

member of the Baltimore Conference three years, was a striking manifestation of the high esteem in which he was held by his brother ministers.

The neighborhood of Baltimore is the paradise of camp-meetings. No other people know so well how to make them successful, both religiously and socially. The arrangement of the grounds so that charges preserve their identity, and are able to look after the spiritual interests of their own company without withdrawing their co-operation from the work at the stand, their station meeting-tent, and their boarding house, keeping them together in delightful social relationship, all tend to give a charm to these "feasts of tabernacles" not found elsewhere.

In all the work of these meetings Dr. Eddy was a master. Few men could hold the crowds at the stand, on the great days, as could he. He was always ready to deliver an exhortation, or lead an altar prayer-meeting, or to kneel and converse with the penitent. He seemed never to tire. No matter how dull the preacher, or how dreary the day, he was always in the stand during the sermon, and was among the last to retire from the altar services.

He rendered invaluable assistance in the organization of the great "Emory Grove" camp-meeting, and some of his wonderful sermons on that ground will never be forgotten by those who heard them.

He was one of the first to move in the establishment of the Baltimore City Mission, though he was sent to Washington before it was in operation.

He was a constant attendant upon the preachers' meetings, and was an active participant in their discussions.

As a business man, he had great discernment and common sense. There have been few Methodist ministers of sounder judgment or more practical wisdom.

He was a good worker in the annual conference, not given to the folly of speaking on every question because he could talk fluently, but watching with the closest attention the business in hand, and debating earnestly and well when the occasion called for it. He was a model writer of reports, and those which he prepared were seldom rejected or amended.

Shortly after entering upon his work in Baltimore he became convinced that his Church must change its locality, or suffer serious, perhaps fatal, loss. Its house of worship was located in the center of the city, near the junction of two of the most important business streets. Population was being crowded back by the encroachments of commerce, and was drifting northward. Other once prosperous charges had already lost their power from the same causes which threatened this.

In view of these facts, Dr. Eddy conceived the idea of selling their valuable property, procuring a more eligible site, and building a monumental church in this birthplace and home of American Methodism. His official board, after careful deliberation, indorsed his views, and a building committee was appointed,

of which he was made chairman. Gradually but steadily this gigantic enterprise took shape and began to move.

A site was selected in Mount Vernon Place, facing the square upon which the Washington Monument stands. The price paid for the lots alone, including the two elegant dwellings upon them, which, of course, had to be torn down, was $120,000. Dr. Eddy, with other members of the building committee, visited many of the finest church edifices in the whole country, east and west, to study their appointments and architecture, before adopting plans for the new building.

It was necessary to secure a large amount of money for a building fund. The old property was to be sold. Details in the plan of the house were to be perfected. Contracts were to be made, and contractors kept promptly up to their agreement. Delays and blunders were to be guarded against, and the individual members and friends of the congregation solicited for subscriptions.

In all the arduous labors of this great undertaking Dr. Eddy was untiring and enthusiastic. His fine business ability, enabling him to comprehend the general plan, and at the same time master all the details, made his services of incalculable value to the committee. He never became discouraged or careless. In many a weary and perplexing hour his hopefulness and enthusiasm would inspire his brethren, and when insurmountable difficulties would arrest their progress for the time, some mirthful

story of his would give its benediction of laughter to their weary hearts, and rest them, so they were prepared still longer "to labor and to wait."

When the end of the pastoral term was reached, and by the rule of the Church it became necessary for him to go elsewhere, by their unanimous request he remained a member of the building committee until their work was completed.

At the dedicatory exercises, in which many eminent ministers participated, it was thought fitting that he who had conceived the idea, and had led forward the enterprise to a successful termination, should conduct the formal service of dedicating the house to the "worship and service of almighty God." This Dr. Eddy did by special request of the official board.

We are not giving his connection with this building—which is unsurpassed in beauty and completeness by any in Methodism—undue importance when we say, that it stands a monument to his genius and energy. It is the embodiment of his thought and labor.

He did yet other work in the years of this crowded pastorate. He was a frequent contributor to the Church periodicals, and to the Baltimore city papers. It would seem that there was little time left for the preparation of his sermons, and that he must have in some measure neglected this important duty We do not think so. He did, indeed, often trust to the later hours of the day and the week for the final ar-

rangement of his discourses. He seldom wrote them out fully, and his language in the pulpit was always *extempore*, but he was engaged in preparing his Sabbath work all the time. He found themes in his daily Scripture reading, and in the experiences of his daily life; he elaborated them as he walked the streets, or in an undercurrent of thought as he attended to other duties. All things helped him to illustrations and ideas for his preaching. The following extracts from a pocket memorandum book show how subjects came to him in his regular study of the divine word:—

TEXTS SUGGESTED IN DAILY READING.

"Text: 'He maketh his sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust.' Theme: The impartiality of the divine administration.

"Text: 'Where your treasure is, there will your heart be also.' Theme: Affections decisive of character and inheritance.

"Text: 'For every one that asketh receiveth.' Theme: The law of divine communication.

"Text: 'They besought him that he would depart out of their coasts.' Theme: Praying Jesus to leave.

"Text: 'The tree is known by his fruit.' Theme: Root influences on character.

"Text: 'Whosoever shall do the will of God, the same is my brother, and sister, and mother.' Theme: The bond of Christly relationship.

"Text: 'Let both grow together until the harvest.' Theme: Mingled growing, divided reaping.

"Text: 'Go home to thy friends, and tell them how great things the Lord hath done for thee.' Theme: Witnessing for Christ at home."

Thus he constantly gathered new material, and his preaching never lost its freshness. This important pastorate was in every respect marvelously successful, and its permanent results abide.

We present the reader the following sermon, preached while he was still in Baltimore, on the occasion of a Sunday-school convention, held in Washington City. In it we see his manly thoughts and forceful diction, but no power on earth can reproduce the flash of his eye, the pathos of his voice, and the charm of his personal presence.

OFFENSES AGAINST CHILDHOOD.

But whoso shall offend one of these little ones which believe in me, it were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and that he were drowned in the depth of the sea.—Matt. xviii, 6.

The dispute of the disciples concerning pre-eminence and the Master's rebuke have often been considered, and, though giving the occasion for the text, may be passed without expcsition. But look at the incident: Placing a lad in the midst of the apostles and elders, he pronounces that child not only the type of humility, but *his representative*. The reception of the child in the midst is his reception. The rejection of the child is his rejection. Ay, beloved, our character in the sight of Christ is tested by our treatment of the "child in the midst."

Passing from this, we confront the language which I have read. It may, it doubtless does, include lowly believers, but the child was still in the midst, and he meant such primarily. He specifically mentions such "little ones" as "believe on me." But this was meant to show that childhood unperverted turns to him; that his character is so divinely attractive, and his claims so self-evident, that children, whose keen intuitions rarely fail to discern and know their friends, go to him and trust him.

Belief is natural, unbelief is forced and educated. It is not until the child learns that the life about it is full of shams; that its very toys are deceptive; that shams are in buildings, in society, in art, aye, come to God's holy altars; that the word of father and mother must often be taken with abatement; that promises are made to cajole it, and threats because of temporary passion—that you force doubt and disbelief upon it, and train it thus into skepticism.

Because I believe that it fully accords with facts, with the constitution of the soul, with the redemptive provisions of grace, I state my conviction that when Christ is early and fairly brought before childhood it instinctively goes to him. So believing, I do the Master's words no violence in applying them to childhood *as such*. To offend such is to cause them to go into sin, to cause them to be entrapped or snared, so they go from Christ into evil. It may be done by neglect, or by actual misleading, by losing opportunity, by false teaching, pernicious example, or vicious association.

The enormity of the wrong may be estimated by the indignant denunciation of the Master. On him who thus offends such retribution is denounced that he might better plead for the Eastern penalty of sacrilege, drowning in far-out depths of the sea. He has defiled the temple of God, and him will God destroy.

Standing to-night before these awful words, and charged with the duty of opening the discussions of this convocation of Christian workers and thinkers, I would soberly, yet faithfully, show the perils and consequences of causing childhood to sin, or of neglecting to win it to Christ.

I. HOW DOES THE OFFENSE COME?

1. *By misunderstanding child-nature.*—There is evil done by bungling as well as by plotting. The costly vase may be shattered by a foe, or its own bearer may stumble and shiver it in his carelessness.

To deal aright with childhood we must take into account its fiery, rocket-like impetuosity, its bounding elasticity, its bubbling spirits, its readiness for a kiss or a blow, its gleesomeness and petulance, its quickness to perceive and readiness to forget. It must have room—room for sport, room for activity, room for noise. Plastic that nature is, but do not fail to adjust your philosophy and Christian effort to the fact that it has a marvelous facility of forgetting.

Any arrangement which fails to allow for the buoyancy of childhood or youth will be broken in the working or will break the spirit it would train. So the religion of childhood must be that adapted to the flexible spring rather than the unbending bar. God has ordained childhood under its present laws, and a stiff, procrustean piety is contrary to his constitution. The religion of childhood must co-exist with the play-ground, the merry glee, the joyous hurrah, the laughing merriment. So God has ordained in the mental structure of childhood, and woe to him that offends.

2. *By withholding early mental culture.*—Mind is the nation's gold, thought its diamonds. It is to the mind that we look for monumental triumphs. Thought is kingly. It is this that says to mountains and seas, You can no longer stand in the way of progress and human neighborhood, and compels the one to disclose some winding path, up which may climb that emblem of modern civilization, whose thews are steel, and whose breath is flame, and the other to show where may be the plateau uplifted to be, in God's good time, the whispering-gallery of nations. Are there potent forces which shall yet lighten the burdens and multiply the capacities of men? Thought, patient, untiring, seeing in darkness with God's eyes, must go after them, and, when found, must tame and harness and drive them. Henceforth brain is above brawn.

The child born to poverty has a right to be a thinker, and

that he may think, he must know. You sin against his possibilities when you condemn him to be the thrall of ignorance, to grovel in servility, and sit down in the ashes of stolidity. That State is stricken with worse than midsummer madness, which, careful of its mineral lodes, its timber belts, its swamp lands, or its oyster grounds, leaves unutilized the mind of childhood. It is offense which hath never forgiveness when, by neglect, it bars its power to know, by legal restraints fetters its power to think.

3. *By withholding moral training.*—Unless you provide this, childhood falls. The conscience bids it, at all hazards, choose the right instead of the wrong; but somehow it must learn what is the right. It is a fearful thing to grow a thousand immortal souls into powers little short of omnipotence, and yet having only confused notions as to right and wrong—groping blindly their way amid ethical distinctions. Childhood will be ruined unless it is taught the path of right-going and right-doing.

4. *By withholding religious education.*—This includes all the preceding. The soul never towers so commandingly, and thought never becomes so god-like, as when the sublime truths and facts of revelation engage consideration. Nor can ethics be so thoroughly or efficiently taught as when expounded by divine authority. Childhood has a right to know of God and law. If there is anywhere a transcript of God's will, childhood, when life is forming, wants it, and has a right to it.

And, whatever may be the duties of the *home* and the Church, and I would not understate them, the State assumes a terrible responsibility, when, at the bidding of foreign, unnaturalized, un-American ecclesiastics, or of foreign infidels, who demand the destruction of our religion as the price of their votes, it sets aside the word of God, and dooms childhood to grow in darkness. You say the State has nothing to do with religion—it *has* to do with self-preservation; it *has* to do with life and death. If it ordains that its teachings shall be "without God in the world" it resolves that, so far as it is concerned, childhood shall never know the loftiest conceptions, shall never be inspired with the noblest of thoughts, shall never know that

thrill coming from the thought of God over all; shall never feel the inspiration which comes from a consciousness that his eye is on it, and that duty becomes anthem-like in the music of its doing.

Pardon me if I say the State assumes a perilous responsibility when it abolishes by statute the knowledge of God. Let it pause long ere it shall make the daring adventure. Let it pause long ere it offend Christ's little ones, whose strong-handed angels do ever behold the face of the Father. Let it hesitate ere, at the bidding of men who know not our history and honor not the fathers, it yields our goodly customs, puts away our time-honored homage of God and revelation, and surrenders our sons and daughters to the will of strangers. Nor can Protestant Christianity fail to offend when it turns over the education of its children to the ordering of a crafty ecclesiasticism, which, now, dethroned in Rome and beaten in France, seeks political supremacy and spiritual domination in America. It is an offense to take from childhood the open Bible, and send it to

"Bid its beads and patter prayer"

at the shrines of supposititious saints and classified angels of doubtful morals; to take from it the bracing, inspiriting truths of Protestantism, and substitute the absurdity of transubstantiation, the worse than medieval folly of the Immaculate Conception, and the consummated blasphemy of infallibility.

It is a grievous offense against mind, and thought, and heart, and one which will surely return to plague most remorselessly its perpetrators.

5. *By want of early conversion.*—It is the right of childhood to come to Jesus, and it can only come by "being brought." It is a perilous offense if its most important days are yielded to sin, and if it be kept from experimental participation in the franchises of the kingdom of God.

This right may be nullified by a defective view which gives childhood no place in the Church, no claim to its ordinances.

It may be prevented by the pulpit. The ministry may, by simple neglect or freezing caution, dispirit the Church from

any effort to promote childhood conversion. Or the pulpit may proclaim a gospel which, good *per se*, has yet no fitness for Christ's little ones.

The Church may cause this offense by looking coldly upon efforts to disciple children because their subsequent religious culture will demand so much effort; or by adopting means which are superficial, and shall do only a superficial work. It may have no genuine faith in conversion until after Satan has had his will and way for years. It may insist solely upon revival raids rather than nursery culture.

Be it done as it may, somewhere there has been wrong and offense most grievous, where a single child goes from the influence of the Church into sin.

II. THE EVIL CONSEQUENCES.

There are punishments divinely inflicted, and there are punishments which come as inevitable consequences. The sowing to the flesh grows a harvest of corruption, and the woe of the wicked is, that "the reward of his own hands shall be given him." We cannot "trammel up the consequences" of our mistakes—they follow relentlessly on our track. Esau's birthright once sold to satisfy a fit of hunger, he must see in years to come his brother in his inheritance. "He found no place for repentance, though he sought it carefully with tears."

So the offense of childhood may be only our mistake, but it becomes our scathe. One sin becomes our punishment. It hangs the millstone about our neck, if it does not drown us in the depths of the sea.

You are crowding your replete prisons more and more. Too small, you are enlarging them. You are groping blindly in the darkness of pauperism, soon to become an insoluble riddle here, as in the overcrowded cities of the old world. Ah well! thirty years ago, and from then until ten years since, two words might have prevented these evils—*childhood-education—childhood-conversion.* They were not spoken, or, if spoken, it was after a cowardly manner, and so, to-day, we carry around our necks the millstones of manhood-crime and manhood-pauperism. But I will be more specific.

1. *Neglected childhood is wanton waste.*—It were better

that we should scuttle our marine, dismantle our factories, dry up our rivers, destroy our railroads, cast the wheat brought from the slopes of the Missouri into sloughs, and burn the corn of our broad fields, than to waste the brain, the muscle, the heart-power of childhood, as we have. Mind unused grows rotten. Heart unopened becomes musty, foul, reeking, It is the loss of power in highest forms; and not only that, it is dead weight to carry.

2. *Wasted power is easily perverted.*—We neglect—I mean home, State, and Church—God's appointed three to care for it—we neglect childhood. It is here—it is a tremendous fact. It will grow; and so it grows in darkness, unlovely and dangerous.

Out of the neglected cradles we are growing harlotry and infanticide. Out of the reeking play-grounds of untaught boys we grow—*what?* Instead of sober men who shall be happy husbands and fathers, we are growing blear-eyed, brutal drunkards, wife-beaters, bloated ruffians, who will send their tainted blood and blotched coarseness on to another generation. We pervert citizens into "repeaters," business men into bruisers, merchant princes into petty thieves or more daring scoundrels.

Aye—Americans begin to talk with bated breath of "dangerous classes." Who are they? Who? They are bad men and vile women. They are men and women of wasted and perverted lives; they are the mob, ready for the word which shall fire them into desperation. They walk to-day moody, daring, defiant. The foundations of society rock under them. Their hand is at your throat. Ah! would you not rather carry the millstone than face them?

Stand forth in the name of God! Look at them! They are the children of twenty years ago. They would have been better *with a chance.* Barbarians now as really as Bedouin or Tartar; the opportunity of twenty years ago is not to be recalled. Few of them will be any better. Most of them will grow worse until they die, but twenty years ago culture and conversion were possible. Neglect took the place of effort; parsimony, of generous expenditure; unbelief, of heroic doing, daring faith. Opportunity passed, retribution followed, hang-

ing the mills'one of consequences about our neck. Can society read what is lettered on the weight it carries? *Poverty, pauperism, taxation; restlessness, more taxation; arson, riots, more taxation; burglary, murder.*

And is the other, the fashionable side of perverted powers, less perilous or revolting? Its debauchery is less coarse—is it less dangerous? Its excesses are less open—are they less criminal? Less boisterous—but are they less godless?

But the offenses so fertile of evil twenty years ago are working now. We have caught the alarm in part, but we do not realize that one child grown in ignorance is a pestilence—one grown in rebellion to God, an earthquake. We are filling, by the children grown in our midst, the prisons partly thinned by the coffining of the fruit ripened on the gallows-tree. Well—the retribution will go on!

3. *See what comes to the Church.*—It suffers with the home and the State, but it has some privations and sorrows peculiar to its spiritual organization. It is ordained to include the grades of "little children, young men, and fathers." It is to take the children, and keep them from the world; supervise their growth until they become "young men that are strong," and these, established by grace, should become fathers in Christ. Such a Church would become the perfection of beauty. Alas! that such is not its composition. Only here and there one can be found who has grown from childhood to hoary age in Zion.

The views of pastors concerning the care of childhood-converts are so crude and various that we imperfectly provide for them. Our solicitude is for grown people, and for such our arrangements are skillfully made. But I submit to my brethren if the professed conversion of children does not bring them a sort of embarrassment? Is not their conversion as unwelcome to some Churches as their birth in some homes? And may not our bungling and inefficient care of childhood-converts throw some light upon the question often asked, "What becomes of the probationers?" Would not an honest answer be, "We, the under-shepherds, do not know how to feed or protect the lambs!"

Does it not occasion badly developed and badly organized

beneficence? The enemy of souls is hard to baffle, and many a man is kept from a high type of Christian character by his tight grasp of golden gear. It is no sneer of flippant pertness when I state my sober conviction that the money is seldom fully and squarely included in the professed consecration to God. Yet it *must* be—it *is* his, and we are to use it for him. Systematic beneficence is the divine order, but we shall never see it as other than occasional and exceptional, until there shall come a Church trained, from childhood, at once to self-denial and bounteousness. O, it is humiliating that we must now go to men grown gray in Christian service and "solicit," with wearisome explanation, or "beg," with painful pertinacity, what should be offered with thanksgiving.

Neglected childhood proclaims a defeated ministry. To "feed the lambs" is, of course, one of the earliest duties, and if in that we fail, we can scarcely claim complete success.

If our Gospel fails, in our hands, to influence those most impressible, can it but fail when we preach it to others? "If we have run with the footmen and they have wearied us, how can we contend with horsemen?" Brethren, if we cannot reach Christ's little ones, ought we not to examine ourselves with great searchings of heart whether we are indeed in the true succession of shepherds.

The holy apostle said: "We preach, warning every man, and teaching every man in all wisdom, that *we may present every man perfect in Christ Jesus.*" This is the high ideal—the presentation of a perfect manhood before the throne. Beloved, can we do this, and leave that manhood those twenty tender years in the hands of a cruel enemy? We may present it washed and healed, but yet *scarred.* It cannot be the perfect manhood Christ looks for, unless the work of Christian culture shall sweep over the entire life. Unless our ministry can secure for our Lord, childhood, youth, maturity, and a sanctified age, it presents an imperfect work. And then unsaved childhood postpones millennial glory. While the majority of children are unsaved, there is not power enough in the Church to rescue adult masses. While we fail in our efforts to reach the childhood of Atlantic cities, we have not yet found

the power which can save either the childhood or manhood of China or caste-bound India.

Yea, our observation teaches us that if men pass through childhood, youth, and early manhood unconverted, they ordinarily remain so through life. More and more is it manifest that it is to be *early conversion or no conversion.* Brethren, the pealing of the jubilee trumpet, the shout of a redeemed world, the angel song, "Now is come salvation," wait on our removing the offenses from the path of childhood.

The millennium is postponed until there shall be a ministry and a Church who shall wisely seek childhood conversion, and shall have the wisdom for childhood training.

Until then the victor-song must wait; until then the alleluia must sit silent on our tongues; until then the blessed Master must be patient; and until then *God's wishes fail.* "It is not the will of your heavenly Father that one of these little ones should perish," and, yet until the offenses are removed, they grow into manhood sure to perish.

That one perish! Did you watch the baby die? How much interest clustered about that heaving chest, and what unspeakable love looked into that tiny waxen face? Only one, very little, very tiny, very young, yet how many loved it! Yet a million now born, as lovely, as beautiful, are to step out of infancy into manhood only to be wrecked—hopelessly wrecked! God would have it otherwise, but the offenses come.

Childhood! Jesus consecrated it by his incarnation; he cheered it with his smile; he ennobled it with his embrace; he redeemed it with the rich drops of his heart-blood; and then gave it to his Church, saying, "It is the will of your heavenly Father that not one of these little ones shall perish." Shall we suffer the offenses to ensnare it fatally?

Shall we consent to lose *one?* The other day the beautiful Shenandoah became suddenly a seething, raging Nemesis. Down came its waters, boiling, roaring, surging, like a thousand furies. Not even fire is so remorseless as a flood. Man cannot fence against it.

It swept first around, then over, the fated island at Harper's Ferry. Houses were crushed, as though built of cardboard;

thick walls crumbled and melted into nothing. There stood a group of doomed men and women. Death moaned in the tempest and shouted in mortuary glee as the floods lifted up their voice. But in the moment of dire extremity a line was thrown across the abyss, and made fast to a broken ruin. A basket was rigged, and one by one the shivering sufferers were drawn across the hell of waters.

A cheery, chubby baby, unconscious of the peril, smiling at the unwonted music, was laid in the basket, and strong hands began to draw it toward the mainland. There was a silence on shore, such as comes when we know the angel of death is cutting the silver cord. Suddenly the basket lurched, and the little one rolled just to the edge. Strong men, with brave souls and stalwart arms, moaned in helpless horror, and, with blanched faces and clenched hands, crouched cowering in hopeless agony. For a moment the life was poised above the fateful abyss—a moment—do you know? Had you never an experience of how an age of misery, a lifetime of concentrated despair, can be crowded in a single moment? A moment of unbreathing suspense, and the basket righted, was drawn back, the baby securely fastened, and then, amid the prayers, sobs, and shouts of Protestant and Papist alike, was drawn to land.

Yet it was but one baby! It was a single "little one." Ah, beloved, what is the Shenandoah's darkened tide, crested with death, and forceful with destruction though it be, to the swollen waters of sin, foamed with infamy, wreck-covered, abyssward hurrying, on which are tossed thousands of little ones, who hopelessly beat the flood with puny arms? Aye, thousands are in the waves, and we, Protestants and Papists, pastors and priests, fathers and mothers, men and women, see them lost, and make no sign! I believe the day is coming when the announcement, "There is one child unsaved," will call the Churches of a continent to their knees in prayer, or to their feet in heroic effort. A man of forty years is converted. Sing your doxology—ring your joy-bells—send the word to heaven—call a festival of thanksgiving—a brand is plucked from everlasting burnings. Rejoice, also, for you may hope for twenty

years' labor for Christ. Shout, for an infinite mercy has been accomplished.

A child is converted. No habits of vice have wrought iron bands about the soul. Hold him to Christ and his Church, and when he shall be forty years of age, how much service will the Church have received! What work will he have done! What beneficence will he have scattered! Now place him beside the man just converted. The child-convert is a veteran, the man a raw recruit; the child-convert has the same twenty years ahead, but how much more can be made of them? Shall there be less rejoicing over the child than over the man?

My brethren, I have no eloquent peroration to this rugged sermon. It has been thought out under a crushing sense of childhood peril, of which I must give solemn warning, and not without deep convictions of personal shortcomings. Bowing my soul in abasement, I come with this message.

But I see, in successive ages of the Church, various duties made clear by providential indications. If I read aright, God calls the Church of this decade to the work of childhood-conversion and Christian childhood-culture. The subject engrosses the thoughts of venerable bishops, eminent theologians, and practical laymen. Thanks be to God, we see noble, educated young ministers willing to be counted fools for Christ's sake if they may save his dear little ones. The heart of the Church feels a throb, and stirs with a pulse of new life; and I am almost ready to prophesy that before the coming of 1880 there will be a revolution throughout Zion; that children will be hailed as born expressly for the service of Christ; that religious men will see that they are, from the first, wards of the Church. They inherit a nature fallen in the first Adam but redeemed in the second, and such Christian culture must surround and train them that their hearts *shall decide for Christ in the first act of conscious choice*, that Christian influence shall be made stronger than diabolic. It is to be the aim of Zion to secure the following of Christ at the first call. Or, failing this, the sanctified energy of the Church will be bent to recover the children early, ere years of sin have hardened them against, and unfitted them for, the service of Christ.

To *save them from sin, to rescue them when they sin*—this is becoming the aim of the Church. Through our mistakes and failures, through our miscalculations, God is helping us onward. This is the problem of our age and of the Church of our time. This solved—and solved it will be—the true methods for childhood-conversion ascertained—and they will be—the true Christian nurture set in controlling operation—as it surely shall be—the mountain difficulties removed, the valley difficulties filled up, then cometh the glory seen by seer and saint. Then dismal war shall end, social wrongs shall perish, the echoes of the millennial song shall break upon our mountain sides, and swell over our prairie crests, and saved childhood shall take up the song of a saved world. God speed it!

CHAPTER XIX.

HIS LIFE IN THE FAMILY.

NO characterization of Dr. Eddy would approach completeness, which did not present a view of his domestic life. He lived much away from home, had many strong friendships, valued associations, and a multitude of pressing duties in the outside world. But with all these external obligations and delights, no man ever loved his home more devotedly, or appreciated more the blessedness of its rest and companionship. It was so sweet to have its sacred walls between him and the gaze of the world which every-where else was forever upon him. In all the fullness of his social life he reserved the supreme place for his family.

All that was tenderest, as well as most joyous in his nature, was exhibited in his associations with the household. From the beginning of his married life his wife was his trusted adviser in all business matters, and to her he gave his absolute confidence in every thing. His sermons were outlined to her before they were preached; his newspaper correspondence and editorials often discussed with her before being sent away for publication. To her he read every unusually important letter before it was mailed.

The foundations of his home were thus laid in that beautiful confidence upon which all true domestic happiness must rest.

Among his children he was playmate as well as father. He was so interested in whatever concerned them that they did not shrink from giving him their fullest confidence. No merriment was ever hushed by the sound of his footfall at the door, or his entrance into the room.

On the first of April every member of the family was sure to learn before night, from some practical joke of his, that it was All Fool's Day. Christmas was made a doxology and benediction in one, by the way he conducted its celebration. Choice presents for each were so pleasantly given as to double their value to the recipients. There lies before us as we write, an old note, never thrown away or lost, bearing date of December 25, 1863, which tells the manner in which he remembered his wife on that day. She found it with a sum of money inclosed, under her plate when she sat down to the breakfast table. The note runs thus :—

"MY DEAR WIFE :—The inclosed is a *black silk* dress in *small dimensions*. I could not find time to select it, and besides, I prefer you should do so, for then I know it will be so much better done. May you see many a 'merry Christmas!'"

When absent from home on a short trip to New York, about 1860, after writing to Mrs. Eddy, he

adds the following little letter to his youngest child, then three or four years old :—

"DEAR RAMIE :—I hope when I come home I will hear that my little boy has been good. I hope he has quit running away. I saw eight hundred boys and girls who are shut up on an island. Lots of them used to run away. *Now they can't.*

"What would you like me to bring you ? I do wish I knew. You must take care of the family. Don't let any body run off with my wife ; I will hold you responsible for her safety. YOUR PAPA."

In the year 1863 his brother, Rev. John R. Eddy, accepted the chaplaincy of an Indiana regiment, and went with it to join General Rosecrans' army in Tennessee. In the fight at Hoovers' Gap, the first time he was on the battle-field, Chaplain Eddy was instantly killed by a cannon shot while caring for the wounded. He was buried on the field, and for a time his grave was not identified. Three years later Dr. Eddy, with a party of friends, visited Murfreesborough having in view, among other objects, a visit to the spot where the remains of his brother were resting. While on this trip he wrote a letter addressed to his children, from which we give the following extract :—

"MURFREESBOROUGH, TENNESSEE, *November* 13, 1866.

"DEAR CHILDREN :—We went every-where we could yesterday about Nashville battle-ground. Ar-

rived on the site of the Stone River Cemetery at ten o'clock, where we got off. It is a beautiful spot, and at the center of the Stone River battle-ground. For miles around it was all one great field of slaughter. Trees are shot to pieces; relics of death and destruction are every-where. Here nearly five thousand Union dead are buried. We found your Uncle John's grave. He was buried with the dead of Hoover's Gap a year ago, and the mound marked, 'Unknown.'

"The identification was made complete a short time since, and now the grave is properly marked. A broad avenue is named for him. It was a privilege, though a mournful one, to stand and weep at his grave. We were met by a Government team which carried us over the battle-ground, and we were then driven into Murfreesborough. All around the town is a chain of fortifications, where very lately cannon bristled. Here are block-houses from which our sharpshooters picked off rebels at long range.

"There are cotton fields growing here now, from which we gathered some balls. We have seen the cotton-gin at work; we have heard rebel soldiers telling exploits, have seen darkies by the thousand, big darkies and little darkies, and have seen 'Dixie.' The climate is delightful, the scenery romantic. To-morrow morning a party of us are to be off for the mountains — Chattanooga, Lookout, and Mission Ridge. Doesn't it seem strange?

"Do the very best you can until Saturday morning, when I hope to reach my own much-loved home."

There were four children in the family; the eldest and youngest were sons, the second and third daughters. Up to the time of leaving Chicago all had remained together at home. But when he removed to Baltimore, Augustus, the eldest, remained behind, being in the employ of one of the most prominent business houses in the city. A new phase of Dr. Eddy's character then appeared in his correspondence with his son. In it he reveals his estimate of life, his view of the relations of religion to business, his idea of what constitutes real success, not as he would state them in the generalizations of a sermon, but as he felt them for his own child, which was as he would have felt them for himself. These letters would make a volume worthy of separate publication, so replete are they with wise counsel, fatherly sympathy, religious instruction, and exalted views of business life. They enter into the consideration of every interest of his life. They encourage him to close and unselfish devotion to his employer's interests; they discuss the relation between the business man and his *employes;* they give advice concerning the use to be made of his time outside of business hours; they speak of the value of devoting certain hours to Christian work; of the proper disposition of earnings, so as to avoid extravagance on one hand and parsimony on the other, while they urge the necessity of taking the heavenly Father into his busi-

ness confidence, and accounting faithfully to him for all receipts and expenditures; they present exalted views of the value of a pure soul, and of obedience to God as a shield from wrong, and faith in God as a source of courage.

Before the Chicago fire his son had begun business for himself, and, with thousands of others, he suffered the loss of store and goods in the great catastrophe. In that hour of amazement and uncertainty, Dr. Eddy writes a wise and loving letter, in which he carefully, but hopefully, reviews the whole situation. In it he says, "I cannot read the dispensations of Providence, but I feel so grateful that you are spared in life and limb, and that your eyes are saved, that I cannot murmur. Chicago will rise again." He then advises the renewal of the business venture, and adds his expression of faith in God as inseparably related to temporal success.

Through all these letters there is breathed the spirit of an elevated manhood. He talks about business, trade, economy, financiering, accumulation, but shows all the while a soul infinitely above sordidness, selfishness, illiberality, or a mere living for worldly gain. He has caught the secret of advising how to do all things skillfully and discreetly in traffic, and yet doing them "as unto the Lord." In this sentence he seems to have formulated the philosophy of life: "Only obligation *assumed* will hold us steady to duty, and duty alone will secure us joy." Could we

place these letters before the reader, they would give an insight into Dr. Eddy's life, and become a eulogy on his character beyond any words we are able to write.

In the spring of 1870 his eldest daughter was married to Mr. O. H. Hasselman, of Indianapolis, and left the parental roof for her new home in that beautiful western city. Dr. Eddy felt keenly, as many other hearts have done, this break in the circle of the family. In his nature, as is frequently the case, the two veins of merriment and pathos ran close to each other. His sympathies were as quick as his sense of humor. Here is one of his first letters to this daughter after her marriage.

"BALTIMORE, *May* 3, 1870.

"DEAR DAUGHTER:—Your two letters were received, and brought gladness with them. You must write often; you are greatly missed, and, unless letters come frequently, your mother will grieve for you. She bore up bravely until last Sunday. Your sister had gone to Washington; it was communion-day, and only she and Ramie were in the pew, so, coming home, she fairly broke down.

"There are many things I want to say, but in the hey-dey of excitement advice goes for little. Yet I trust you realize this change of yours is for life. It is no summer habit, to be worn in sunshine, and doffed when cloudy days come. Mutual love, forbearance, concession, and mutual care for each other's happi-

ness, make wedded life a long joy and benediction—want of them, something else. You have much decision; but, entering upon life for yourself, you are to stand for your faith as never before. Your influence is to be more potential than ever. If you begin right, your hardest conflict is passed already. We remember our absent children in our morning and evening prayers. I don't want you to grow homesick. Your home is where your husband is, and you are to make it happy for him. Yet you can find room enough in your heart for the new loves without crowding out the old."

At times he enters cheerily into the matters of transient interest, and details the little passing events of the day, that so successfully recall to the minds of the absent ones dear and familiar scenes. The following "chatty" letter is written to three of his children, who were at the time in Indianapolis :—

"BALTIMORE, *November* 5, 1870.

"MY DEAR CHILDREN :—It is Saturday night, and after a busy day, full of interruptions and out-door cares, I have prepared an outline of the one sermon I preach to-morrow, and will scribble a note to *you all.* Our revival meeetings have been full of interest. More than seventy have been forward for prayers, most of them converted. To-morrow many will unite with the Church—among them Mr. W. L. Old Mr. B. and Mr. W. are under deep conviction. It

is a thing for immeasurable gratitude when the heart is given to God, and for unspeakable joy, when it trusts in Christ as a present Saviour! I pray daily for each of you, and that all we call ours, may be Christ's!

"What balmy weather! such golden glory! such Indian-summer beauty! It is now November 5th, and no fire in the furnace.

"The Bishops are here. Bishop Simpson has been delayed by the tardy arrival of the *Idaho*, bringing his daughter from Europe. To-morrow Bishop Clark is to preach for me. To-day the Bishops visited the new church and were highly delighted; we all then dined at Mr. Kelso's.

"Last Wednesday I married Mrs. G. Your ma will write about Mr. P's wedding: how we and E. W. took a carriage and went to the reception an hour after it was over—how the people never let on at first—how the bride and groom came down to see us—how we felt decidedly go-through-the-floor-ish—how we were obliged to stop for refreshments, and swallowed our mortification with terrapin, oysters, and *sich*—all this, and what the bride wore, etc., all this, I repeat, she will write—my talent isn't equal to the occasion.

"Raymond will write also, but for a week past he has been busy in seeing to the construction of his 'Derby walking-coat,' double-breasted vest, and stunning trowsers—all, compelling a walk with his mother to-day, and an explanation of the value of neck-ties—

and when he writes he will tell you how Grimalkin has devoured our bird, and such other local news as will stun you.

"Now, Ollie, you are to be strong-hearted and joyful in your new home. Be full of cheerfulness and brightness. Lida must begin to wind up her visit, for I can't run this machine without more hands.

"Give my love to Mr. and Mrs. H., and grandma—the salt in the earth of all of you. And you are all to write often, and to love us very much, and pray for us."

The days sped by in their ceaseless flight, and his loving heart found occasion to open and receive among its treasures *the first grandchild.* Only a single sentence in the letter next given alludes to this new candidate for his affection, but how much of meaning there is in that: "*Your darling baby sends us on into dreamland, and sets us to all sorts of fancy-building.*" By some subtle metempsychosis his soul entered into the life of that new-born child, and was never to be separated from it. Henceforth it became a part of himself. He was gladdened through its smiles, saddened by its tears, delighted in its plays and pleasures.

Here is an extract from the letter containing the quotation just given:

"BALTIMORE, *February* 8, 1871.

"DEAR DAUGHTER:—I wrote your ma yesterday, and this staid old city is not so prolific of incident as to furnish material for a 'daily' on a blanket sheet,

printed full in *agate.* Gertie W. marries next Wednesday at 6 P M., in the church ; reception a week later. Poor Mrs. K. called to day to give me data for her husband's memoir. Sad mission ! Suppose it were your ma going somewhere on such an errand ! Yet it might have been. God has been good to us, my child ; we are scattered, but we all live, and your darling baby sends us on into dreamland, and sets us to all sorts of fancy-building.

"I have been on the go ever since I returned, and this afternoon I am compelled to rest or be sick, so I am resting as well as one can who has a constant rush of calls. To day Lida had a call from some woman who wanted to see me. She had lost her sons in the Confederate Army.

"Well, your ma and the ladies are now all up for Section Sociables, and want me to organize them.

"You will let the little gray-eyed woman come home soon, won't you ? You have had a good long visit and had her mostly to yourself, so you will please give her your blessing and baby's, and send her home to her dependent husband and helpless offspring !

"Tell W. any month with an 'r' in it the oysters shall shell out at his coming."

The joyous and mirthful emotions so abounded in him that they pervaded the atmosphere of his home, and were more frequently manifested than the grave and somber.

He made the family group at the fireside or around the table a *school* for curious questions, careful pronunciation, and accurate use of language, as well as for puns, and stories.

He delighted in good-natured jokes, at the expense of the children, but enjoyed even more those of which he was himself the subject. And, with all this gleefulness, he managed to mingle instruction, and counsel.

He was exceedingly fond of children, always stopping to speak to the little ones he met on the street, or to have a romp with those he found in the cars, or the homes of his friends.

As his little granddaughter came to walk and talk, he and she became not only friends, but, as opportunity afforded, companions. They would take their strolls hand in hand, and on their return to the house he delighted to have her in the study with him, busying herself with pencil and paper, or interrupting him with questions or stories; and he was never too much engaged to give her his attention when she asked it. Here is a letter written to her in 1874, after one of her visits to him:—

"DEAR ANNA:—Be a good girl; say your prayers every day, so the Lord will love you. Ask him to bless your grandpa and grandma, and all your friends. Do you remember our song?—

"There was a boy and his name was Ned,
And O, his hair was fiery red;
There was a boy and his name was Jim,
He got wet when he went to swim;

There was a boy and his name was Jack,
And his mother gave him an awful whack;
There was a boy and his name was Joe,
They sent him into the garden to hoe.

"Here are your little books.

"GRANDPA EDDY."

Thus the strong, busy man could reach down to the mind and capacity of childhood, to become its playmate and friend. No trait of his character was more beautiful. His religious life in the home was true and deep. There was no cant about it, and, therefore, his household venerated it, and felt its power. At the family altar each child and guest and servant was remembered personally before God, and the prayer was made to suit the special needs of the day, and was, therefore, fresh and varied every morning and evening.

He always spent the last few moments of the morning, before going out to the day's duties, in private devotion, and there was no press of engagements, nor presence of visitors, that was ever allowed to interfere with this sacred season of divine communion. He thus began each day's work with God's benediction upon him. He carried all that was brightest of his life into his home as a contribution to its happiness. He loved his wife and children with an immeasurable affection, and so ordered his household that it was a joy and blessing to all its members. Nowhere on earth is he more missed. In

no place will the influence of his life continue longer, or shine more brightly.

His second daughter, Lida, was married to Mr. Lewis C. Tallmadge, of Washington City, in the spring of 1874. It was the third child who had gone out from his home to build others for themselves, and her going was a trying event for him. The following letter to her gives some expression to the loneliness he felt because of her absence :—

"NEW YORK, MISSION ROOMS, *April* 16, 1874.

"DEAR DAUGHTER :—Your welcome letters have made our hearts glad. We miss you so much. True, the house is full, but you are none the less gone. We miss your voice at the piano, your step, your laugh. Yet such is God's order. After you left I was quite sick, and, what is so unusual for me, my throat was severely affected. Dr. N. told me frankly that I had narrowly escaped a breaking down of my system. I am better to-day, but ought not to be at work if I could help it. A. and family are gone. I hope they will soon be back again.

"We send you both our love and our blessing. You begin your married life in the fear and service of the Lord, which is better than silver and gold. God bless you! Give my faithful love to mother, and affectionate greeting to Jennie and the household."

The following letter, which was written as a New-Year's remembrance to his children in Chicago, shall close this chapter :—

"NEW YORK, *January* 2, 1873.

"MY DEAR CHILDREN:—We send you the compliments of the season, and if good wishes from hearts which never cease to love could secure it, you would have the happiest New Year of all your life. The flight of time suggests endless moralizing, which I spare you. You have both, no doubt, considered how much nearer we come to the end of time! The last year passed quickly, yet how many changes! Gods mercy has abounded to us; we have been near great sorrow—so near that its chill breath blew upon us out of the unseen land, but God held it back. Your ma and I sat alone much of yesterday silently thankful that we are spared to each other, and that no break has been made in the chain of our children.

"Consecrate yourselves anew to Him with the opening year, and let the offering be daily renewed. Duty is an angel who will not be repulsed without harm to ourselves. Duty and sacrifice are rugged guides, but after them comes the Angel of Glory, scepter in hand and with an aureole about his brow! We step into the future as one goes into the dark, and yet if one hand be laid in Christ's we may walk surely, for darkness and light are alike to him.

"May the Lord of the household be your guide! May a daily and abiding assurance that you are his dear children be with you! We crave for you worldly prosperity and all that can add to your happiness which this world can bring you, but, above all, the blessing of the Saviour."

Could we see him as he was in the circle about his own fireside, and listen to his amusing stories—could we hear his merry laughter and catch the words of his converse with his dear ones, and then share the tender and hallowed influence of his morning and evening prayers—we should know better the joy that *was*, and realize more fully the desolation which came when he was taken away.

CHAPTER XX.

METROPOLITAN CHURCH.

ON the 8th of March, 1872, Dr. Eddy received his appointment to Metropolitan Church, Washington City. His pastorate here was so short as to require little more than the mere mention of it, as a brief chapter in a busy career.

The three years just behind him were among the happiest and most successful of his life, and the field to which he was going was one of the most important in Methodism. He suffered the pain which every itinerant minister feels on severing valued and loved associations. Every conceivable token of affection was bestowed upon him by the parishioners from whom he was parting. Presents of all sorts, and many of great value, were showered upon him and his family. One brother handed him an envelope containing his card and a hundred dollars; a lady gave him another containing fifty. Many grateful letters came to him from those who had been converted under his labors, and from others to whom he had ministered in affliction. The quarterly conference of his Church passed the most complimentary and appreciative resolutions concerning his pastorate with them. And as he took his departure many of

his people came to the depot to bid him good-bye there.

He was cordially welcomed by the people of his new charge. The trustees and their wives, with the outgoing pastor and wife, and his sister, Mrs. Somers, were at the parsonage to receive him; and his own mother, residing with his sister in Washington, was among the company of those who met to greet him on his arrival.

Demonstrations of kindness met him on every hand. On his first Sabbath beautiful flowers from the White House were placed on the pulpit, and though the day was stormy the house was full, chairs being used in the aisles. The President and Vice-President, with their wives, the Japanese Embassy, and many other persons of much note were present. He preached an earnest Gospel sermon to these distinguished hearers. At night the congregation was again large, and he has left us the record that "much deep religious feeling was manifested under the sermon." He says, "I am sure we shall be happy here."

With characteristic energy he began his work. He visited every family in the charge before the first of May. He preached to large congregations, and at the annual renting of pews the full average number were taken. His sermons were equal to the best efforts of his life. Many prominent men in public stations, who had long been his personal friends, at once became attendants upon his ministry. Thus all things were taking shape for a successful term,

when on the first of May—less than two months after receiving his appointment—he left for the session of the General Conference to be held in Brooklyn.

Dr. Eddy was for the fifth time consecutively a delegate to the General Conference. As a member of that body he was active and influential. In debate he was ready and courteous, and in voting wise and independent. But his services were especially valuable in the committee-room, where the real work of the General Conference is chiefly done.

An election to the Missionary Secretaryship called him to another and wider field of labor, and ended his work as a pastor.

During these weeks in Brooklyn he was hospitably entertained in the family of Mr. George I. Seney, to whom he greatly endeared himself by his genial manners, and for whom he ever afterward cherished the warmest friendship.

CHAPTER XXI.

MISSIONARY SECRETARYSHIP.

THE General Conference of 1872 decided to elect three Corresponding Secretaries for the Missionary Society of the Church, and on the 27th of May Rev. R. L. Dashiell, D.D., Rev. T. M. Eddy, D.D., and Rev. J. M. Reid, D.D., were all chosen on the same ballot to fill these positions.

During the greater part of the Society's history there had been but one Corresponding Secretary, who was furnished with an assistant, or assistants, as the necessities of the work required. But the constitution of the Missionary Society was now so amended and the Discipline of the Church so changed as to make the Secretaries equal in rank and authority.

The position to which Dr. Eddy, with his associates, was thus called, brought him into immediate official relations with the entire denomination in every part of the world. He was an executive officer of a society which extended all through his own country, and into many foreign lands.

The secretaries were charged with the immense task of stimulating voluntary collections, which aggregated $600,000 to $800,000 annually—collections taken by every society in the connection, and the

amount of which depended upon the intelligence and liberality of the givers.

They were largely depended upon to furnish information which should increase the knowledge of mission work among the people, and quicken their love for the cause. They were to distribute these great sums through the appointed channels, and to see that every missionary received his allowance at the proper time. Supervision was to be given to the foreign mission fields; they were to keep themselves fully informed of the state and needs of the work in all its details, and be ready to supply at all times its just demands.

A paper was to be edited, giving full accounts of the work, its operations and results, so as to diffuse missionary intelligence throughout the Church.

An immense correspondence was to be kept up with the foreign fields, men were to be found to take the places of those who died or became disabled, and to enter new stations as God opened the way.

This was merely the office work, which was further increased by the vast home correspondence, and those innumerable details which can never be classified, and yet which forever multiply.

There were, besides these onerous duties, visits to make to the Annual Conferences in the spring and fall, when sometimes the Secretaries found it necessary to reach two or even three Conferences a week, traveling over the long intervening distances by night as well as day, delivering weekly five or six sermons and set

addresses. At other seasons a series of missionary conventions would be held, extending into many States. And, still further, they were to respond as far as possible to the call for help in particular Churches, by preaching and taking missionary collections. The territory within which these demands might properly be made upon them was the whole of the United States.

As soon as possible Dr. Eddy entered upon the duties of his new and responsible position, and made all his arrangements with a view of giving them his entire time and strength.

He secured for his residence a house within five minutes' walk of the Mission Rooms, that he might give more hours to his desk, and be within easy reach of any call upon him for consultation or assistance made by persons passing through, or visiting the city.

He and both his colleagues were well known as popular preachers and platform speakers, and as successful managers of the collections at Church dedications, and from their central position the number of such calls was likely to largely increase. An agreement was made among the Secretaries, at the instance of Dr. Eddy, that all such outside invitations should be declined, in order that they might give themselves wholly to the duties of their positions. To this arrangement Dr. Eddy steadily adhered, though often to his financial disadvantage, and against the remonstrances of brethren anxious for his assistance.

It was further agreed that nothing should be determined or done without the concurrence of all. In observing all these regulations Dr. Eddy was most conscientious, and was always most affable, courteous, and genial in his intercourse with his fellow-officials.

While there was this unity of management in the Mission Rooms, it was decided best to distribute the work of the office, so that each Secretary might know precisely what was expected of him, and, by having a special department, might become better acquainted with the details of its duties.

In pursuance of this arrangement, Dr. Eddy received charge of all the correspondence of the Society connected with the Missions of Bulgaria, India, and Mexico. There was also assigned him all the correspondence growing out of the Indian Agencies which were placed under the supervision of the Methodist Episcopal Church by the Government in connection with the "peace policy" inaugurated by President Grant. In addition to these duties, he was also given editorial charge of the "Missionary Advocate."

An appropriation for a mission in Mexico had been made more than a year before by the General Committee, and was still available when this work was placed under Dr. Eddy's special supervision. The ground had not yet, however, been actually occupied. The Episcopalians were already in the field, and the conversion of the eloquent Padre Aguas, and his stirring sermons in the city of Mexico, had quickened

the zeal of all the Protestant Churches for the evangelization of that country.

The Presbyterians were just preparing to begin operations there. The conflict between the ecclesiastical and the civil power was at its height. President Lerdo was the friend of religious liberty, and encouraged the entrance of all religious denominations into the country. Our national safety required that this, our nearest neighbor, separated from us by only an imaginary line, should have a purer faith, and better opportunities for enlightenment and progress. In view of all these considerations, Dr. Eddy and his colleagues determined that the mission should be forthwith initiated. All possible preliminary preparations were made, and the actual opening of the mission was only delayed for the final approval of the General Committee, which was to meet in November. Dr. Butler was fixed upon as superintendent, and Hon. W C. De Pauw, of New Albany, Indiana, the personal friend of Dr. Eddy, pledged the sum of $5,000 as a special gift toward beginning the work. So that when the General Committee renewed its appropriation for Mexico all things were ready for actual operations.

Rev. Thomas Carter was appointed to accompany Dr. Butler, and before the close of the year 1873 Bishop Haven was in Mexico negotiating for the property which was afterward purchased for the mission.

The rapid movements by which this great enter-

prise was so quickly and efficiently organized were chiefly due to the energy of Dr. Eddy, as the Secretary under whose special care it was placed. The cloisters of San Francisco in the city of Mexico, and the Church of the Inquisition in Puebla—indeed, this whole mission—is monumental to his memory.

The old and prosperous mission in India felt the inspiration of his vigorous administration. When he took charge of it the force of missionaries had been greatly reduced from various causes, and the call for re-enforcements came up from all directions. A half dozen of the most experienced missionaries were in the United States and England, and others, though still in the field, were suffering from the debilitating effects of the climate, and very much needed relief. He addressed himself promptly and energetically to the task of strengthening the active force. In a few months two new missionaries, Mr. Cherrington and Mr. B. H. Badley, had been appointed, and Rev. J. D. Brown had returned. Before the close of the year 1873 Messrs. Waugh, Knowles, Mansell, Wheeler, and Thomas, old missionaries, had returned, and the new men, Messrs. Gray, Scott, M'Henry, and Mudge, had been sent out additional.

Special attention was also given to the real estate of the mission. The old property was improved, and new purchases made.

Besides his official correspondence, carried on with the proper officers, he entered into extensive personal communication with various missionaries, hoping

thus to gain an interior view of the work and its needs, of the men and their struggles, which he could obtain in no other manner. In all these ways he greatly endeared himself to these brethren, who felt his death, when it came, as a personal bereavement. The following letter from Rev. J. M. Thoburn, one of the presiding elders in India, bears testimony to the high esteem in which Dr. Eddy was held by the missionaries themselves. Writing from Madras, India, under date of December 3, 1878, he says :—

"Dr. Eddy left a most favorable impression on all the missionaries who came in contact with him. They were made to feel that he was one with them in a common interest for their peculiar work ; and they still speak of the irrepressible zeal which he constantly manifested in connection with his labors as secretary. My own brief correspondence with him was exceedingly satisfactory. He succeeded in interpreting my exact meaning in a way that is rarely done by persons reading a letter which has been written on the opposite side of the globe. He comprehended the bearings of each particular case, and his promptitude in attending to our requests was really marvellous. In one letter I asked him for two men for a certain work, describing the kind of men needed at some length; but, knowing that men with such qualifications are not easily found, I did not expect a quick response. Soon after getting my letter Dr. Eddy went out to the Chautauqua Assembly, com-

municated with the young men assembled there, selected two, and in a few weeks they were on their way to India.

"Both have succeeded exceptionally well. On another occasion I asked for a man with special qualifications, and in less than one week a gifted and cultured young man had been sought out, appealed to, transferred by the Bishops, and was making his arrangements for India. About equal promptitude was displayed in securing an able young medical missionary for an important post in the North India Mission.

"The value of these services to us is inestimable, and can only be appreciated by those who know the difficulties in the way of securing suitable men on short notice for these lands. Indeed, in all our mission fields Dr. Eddy's death was felt to be a peculiar loss to the missionaries themselves. He had but entered upon his work, and was just getting sufficiently acquainted with it to be able to bring his rare administrative abilities freely to bear upon it. Had he lived he could hardly have failed to succeed in a still larger degree than during his brief administration. The duties of a Missionary Society are such as call for a very rare order of talent, and this he seemed to possess in a very large measure indeed. Comparatively few men have the faculty of seeing a strange country as it really is, of comprehending a strange situation, of laying down a policy which shall be flexible at every point, and yet weak at none; of knowing men,

and especially of knowing how to adjust all manner of men to appropriate functions.

"In all these points Dr. Eddy was an able and ready man, and, with his religious fervor and adamantine faith, eminently well fitted for the post to which the Church had called him. All our missionaries mourn that he was not spared longer to a work for which he seemed so admirably adapted; but we can only bow to the will of Him to whom the work and the workmen alike belong."

The Bulgarian Mission was anything but a promising field. All the American force had returned home, leaving only the natives to hold the ground. It was a question whether it should be abandoned, or efforts made to resuscitate it. Dr. Eddy felt that a new administration should not begin by a retreat at any point. He, therefore, undertook the task of reorganizing this mission and of making it efficient. Rev. F W. Flocken was sent back as superintendent, taking three other missionaries with him, and broad and generous plans were formed to quicken this work into vigorous life. But the financial distresses of our country increased so rapidly as to interfere with his designs, and the dreadful war, which has since then devastated Bulgaria, has rendered this as yet a harvestless field. The obstacles were insurmountable, and the enterprise had for the time to be postponed.

The Indian agencies were to him a very laborious and embarrassing charge, and the correspondence which they imposed difficult and vexations. Fourteen

of these were assigned to the care of the Methodist Episcopal Church and by the Church, to the care of Dr. Eddy. Three of them were in California, three in Washington Territory, two in Oregon, three in Montana, two in Idaho, and one in Michigan.

To find suitable religious agents for these, and through them to obtain reliable subordinates to co-operate in the work of civilizing and Christianizing these children of the forests, to encourage religious services, schools, and industrial pursuits at every post, to attend to the numerous complaints from Washington and from the posts, was work enough to occupy the whole time and thought of one man, but it was only a fraction of Dr. Eddy's official duties. His interest in these Indian tribes was genuine and deep, and he made a firm resistance against the fraud, intemperance, and licentiousness of which they were the victims.

In January, 1870, the first number of the *new series* of the "Missionary Advocate" was issued. It was twice the size of the old paper, was changed from a quarto to an octavo in form, and was regularly illustrated. Dr. Eddy gave much care to its editorship, and had the satisfaction of seeing it steadily increase in favor with the Church, until before his death it had reached a circulation of a hundred thousand, the largest of any like periodical in the world.

All this work was done in the office and at his desk through the day, or at his home in the evenings, and the Church knew little of its volume and anxieties. Then came the burden of the hard times,

with the increasing difficulty of keeping up the collections, while the cause of missions seemed to call imperatively and constantly for enlarged operations, and an increase of funds.

This pressure of the times, coupled with the needs of the Society, inspired him with still greater zeal, and stimulated him to yet more intense exertion. He went abroad through the land speaking the best words of his life in unanswerable logic, and moving appeals in behalf of benighted and perishing millions.

At the Missionary Conventions, on the camp grounds, in the great churches of the large cities, and the smaller ones, the towns and villages, as well as before the Annual Conferences, he was a flame of fire—an inspired evangelist, arousing, warning, and enlightening the Church on this great subject.

The following is an extract from an address delivered by Dr. Eddy before the Northern New York Conference a short time before his death. On that occasion for almost an hour and a half he held a large audience spell-bound by his recital of the marvelous work accomplished by the Missionary Society, and by his thrilling pictures of the boundless possibilities which spread out before it:—

OUR MISSIONARY SOCIETY: ITS AIMS, SUCCESS, AND OBLIGATIONS.

The Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, which means the Church transacting its missionary work through a Board of Managers and general Missionary Committee, chosen by the General Conference, is an organization simple, symmetri-

cal, and sinewy. Its methods of raising supplies are direct, inexpensive, and not subversive of the rights and relations of pastors and people. Its disbursements are also direct, and the connection between the open hand which gives and the needy hand which receives is short and free from complication. It has a home missionary polity as broad and comprehensive as any in Christendom. Among the many hundred thousands who come to our States and Territories from abroad, it has active and successful missions in seven different languages, to which must be added those among the American Indians. Among these polyglotic converts it has a membership about fifty thousand strong, nearly one thousand laborers, and thousands of children in our Sunday-schools, and has gained some millions worth of Church property, and organized a successful evangelistic literature. Among those who speak our own tongue, wherein we were born, it has first a wide band of frontier missions. Among brave, adventurous men and women who have turned their faces toward the setting sun, and, amid the slopes of the Rocky Mountains, the gorges and cañons of the Western rivers, and in the broad seas of prairies where earth and sky meet and mingle, whose upheaved ridges suggest the long swells of ocean, we are planting the imperial and controlling power of this great Republic. Such souls are precious as rubies, and we cannot too early or carefully look after their wants.

Southward, where rolled and tossed the waves of war, have been gathered nearly a quarter of a million of men and women from whom war has, only of late, stricken the chains. The missions of our Church are there, because God hath so bidden. Not more manifest his flaming pillar of old than the providential indications which guided us. The duty was laid upon us, and we cannot desert those to whom the Lord hath sent us. Think what that desertion would involve! It would mean national peril of the gravest character. We are a great and strong people, but not strong enough to carry millions of ignorant, almost barbarous, voters. We must stay to fit those people for the duties of citizenship. If we abandon them, there is peril that they will sink into semi, if not actual, pagan-

ism. The climate and generous soil invite to indolence, the hot blood of the tropics to sensualism and fanaticism, and modified idolatry is not then far to seek. Upon us is laid the solemn duty of preventing so unspeakable a calamity.

There is yet another class of home missions—those scattered through the various parts of our older work. Isolated points; villages rising into strength, but weak, as yet; nooks and corners neglected and untaught, but for us. The Church is jealous that these shall be honestly administered, and careful that they shall not be neglected.

Sir, I concede there is demand for wisdom in administration, but we must maintain our home work. This country saved, means a great Christian power standing on the pathway of the nations. Its Christianity is menaced by political corruption eating into its heart; by a lifeless and cumbrous formalism binding its orthodoxy; by heartless unbelief, which openly assails its honored faith and blasphemes its sacred truths; by superstition, imported and home-grown; by a crafty Machiavelian ecclesiasticism, which seeks, through victories in the New World, to make amends for disastrous losses sustained abroad, and by incoming paganism, which already sets up its altars and bows before its idols. It must be saved, and to do so, a wise provision must take the ground in advance, and hold it. Heroic effort must be made to dislodge fortified evil. Only pure religion, the Gospel of light and life, of clear truth and supernatural power, can save it.

ABROAD.

Its work abroad may be spoken of hopefully. It has two great aspects:—

1. Missions in lands nominally Christian, but either corrupted in doctrine or holding the truth, so overlaid with cumbrous forms as to be powerless.

2. And then among non-Christian people. As to the first, they are undertaken partly in self-defense. We must meet the error they are sending hither; their sons and their ceremonies are pouring upon us. If possible, we must make the war of defense also a war of invasion. We also go because we are

wanted. The earnest souls who desire to burst their bands and enter into Christian liberty, need us. They must be aided in their unequal struggle. We go because our victories here compel us. What is German or Scandinavian Methodism but the logical consequence of the success God has given among those peoples here? The converts have gone home to tell what great things the Lord hath done for them. Their work has grown and multiplied, and we could not refuse it our sympathy and support.

As to our work among Papal peoples on this hemisphere, in the South American and Mexican Republics, if there is any man who is convinced that it would be a good thing for us to have for neighbors a chain of Republics whose religion is in deadly hostility to our own, and whose priesthood has always been anti-republican, why, of course, I can say nothing to convince him. If any Protestant feels content to assign to as bad a form of Papacy as the sun ever shone upon, the fairest portions of the New World, of course I may not hope to convince him. If any Christian believes it best to assign thirty-two millions of people to abject superstition, to the exclusion of the word of Life, to a priesthood which eschews the Gospel, why, I may not hope to convince him. To all others our call to enter those republics to found Christian institutions, to create Christian culture, and to inspire Christian life, will be too clear to be questioned, too audible for any misunderstanding, too potential for any hesitation. Neighborship, self-preservation, fraternity, all command this work at our hands.

Among non-Christian powers our work has been assigned us at centers of commanding influence. In Asia we are in the center of Japanese thought; in China, where both commercial and literary agencies may be made auxiliary. In India, in one Conference, we have the noblest dialects of those peoples, the dialects of oratory and scholarship, and the best Hindu stocks. In the missions of Bombay and Bengal we have access to the European and Eurasian peoples, and through them to the various tongues of Mohammedan and Hindu millions. Among such subjects oratory, the press, song, all the agencies of power we can wield at home, can be brought into play.

Even in unpromising Africa we are where the Master honored us, in that we have aided to keep alive a Republic which was largely instrumental in the destruction of the infamous slave-trade, and is made ready as a base of operations upon that interior world opened by the explorations of such brave missionary heroes as Livingstone, whose dust England brings home to sleep in her great Abbey, among heroes, statesmen, and poets.

In the places we hold, Gospel triumphs will not be barren, but at once productive. These cannot be abandoned. They have cost too much of time, of money, and of that thing more valuable than diamonds—human life. It would imply the desertion of converts who come to our altars relying upon our fellowship and protection. They have broken their old friendships, dissolved their old associations, have been excluded from their castes and national franchises, and our abandonment would be the climax of cowardice and bad faith. It would be the desertion of the field when we have secured the material for glorious victory. Generals have done that sometimes, but have gained small honor thereby. We have gone forward at great cost, until we have mastered languages and created a Methodist missionary literature; until we have secured the native ministry, for which our prayers have ascended, and have our hands upon the childhood and youth of paganism, and are now ready for a grand advance. "Forward, all along the line," is now the command of opportunity and Providence. It would be retreat in the hour of the world's surrender. It has thrown down its walls of exclusion, and we are free to advance over the lands of Mohammed, of Brahm and Buddh, of Pontiff and pagan. The thought of to-day surrenders old faiths, grows weary of altars without merit, of dumb idols, which can neither love nor save. It does not yet bow to Jesus Christ of Nazareth, but it no longer organizes armies against, or builds prisons for, his followers. Retreat now would be from the presence of a conquered enemy, who awaits the terms of surrender Christianity may dictate. But no such word as surrender is thought of by the Church. It does not mean to abandon all it has gained, and to throw away its most convincing proof of

true Christliness. In very fact, nothing can claim to be Christian which does not, at the least, attempt obedience to the great commission. That was the constitution of Christianity, and must remain its organic law. It is not an accident, but is essential to its life.

Methodism has defects, no doubt, for our neighbors tell us so, but it has not been wont to be treasonable or cowardly. But why did not the missionary authorities, when they met last November, take the unsettled condition of finance into account, and lessen their estimates? That question is often asked, and ought to be answered.

They did take the panic into account. They deliberated over it, prayed over it, and were duly alarmed by it. As to the non-reduction of appropriations, they did reduce below what they ought to receive. That was conceded on all hands. They closed their ears against appeals for aid, declined new enterprises; refused to purchase needed property and to send out sadly needed re enforcements. But some things they could not do. They could not blot out the achievements of the year preceding and the years before. The work had grown to such proportions that it could not be reduced. You cannot say to your boy of sixteen, whose boots are costing so much, that he must go back to the tiny shoes of ten years before. They were very good shoes, no doubt, but the feet have grown. Panic or no panic, times easy or hard, nothing less than number eight will fit him.

This homely illustration demonstrates that we must accept and provide for the law of growth. Our Master had sent prosperity. He had given great victories, and their magnitude embarrassed us. He had opened the heavens, and rain had fallen. He had broken the opposing lines. In short, he had gone on as if the panic was nothing to him. He still claimed the earth and the fullness thereof. Who ordered it that the rapid extension of the work in China made a demand for so many additional laborers last year, now upon our hands for support? By whose order had it come to pass that within a year after we entered Mexico we were holding a situation on the very ground where stood the palace of the Montezumas,

and where the religion of the Aztecs was overthrown? And, also, that the old Spanish Inquisition of Mexico should be in our hands?

We had done very little for the mission of Taylor, but it kept on growing. We couldn't help that; and so Taylor and Thoburn are crying for twelve men to come on the basis of self-support. Were we to blame for that? We had sent no new men to Sweden, and almost no help for Churches; but the revival went on; men were found; chapels were erected, and there stood the men and a thousand new converts behind them. Could we help that? The Secretaries had not been ardent as to Italy, but the way had been opened; Bologna, Florence, and at last Rome, opened their gates to receive us.

We advised *recession*. We urged that we must retrench. But facts are God's arguments, major, minor, and conclusion, and the facts were too strong for us. And so, while nominally there was a small reduction, really all contingent claims having been stricken out, the estimate was larger than before. The executive officers of the society accepted the decision of the committee, and have gone to the Church, and what shall we say to it?

We will tell it by our own lips and through yours, that it stands before the world, before history, before God's angels who desire to look into the mystery of redemption, as the body of which Christ is head, his representative; it acts for him, speaks for him, is his steward to dispense the rich treasures of the earth. High above all temporal claims towers the obligation to do his work and save the souls for whom he shed his blood. Let us remind it of the times upon which the Church of to-day has come. O, it is an honor above the time of martyrdom to live now as Christ's representative! Paul trod through Asia Minor on foot, we send your representatives by ringing rail and plowing steamer. We flash in an instance a message around it. In the days of our Methodist fathers they found the wall of opposition high and close; for us the angel sappers and miners have wrought and laid it low—even to the ground. Wesley ascended when his hymns were sung in only one language; the Methodism of to-day sings them in hundreds of

dialects. All appliances are at our command. There is dismay in the camp of the enemy—let there be courage in ours.

Tell the Church that the want of to-day is appreciative consecration. It ought to see these stately opportunities, and come in full, entire surrender to the altar of God, and devote all to the duties of the hour. The conversion of the world waits upon the consecration of the Church. "All the Lord's," will be the battle-cry before which the affrighted hosts of hell shall fly. "All the Lord's," will carry heart-power, brain-power, song-power into the conflict. Never yet has the Church been fully earnest in desire for universal salvation. Never yet has it felt the great importuning grace which will give the Lord no rest until he pour out his Spirit without measure.

With all due respect, I submit if there is yet such a spirit of aggressive chivalry on the ministers of Christ, as the times and their sublime possibilities demand? How few of us feel that we are disgraced while sin continues to abound! Alas, that we live in a time when an earnest minister is spoken of as an exception! O, for a heroic ministry, fit to head the hero Church of the last times!

Let us tell the Church honestly that the day of great possibilities demands a large outlay of means. We are not to plan for universal spread of the Gospel on the same minute scale which would provide for the wants of some interior hamlet. The hour calls for some grand examples of beneficence. We are nearing the time when single Churches are to take districts, and when God's men who are permitted to bide at home, gathering treasure and enjoying social and Christian culture, will be represented, man for man, abroad, each by a true evangelist; when Christian women will be found to sustain schools.

When Christianity shall come to believe the New Testament teaching concerning the doctrine of stewardship, then the salvation of the world is at hand. The Church of Christ will yet grow strong enough to deal with covetousness as a high crime, and to exclude from its holy communion the avaricious man as suddenly and surely as it would any other miserable idolater. Shall we ever enter the region of true sacrifice?

CHAPTER XXII.

LIFE IN NEW YORK.

THERE are many strong and useful men in the world, whose whole lives are divided between the offices where they work and the home where they rest, and who are little known except through their official labors. They are seen by their neighbors twice a day, as an apparition of the street, moving in one direction at precisely seven o'clock in the morning, and in the other at exactly six in the evening. They are not at the social meetings of their Church, nor the political gatherings of their fellow-citizens, nor in the conventions held in the interests of public morals or charities.

It was not thus with Dr. Eddy. Wherever he lived he at once became one of the people, and closely identified himself with the social and religious interests around him. On coming to New York he attached to himself many warm and true friends, who clung to him always. If a man may be judged by the character of those who love him, what inference shall we draw concerning the wealth of his nature, who bound to himself by imperishable ties so many friends, among whom were the wisest, strongest, and best men of these great cities, men of the

noblest spirit, grandest enterprise, and largest benevolence?

On coming to the city he and his family at once identified themselves with St. Paul's Church, and were soon at home among its people, and at work in its Christian enterprises.

Dr. Eddy was a faithful attendant upon the weekly prayer-meeting when at home, and was ever ready to participate in its exercises. With Dr. C. D. Foss, the pastor, he was on terms of the closest intimacy.

When, in the changes of the itinerancy, Dr. J. A. M. Chapman was appointed to St. Paul's, but was delayed by illness from entering at once upon his work, Dr. Eddy supplied the vacant pulpit, and conducted the social meetings whenever he could do so without interfering with his official duties; and by his visits to the sick, and his kind attentions to the bereaved and distressed, he greatly endeared himself to the membership of the charge.

About that time Bishop Janes was in very feeble health, and often quite ill. Dr. Eddy was untiring in his attentions to him, keeping a pair of slippers at the house, so that he might, at any moment, enter his room with light footstep, and be ready at once to minister at his bedside.

He was a true friend, full of kindly feeling, and ready always to inconvenience himself for the sake of others. Then his genial humor won all hearts. Every time he met a friend he had a new story; he was hearty in his greetings, and his happy laughter

was a blessing to any company He was a favorite in every circle, and the most select society welcomed him as a valuable addition to its numbers.

As a representative man in the pulpit or on the platform, he never found favor with the people more quickly or widely than about New York. When the World's Evangelical Alliance met in New York city, in the autumn of 1873, he was paid the high compliment of being invited to represent the Methodist Episcopal Church in an address pertaining to the subject of missions. He accepted the invitation, and spoke before the Alliance to the delight of all who heard him. The following is the address delivered on that great occasion :—

THE OBLIGATIONS OF LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND COMMERCE TO CHRISTIAN MISSIONS.

In discussing the comparatively secular topic assigned me, I ask you to consider

Missions as factors of Christian civilization.—There is, alas! no really Christian nation; but there is a well-defined Christian civilization, so different from other types that you can easily mark its metes and boundaries on the atlas, and trace its lines through the nations.

Christianity is the least materialistic of all religions.—It persistently asserts a high spirituality; nay, makes the *Spiritual* the *Real*, subordinates the *Seen* to the *Unseen*, Sense to to Faith, Body to Soul, Reason to Spirit. But no other religion is so swiftly followed by material results. It comes crying only, "Repent, and believe the Gospel," but the "signs following" are, many of them, physical. It means implemental agriculture. The Bible and sacraments come, and in their train wheels revolve, anvils ring, black funnels pour out blacker

smoke, the white sails of commerce are spread, spindles hum, and around separate homesteads vines are trained and roses bloom. Christianity holds that man was originally lord of material forces, but that in his fall his mastery was broken, only to be fully restored through the second Adam, the Lord from heaven. Where it comes not, manhood is incapable of handling puissantly the beneficent forces of nature, which, defying his feeble craft, maintain successful rebellion. Man bears heavy burdens, not knowing of his appointed servitors. He grinds in weary mills, unconscious that God has stationed motors wherein the waters are brewed, the veins of carbon stored, the caldron hisses, the winds blow, or the electric currents tremble. At the coming of Christian civilization, with its new life, rebellious forces return to allegiance, recusant forces haste to obey their primal master, the dignity of work is asserted in the ears of drowsy indolence; but the slavery of toil is broken; soul, enfranchised, demands emancipated muscle; and reason and faith, allied, compel nature to pristine servitude. The work of missions is the propagation of this emancipating, potential civilization.

Their Workers.

Christian missions place the most intense and progressive life in contact with the decayed and effete; they throw the rugged, iconoclastic activity of the Occident into the dreamy quiet and among the dumb shrines of the Orient. Their agents are originally young, daring, adventurous men and women, fresh from school, familiar with the phases of modern doubt and the assumptions of modern science. Their vigorous vitality is placed in the mausoleum of Oriental death, in the stagnant pool of pagan wretchedness, and their defiant, self-asserting freedom, in antagonism with the serfdom of custom, caste, and superstition.

Thousands of such have missions placed under almost unmapped skies and among unknown people. Where the silence of ignorance was unbroken they went to see, to question, and to record. And is it not true that, leaving to others the

known, they have gone to the centers toward which myriad eyes have been turned most curiously?

THEIR APPEAL TO SCIENCE AND REASON.

They are, at the outset of their work, under the necessity of asserting the regnancy of reason and the certainty of science. They must appeal to reason, for only thus can they assert private judgment, arouse individual conscience, and lead those whom they teach to disown error and forsake vice. Against hoary tradition and priestly assumption they appeal to science. Among polytheists they assert divine unity, and invoke scientific testimony to establish oneness of plan and workmanship throughout the universe. They find extravagance and absurdity in tradition or sacred books, and denounce by authority of telescope, crucible, microscope, and spectrum analysis. They confront the scowling priest, who assumes superior sanctity because he holds *life* so sacred as to refuse to destroy its minutest form. Their answer is the microscopic revelation of myriads in the water he drinks, and from his slain hecatombs he flies in baffled rage. In very truth, Protestant missions are the true exalters of reason, and they summon each art, each science, as witness and colaborer, and by so much enthrone it in regal state.

INDIRECT SERVICE.

Remember that much of the service missions render literature *is incidental.* Missionaries are neither scientists, *litterateurs*, nor commercial agents, but preachers and teachers of Christian faith and ethics. But they *observe* and *record.* In letters to friends or the press they describe mountains and seas, metals and grains, flora and fauna. These fragments are not books, but they are the seed which home writers plant with leisurely authorcraft, and from which stately books are grown. They make an itinerary, and the journal records not only song and sermon, but also word-painting of bird and beast, rock and reptile, hut and temple, rites and customs, men and things

They bring their faithful observations as contributions to the sum of human knowledge, and thus, though they mean it not, they are among the educators of secular thought.

Direct Results.

They add directly to the stores of literature and science.

1. *They have increased, very greatly, the sum of geographical knowledge.*—They were seekers of *men*. the men were somewhere, and must be found. They were men created in the divine image, redeemed by the divine blood, the objects of divine care. They must be found. But, hunting them, the searchers went with open eyes; they mapped the leagues over which they walked, the unknown rivers they crossed, or down which they floated, and took the altitude of unmeasured mountains, calculating their latitude and longitude, that they might be guide-posts and mile-stones for their followers.

Would interior Africa be to-day even partially known but for the missionary explorations of Kropf, Vanderkomp, Kramer, Shaw, Threlfal, Freeman, Moffat, and his renowned son-in-law, Livingstone, whose early fame was won in mission service, whose zeal as an explorer was kindled at the altar of evangelism? These men went in search of lost souls, and told the world of the wilderness into which they had wandered, and so unsealed a quarter of the globe.

2. *In language.*—They did not go as philologists, but became such by an evangelical necessity. Having found the lost men, they must *teach* them. A *man* and a *book* are essential to missions, The book demands a written language. Out of the jargon of disconnected, syllabic sounds, the missionary must organize it. An alphabet must be invented, and he becomes Cadmus. Out of the alphabet an orthography, and so a grammar, and a lexicon. This was done to give the lost people the Book, but out of this work done for Christ's sake literature gathers weird traditions, ancient legends, quaint stories, wonderful mythologies, and rare fragments of rude poetry. It gathers, vaunts its wares, and too often makes no note of its obligations.

3. *Ethnic knowledge.*—Their great study has been manhood. They have observed it in all phases. They were compelled to do so. They went to save the people; they must measure the difficulties: what customs helped or hindered; what faiths were held sacred; what errors must be exploded; what superstitions dislodged; what tribal or congenital influences were barriers to success. For their own safety and success they could not afford to be deceived. Error written and sent home would, somehow, return to plague them. They must observe accurately, and record correctly. So, carefully noting, they have written, and so have added hundreds of volumes to literature—volumes on the character, customs, social usages, religious perils and possibilities of the races. They have invoked the pencil to aid the pen. They have, within the past fifty years, placed in Christian cabinets richer and more varied illustrations of national and race peculiarities than were previously in all the museums of the world.

4. *Human unity.*—If demonstration had been wanting to the oneness of humanity, they have given it. They have studied it under all skies, beside all waters, in all latitudes. They have noted the influence of climate and surroundings, and have critically observed the modification of zone, ancestry, color, and habits. We take the synthesis of their observations, and so our creed includes the brotherhood of man. We affirm anew the Pauline dogma, that "God hath made of one blood all nations for to dwell on the face of the earth." That all are related at once to the first and the second Adam. Missions prove manhood every-where under the same essential conditions. Nowhere "evolved," nowhere "developed," every-where *born*. It is subject to the same laws of growth, maturity, and decay. It is corrupted by the same agencies, cursed by the same vices, smitten by the same griefs, broken by the same inevitable end. Missions have found, under all superimposed errors and traditions, the primitive formation of revealed truth cropping out with variable distinctness; matter created by conscious and intelligent power; out of primal elements the world emerging; a commenced humanity; the lapse from the good and temporary triumph of evil; a coming

or accomplished redemption, and at the last some mode of retribution. And, under all phases, they find this many-tongued manhood answering to the great facts of Christianity. At the first, the creation groaning and travailing together in pain—sad unity of sin and sorrow! Then that creation, through malign conquest, made subject unto vanity, yet, through grace, capable of accepting the Saviour, and, through him, salvation. They trace the weary furlongs of sin and curse, but they prove that, by one way of faith, men of all nations and latitudes come to one redemption through incarnation and atonement, and, rejoicing in one experience, gather around the Elder Brother, one holy, undivided, indivisible Catholic Church, the ecumenical new creation!

Protestant missions are the world's fraternizers. They are based on the ideas of the brotherhood of blood, the brotherhood of the fall, the brotherhood of the atonement, and the priesthood of believers. They hold that a man—any man—is more precious than fine gold; yea, a man—any man—than the golden wedge of Ophir.

Commerce.

Its obligations to Christian missions are simply past computation.

Missions demand the transportation of a multitude of laborers to remote countries, often across, sometimes around, the world.—In Protestant missions, it is held that Christian families are the good seed of the kingdom, and that some of them must be taken abroad for the redemption of the world. These—and they have been a great number—has commerce carried to, and sometimes from, far-off ports, and with them some of the needed comforts of civilization. Has all this been nothing? Has it not crowded many a keel and thronged many a deck? Has it meant nothing to dealers in exchange and credits? Extinguish missions, and you jar the circumference of trade.

The Gospel creates new wants.—Preached among barbarians, they hear its voice, and are ashamed. It is the evangel,

at once, of salvation and decency. Conversion is followed by a demand for clothing—clean at that. Clothing means wool, and flax, and cotton; means spindles and looms, and needles and shears; means leather and lasts, and they mean the iron and steel of England and Pennsylvania, of Russia and Ohio, the anthracite, the block and bituminous coals of the Alleghanies and the prairies; mean the carrying barks of Christian nations. The smallest mission station among the Himalayas, beside the Zambezi, or in "far Cathay," means a new belt slipped on the great drum of Christian civilization.

Conversion calls for a home.—The Church of the congregation must grow out of the churches of the household. *A home.* It means a house, doors, windows, floor, and ceiling. It means washing and cooking; means a nursery and family altar. Compute the material agencies entering into its productions. What saw-mills rasp their coarse music! What nails drop in fiery haste! What burdens of sand, carted into glass-works! What kilns set ablaze! What quarries opened! The humblest home in Europe or America levies contributions on cosmopolitan invention and industry, and is as marvelous an exposition of universal industry as that one at Vienna, under the patronage of the imperial Francis Joseph.

Missions demand schools.—Their founders may only intend to cry, "Behold the Lamb of God!" But the logic of events reminds them that pastors and teachers are joined together by God, and cannot be put asunder. Commerce must carry the machinery, the appliances of instruction, and each mission-planted school abroad means a freighted argosy from home.

"*Missions cause discontent.*"—Certainly they do; they are meant to. Their teaching excites revolt against ignorance and squalor as well as against sin; stirs men in the dark to cry out for light; stirs discontent, until soul, body, and spirit are sanctified. It means to sound the tocsin of revolution until the day of universal disenthrallment. And, if we read aright, our Father means that each man shall somehow aid in the uplifting of every other man, and that travel, trade, industry, and commerce shall be factors in the equation of our infinite content.

Missions are *avaunt couriers* of commerce. They have

brought Hindustan to us to-day, and our mission bills of exchange are largely the medium of its foreign remittances. They have opened the hidden treasures of China and Japan. They are the inspiration of travel. They are the hostelries of tourists, the signal stations of observers, the sanitariums of sick and outworn sojourners, and within their compounds are the cemeteries within which, with solemn rites and reverential words, the sacred dust of such as fall by the wayside is tenderly laid to rest.

Are missions promotive of travel? Why, the missions of one American denomination are this very year the travel posts by which a Bishop * and seven traveling companions make the circuit of the world. From this city they journeyed westward, halting for a brief space among the Mongolians, whom mission industry is training on the Pacific coast; thence to Japan, lingering for rest and labor with the missions in Yokohama and Jeddo; westward thence to China, visiting Foochow, Kiukiang, and Peking, and giving cheer to the brethren; westward, still, to India; thence to Turkey; thence homeward, still facing the setting sun, journeying by the signal-fires of mission stations and to the minstrelsy of mission songs. Missions give tourists a sense of security. They have already manifolded travel in China, and are causing Japan to be considered a pleasant neighborhood for the summer vacation of such American clergymen as have no leisure for an extended trip. They have made islands, once repugnant and perilous from their cannibalism, to be delightful halting-places. They have ended national isolation, and made solitude impossible. They have multiplied arguments for peace. The great Protestant powers can nowhere go to war without putting in peril their own citizens. They have given emphasis to human unity, and helped the race onward toward the glad jubilee of universal brotherhood. Then let literature return its graceful acknowledgments for their multifold *material* and grand inspirations. Let science —the true science, not the arrogant and frivolous; the science which is honest enough to be candid; the science which sincerely waits on facts—let this genuine science confess how

* Bishop Harris.

much it owes them for open fields, for antecedent explorations, for recorded observations, for important confirmations, for stores unlocked, cabinets filled, for countless facts, classified and unclassified. Let commerce gratefully recognize her obligations to these her adventurous path-finders, her faithful station-keepers, her brave coast-guards, and generous purveyors. And let these three—Literature, Science, and Commerce—reverently worship Him who said, "Go ye, therefore, and teach all nations."

In the summer seasons he gave what time he could to camp-meeting work. He loved to preach to the masses at these great assemblies, and he had such power of interesting and moving them as few men possess. He believed, too, that he could do much in this way to promote the mission cause at that season when few opportunities for work in taking collections offered in the churches.

The last summer of his life he was at Sing Sing, Emory Grove, Chautauqua, West Branch, Mount Tabor, Round Lake, and many other camp-meetings. It was subject of general remark that on this last great preaching tour it seemed as if he were already entering the translation glory. He had received a fresh baptism of the Spirit, and preached as he had never done before. During the great fraternal meeting, held at Round Lake in 1874, he preached on Thursday afternoon, in the tent, the rain falling at the time so as to render a service at the stand impracticable. Many thought it the grandest sermon of his life—his audience was moved as congregations seldom are under the words of any man. We give the closing part of the discourse *verbatim*, as it was delivered, though

we know that type can never reproduce the spirit and effect of the spoken word :—

Christian Achievement.

Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that believeth on me, the works that I do shall he do also ; and greater works than these shall he do ; because I go unto my Father.—John xiv, 12.

Let us study, in part, the results of Christian achievement as compared with those of material miracle.

And, first, we have continued, in Christian charity, the likeness of the Master's material blessings. Ever since he came, sweet charity has walked the world. We cannot arrest the wear and decay of age, but Christian ethics and love have ended barbarous exposure, and accorded home, shelter, song, and sacrament, so that at eventide it is light.

Sweet charity moves, as did he, on a never-ceasing pilgrimage among all classes of the sad, the weary, the wretched; among the lowly, lifting them up; among the wayworn, seeking to comfort and help them. You say we cannot open the eyes of the blind. No; but it builds asylums and brings the sightless into them, and teaches them until each finger-tip becomes like an eye-ball, and the blind see out of obscurity. You say that we cannot unstop the ears of the deaf. No, we cannot; but Christian charity builds homes for them, and teaches them in the language of signs, until "the deaf hear the words of the book." You say we cannot cast out devils. No; but Christian beneficence has founded asylums and gathered those whose reason has bowed, whose mind has gone into total eclipse. It clothes them, feeds them, and, as far as may be, teaches them. It may not, yet,

> "With sudden start
> Bid shades of glamourie depart ;"

but it mitigates where it cannot wholly heal.

Jesus once said, "Suffer little children to come unto me.' And ever since Christianity has been building homes, piling

up shelters, and erecting refuges, and giving us to understand that childhood, down in the gutter it may be, but childhood, redeemed, immortal in its frail and unwashed body, that even *that* childhood is worth more than all the stars that shine and all the ingots that glitter. O, thank God for Christian charity! Jesus healed a few blind; Christian beneficence gathers them in asylums by thousands. Jesus healed a few deaf and dumb; Christian charity gathers them almost by myriads, and teaches them. Jesus took a few little children in his arms and blessed them, and the world has never yet ceased talking about it; but Christianity has been gathering them by thousands, and starting them up the rainbow arch to the mercy-seat, and to the temple not made with hands! Greater works, works that are melting the world with beneficence, that are baptizing the sadness of humanity into blessings. O thank God for Christianity!

I now call your attention to the fact that the material miracles of Christ were limited, and not reproductive. Christian achievement is practically unlimited, and is ordained to be divinely reproductive.

Let me illustrate. The miracle of the healing of blind Bartimeus was a wonderful one. There he sat by the way-side; the Master came and touched his sightless eyeballs to light. It was a great thing; but that did not heal any other blind man. Bartimeus did not take the healing touch in his fingers. It was one blind man cured, and not another. When Jesus gave to his disciples power to multiply loaves and fishes, it was not given to the "successors of the apostles," either the real or supposititious; they could not do that. It was the one miracle done, and then it was arrested; it was not reproductive. It ceased in its influence, so far as we can judge. But how different a single spiritual achievement! Stephen is arrested, condemned, and then dies under a shower of stones; but Saul of Tarsus stands there, holding the clothing of the men that are stoning him. God's arrows are flying, and soon Saul is a weeping penitent inquiring the way to the kingdom. Saul of Tarsus converted! What does that mean? It means a soul saved from death; it means the hiding of a multitude of sins! But

that is not all; it means the launching of one of God's comets, a grand soul, flying as with angels' speed, and leaving a trail of light; it means Greek philosophy refuted; it means the preaching of justification by faith; it means that the world shall always feel the power of the eighth of Romans and the Epistle to the Hebrews, and voice its groanings for great blessings in the prayer for the Ephesian Church. Paul lives still.

Wesley saved meant a brand plucked from the burning—meant one soul saved, one man changed from a Church-bigot to a Christian hero: all that, and more. It meant a holy fire kindled in England and Ireland, and South and Western Africa, and America, India, China and Japan. What does it mean? It means the world better to-day with the song of

> "Jesus, lover of my soul,
> Let me to thy bosom fly."

What does it mean? It means a line of sentinels around the world, keeping the tryst of warm, glowing evangelism. Only one conversion, say you? Ay, God has made through it humanity to clasp hands, and hearts to touch each other, glory to his name! One triumph of Christian achievement means reproduction, immortality of influence. When Mrs. Garrett was converted on the lake shore, she said, "What shall I do with the means that God gives me?" An angel whispered, "Build a school for the prophets." She did it, and went to her grave. She did not stay to see her work, but the graduates of her school are in almost every part of the world. That godly woman, being dead, yet speaketh. O, she is living in India, in China. Dead! she is as live as an angel, and her influence is going on. These miracles of Christian achievement are reproductive to the end of time.

But, again, *there are works of an absolutely higher order than material miracles*, for you say, "I can't open the eyes of the blind. My poor little girl comes and stands by my side, and lifts up her hand, and passes it over my hair and down my garments, and then says, 'O papa, I'm sorry I can't see you!' I cannot do any thing for her; she is blind, stone blind, and I

cannot heal her." No; God has not given you that power, but I will tell you what you can do. There, by the way-side, is a poor soul blinded by sin, with a dark, dark soul, stretching forth its empty basket for alms. You can take that soul to Him, into his light, and bid him "behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world," and, as he looks, he lives. Which is the grander achievement, opening your dear child's eyes on your own face, or turning the gaze of that stone-blind sinner on Christ? Your poor boy carries in his almost empty sleeve a withered, shrunken arm. Paralyzed, it hangs motionless and helpless. You tell him to stretch it out; he cannot do it. You make the attempt to restore the flesh and to give elasticity to the sinews; but there hang those shriveled, helpless fingers. The mother never washed them that she did not baptize them with her tears! You can't straighten them. No; but you can teach the boy, in his sin, to reach out the spirit-hand and grasp the Infinite; to lay hold on One mighty to save, and hold on there, even in his wrestling, crying,

"In vain thou strugglest to get free,
I never will unloose my hold:
Art thou the Man that died for me?
The secret of thy love unfold:
Wrestling, I will not let thee go,
Till I thy name, thy nature know;"

and seizing, holding there, until his glad soul sings out:—

"'Tis Love! 'tis Love! thou diedst for me!
I hear thy whisper in my heart;
The morning breaks, the shadows flee;
Pure, universal love thou art;"

and you can send him over his Jabbok to find the first real sunrise that he ever knew. Which is the greater of the two?

You can't take the loaves and fishes and break to the multitudes, the food increasing as you give away; but you can do a better thing: you can give to any starving soul God's own blessed word, that reveals the Bread of Life sent down from heaven.

And, once more, *I measure the results by their duration.*

The miracle came and went; the blind eye was opened, but by and by it flattened with age, and at last went into the darkness of death. The withered arm was healed, but it again became rigid, and turned to dust. The sea that was quieted by the voice of Christ, when again the winds came in unchained fury, rolled as madly and tossed as wildly as before. But the Christian laborer works on mind, and mind is immortal as God. The Christian laborer works on heart, and a grand old Hebrew poet said, "My heart shall live forever." We work in colors that shall be as lasting as eternity. We work, with fingers of holy faith and divine achievement, in colors which shall only brighten as the ages go by.

Brethren, I have tried to bring to you this afternoon, as best I could in this beating storm, amid this elemental war, some of the possibilities of Christian doing. Will you indulge me in a word or two, very practical, and, if God please, a word of conviction to you and me as to higher duty.

It seems to me that this is eminently an age of results. It is no longer a time when we are to stand and fight for mere dogma. I know we are "to contend earnestly for the faith once delivered to the saints." The controversies that divided the Church in the days of my own boyhood are scarcely ever themes of pulpit ministration, save by men that preach to empty pews. The controversies of the past have been, in a great measure, settled. The man that in these days attempts to hold the people by fifty-two sermons a year on the mode of baptism, or election and reprobation, or liturgic services, will send them from him as sheep scattered by a wolf. We have passed out of the age of dogmatic disputation, and also the age when struggling for the right of experience to assert itself. God has held the Church, with its open Bible, with almost universal freedom of conscience; has held his Church with the gift of the Holy Ghost upon it to this, which ought to be the hour for sublime achievements.

What elements of power we wield! Truth, unmixed with error, flashing as God's own lightning in its brightness, resistless, if properly wielded, as that living flame! O what agencies! The Holy Ghost standing and pleading with us to so

work that he may help us; the very earth coming to the help of the Lord Jesus Christ! And yet I am painfully impressed that we are not wielding the elements of Christian achievement nearly up to their *maximum*. There are at least twenty thousand Methodist preachers of varied names and orders. O what a grand theology we hold! O what wonderful elements of power have entered into the preaching of the Methodist pulpit! I stand here this afternoon to bear my record that they are as puissant, as mighty, as resistless, now as ever! But O, how many of us content ourselves with throwing toys instead of thunderbolts! What care we take to load our artillery with blank cartridges instead of solid shot! God forgive us if we are in any measure sinking into formalism, and losing our ancient power! I have not often dared to speak thus to my fellow-ministers, but I must cry out, for the burden is on my soul.

My young brethren, let me plead with you, at least, this afternoon. Hold, hold the Gospel of truth, the Gospel of thunder, the Gospel of lightning, the Gospel of love! O for the Methodist pulpit to come to its feet, to be baptized with the Holy Ghost! O for the Methodist pulpit, with its grand theology, to thunder in God's name, till it rings the death-knell of formalism, of ritualism, of papal error; till it proclaims a free Gospel for all the world!

Look at the possible power of the religious press. What ought it to be, and what is it? I do not undervalue it. I gave twelve of the best years of my life to its service, and I honor the good men who serve it. But what might it be? An evangel in every home, an apostle to every darkened neighborhood, the voice of one crying in every spiritual wilderness, "Prepare ye the way of the Lord." But what is it? Burdened sometimes with emptiness and chaff, and loaded down with that which weakens faith and embitters trust. O for the entire religious press to be baptized from on high! O for the baptism to come upon every editor and contributor! to purify every font of type! O may holiness to the Lord be written across the front of every power-press! May every composing-stick be inscribed with salvation! I pray God to set the press on

fire every-where, or to—I'll not say the rest. I stop with the other prayer, that God may set it on fire of love. It can hurry the millennium.

What wonderful power we have in Christian song, and how we let it be frittered away! O for a singing Church, that will sing with all the zeal and earnestness that glee-clubs sing in times of great political excitement, or as armies rushing into battle; as Frenchmen sing their *Marseillaise!* O for the breath of song to come upon our Zion! I sat out there to-day, and listened to my old friend, M'Cabe. We have summered and wintered together, God bless him! I sat there, I say, and listened to the tide of song—hundreds of voices swelling your choral melody—and found myself weeping. I had been greatly moved under the sermon, had felt wonderfully awakened with convictions of duty, and then found myself floating upward on those wings of minstrelsy, and, though always songless, found myself singing

"I love to tell the story."

O for this breath of song to come back on the whole Church again! We can sing our salvation through cities, through the wilderness; we can bring the people about us with song: but, unfortunately, we are burying that shining talent. What will we say when the Lord asks for it?

O for woman's full power in the Church! Woman, God's evangel at home and elsewhere; woman, telling, with wifely love, and sisterly tenderness, and motherly sanctity, how the lost may be found, the wanderer saved! Woman, reaching out her hands to save those that are toppling down to hell! O women, will you comprehend your power? You say, sometimes, If we were only men, how differently we would do! I used to think so; but when I see woman following fashion blindly, when I see her throwing away her influence, when I see her sanction of irreligious social life, when I see reckless prodigality instead of self-denying thrift, I am not so certain. O for woman's full power on the broad field of Christian achievement!

What do we want to give us all this? More faith in **Christ.** We sometimes sing,

"'Nearer, my God, to thee.'

Rather, my song would be,

"'Nearer, O Christ, to thee.'

Nearer to the open side; nearer to the bleeding heart; nearer to the eyes that wept in love because I was a sinner; nearer to the scarred hand which wields the scepter of dominion! for faith in Jesus—our wisdom, our righteousness, our sanctification, and redemption—will give us this power.

Look at souls that are dying. He loved them! how much, I cannot tell; he loved them! and love stirs in every throb of his breaking heart. That unutterable love was seen in the crimson sweat trickling to the ground as he trod the wine-press piled with clusters. And here they whom he so loved are turned over to us. If they are saved it must be by us: they are lost, if we do not go after them; lost, if we do not find them; ruined, if we do not rescue them. O Master, put thy love on our hearts, thy yearning on our souls! We are to blame if men and women come here and go away without a personal appeal being made to bring them to Christ.

What else do we need? The mighty prayer, "Come, O Breath, and breathe upon us, that we may live! Come, blessed Spirit! This is the cure of our formalism; this the end of our aping excessive liturgical service, this our endowment of power, this our divine light and love! Come, O Breath! Come! Come, O Breath, and breathe upon us now!"

CHAPTER XXIII.

CLOSING LABORS.

IT was the summer of 1874. All unperceived by friends and loved ones, Dr. Eddy was completing his work, and approaching the hour of his translation. The recording angel was writing, though men could not read it, "The last summer on a camp ground;" "the last church service with his family;" "the last article for the press;" "the last social evening with friends." There were no precursors of the coming sorrow. Though worn with work, "his eye was not dim, nor his natural force abated." Every faculty of his mind was in fullest play, and his working ability at its highest efficiency. He swept on in the march of his victorious career, and the Church rejoiced in him as a trusted and glorious leader. At the great camp-meetings he had preached as never before, and as few men ever preach. But his constant work through the early summer told upon him severely, and on the 26th of July he visited Saratoga, with his wife, for a few days' rest. On Sabbath, the 28th, he declined a pressing invitation to preach, but attended both services, though so weary as to keep his bed most of the day.

On Monday he completed a biographical sketch of

Bishop Hamline, upon which he had worked the greater part of Saturday. On Tuesday and Wednesday he wrote earnest appeals on behalf of the mission cause to all the Western Advocates. This was his last work for the press. On Thursday he left Saratoga for a missionary meeting—but where it was held we have not the means of knowing.

On Saturday, the 15th of August, he was at the great Sunday-school Assembly of Chautauqua, delivering an address in the evening on "The Sunday-school as a Training School for the Ministry."

On Sabbath afternoon, the 16th, he preached a sermon of great beauty and effectiveness to the vast congregation, from Romans ix, 33: "*Whosoever believeth on him* shall not be ashamed." We quote the following brief extract from this discourse. He says:—

This passage is quoted from Isaiah, where it reads, "shall not make haste;" that is, shall not be alarmed in times of turbulence; shall be calm, trustful, restful. Faith is assuring. He that believeth shall not be ashamed—first, of his Saviour; second, of his salvation.

1. When faith is contrasted with reason, it is made by many synonymous with superstition; but faith rests on eternal truth. It does, indeed, trust authority, but so does science. We know but few things; the rest we take for granted. Faith emancipates thought. Thought is never so nobly free, so grandly royal, as when it bends at the feet of the crucified Redeemer. In this age of reason, if we call it so, we still believe in Christ our Lord, and are not ashamed. Jesus has gone into history. For two thousand years it has been busy with his character and life. Time is the revealer of secrets, the

righter of wrongs. How the mists have been cleared away in these two thousand years! The public life of Jesus was crowded into three or four years; there are not recorded words enough of his to fill one side of a city paper; yet the world can never get done talking about him. Men have turned their magnifying glasses upon his private character. We must have charity for apostles and martyrs, but He needs none. All through the twenty centuries reputation after reputation has been clouded, hero after hero has tumbled from his niche; but Jesus has grown more illustrious, until all eyes turn to him as the only monumental character which stands up sharply defined against the past and the present. There he is among men, a nong women, the one perfect being, with a head forever cool, but a heart forever warm. "Ecce Homo!" On the cross the tumultuous throbbings of his broken heart shake the earth! "Ecce Deus!" From the Mount of Ascension, with a triumphant sweep, he passes above; and I cry, "Ecce Deus-Homo!" Whatever revelations may come out of caves, or be made by spirits, Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners. The world is old enough to have been the birthplace of Jesus, was made long enough ago to be the cradle of redemption.

2. If it is a perfect Saviour that has come into the world, *the salvation*, also, is one of which we need not be ashamed. It is self-demonstrative. He that believeth hath the witness in himself. Certain spiritual phenomena are too constant and too universal to be set down as mere coincidences. They apply to men of every nationality, clime, and tongue. Men tell us this is invisible, supernatural. Well, we believe in the supernatural. It is easier to believe in a lawgiver than in law alone, for a law presupposes a lawgiver. There is personal government, and hence there can be supernatural influence. We accept the supernatural, and are not ashamed. We are not to be disturbed by questions we cannot answer as to the *how* and the *why*. Men come to us with the questions of the old materialism—the question of Nicodemus—as if brain or sinew made the man, as if the man could not see the infinite God. The man is something more than flesh and bone. The man never dies, and the man can be born

again. Men tell us, "Your faith did for the infancy of the race." Thank God for that! Is infancy nothing? "But the world has outgrown it." I am ambitious enough to turn away from Christianity if there is any thing broader, stronger, or higher. But what is broader than God's infinite principles, reaching from pole to pole, and extending high beyond thought? What is broader than the atonement? What is wider than the love of God? Is there any thing stronger than the cross, which is raising humanity into the warm sunshine of God's love? Is there any thing stronger than God's omnipotent Spirit? I want the broad, the high, the strong. My faith brings it, and I am not ashamed. We "shall not make haste," then, to surrender our faith. If it be said that our faith is old, I reply that there are aged ones to whom I love to go, and sun myself in the light they have caught, sitting in sweet expectancy, hard by the gate of heaven. The earth is old, but there is silver yet in her valleys, and gold in her mountains, and she opens her broad bosom, and gives countless thousands her wheat and corn. The sun above me is old. Through the ages it has walked its majestic circle. Time has written no wrinkles on its blazing disk. Christ is the Ancient of Days; but we still sing he is the God of love. If I leave Christ, where shall I go? Out, out, under a sable sky; out into as wild a storm as ever howled over land or sea; out homeless, friendless, into the world! I am not going; I am not going. We believe in Him, and are not ashamed. John Stuart Mill lived in the cold light of Atheism. He had a goddess, but no God. One day she died. He walked back and forth the path that led to his mansion, but no star shone through the cypress-trees that lined the walk. I cannot leave my Christian altar and its sweet associations for that house, with all its culture. I trust, brethren, never to outlive this faith. It grows stronger and stronger. Ah! faith is singing of a blessed reunion by and by, "over there, over there." Bishop Harris has been almost around the globe, and scarcely ever out of sight of our council fires. Turn back from the cross that can do all that? Morning? I thank thee for the word, [turning to Bishop Peck, in allusion to his sermon,] but I think it is getting nearer *noon-*

day. We are nearer having an Ecumenical Council here than the Pope was at the Council of Trent. Men are here so thoroughly bronzed by exposure to tropical climes that they have been mistaken for Africans. The day of Christ's jubilee is coming. This is not the time to turn away from him.

Never did it occur before that a convention has been gathered from different nationalities to ask, "What shall we do with the children?" Let our answer be, as we go back, "Let us win them to Christ!" God gives childhood infinite possibilities, and we are going to determine that no child, though he be a pariah, an outcast, born in wretchedness, nurtured in crime, and blighted by sin, yet bearing the mark of Christ's redemption, shall be overwhelmed in the red sea of damnation. In God's name, let us go home to rescue childhood for Christ.

This was probably his last sermon before his final trip to the West.

On the evening of Saturday, Sept. 5, 1874, Dr. and Mrs. Eddy, with a few other friends, met at the residence of Mr. George Forrester, to welcome Dr. Chapman, who had just arrived, as the new pastor of St. Paul's. This was his last social evening with friends in New York city. The next day he was present with Dr. Chapman morning and evening, and conducted the communion service, assisted by Bishop Janes and the pastor.

On Monday, September 7, he left home for that last wearisome, suffering visit to the Western Conferences. The shrinkage in the missionary collections caused by the hard times oppressed him greatly, and stimulated him to work beyond the measure of his strength.

The first word he sends back in the long tiresome

journey is from a railroad crossing in Wisconsin, a thousand miles from home. We leave these letters to tell their own story. The reader will recognize the address to his wife in the loved name which he always used in writing to her:—

"HANOVER JUNCTION, WIS., *September* 9, 1874.

"DEAR ANNA:—I am waiting at a dismal cross-road station for my train, and snatch my first hour to write to you. My ride to Chicago was hot and dusty. Indeed, the whole country from the sea-side thus far is consumed by drought. At Erie several acquaintances came aboard. This morning Augustus met me in Chicago, and drove me to Mr. S.'s, where I had a delightful visit. Dear little Spencer [his grandson] is a beauty. He is perfectly lovely, and full of cute capers. He was a little shy at first, but soon came to me and made up. He talks babyishly and very sweetly. I think a week with Spencer would be better for you than medicine. I am now going to Broadhead, and thence to Des Moines, reaching there Saturday. I shall hope to receive letters at Carthage, Illinois, where I will be the latter part of next week. I intend to be very careful, and not overwork. I think of you every hour. May the Lord, who has so strangely guided us, be your stay, your help, and comfort!"

He reached Broadhead, where the West Wisconsin Conference was in session, addressed that body, spoke at the missionary anniversary, and returned to

Chicago, eighty miles distant. Here is his letter from that point:—

"BROADHEAD, WISCONSIN, *September* 10, 1874.

"DEAR ANNA:—I came through to this place safely, and have had a cordial greeting from old friends in the West. To-day I addressed the Conference, to-night I speak at the anniversary, and to-morrow return to Chicago, going out at night for Des Moines. I have taken some cold, and feel dull and indisposed to-day. This afternoon I attended the meeting of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society. Mrs. Dr. Steele read a fine address.

"The weather is distressingly hot; the sultry air has no salt coolness; it simply withers. I don't believe I told you how sweet a boy Baby Spencer is. His smile ripples all over his face like sunshine. He is very loving, and then he talks so sweetly and babyishly. He will try to say every thing. Mr. S. says there must be a deal of praying for him, or he will be spoiled. I do trust the Lord will spare him. Be careful of your own health. Keep a good deal in the open air, but avoid fatigue."

From Broadhead he returned to Chicago, on his way to the Des Moines Conference. His illness was increasing, and at Chicago he consulted a physician. After a night's rest he took the cars for an all-day ride of two hundred miles, and when he reached Des Moines, at four o'clock in the afternoon, he was very sick, suffering great pain. A long walk, a visit from

a physician, and an address to a crowded house, completed the day's work. Next day was Sabbath, and he had spent a restless and sleepless night. He kept his bed in the forenoon, and in the afternoon, though suffering exquisite pain, preached one of those glorious sermons which so enrapture an audience.

The story is told in the following letter:—

DES MOINES, IOWA, *September* 15, 1874.

"DEAR ANNA:—I am here, and a partial invalid. You may remember before leaving home I spoke of not feeling well. On reaching Broadhead I felt very badly, I returned from there to Chicago, and saw a physician. The next day (Saturday) I rode all day until four P M., in an ordinary car, jolting, rolling, suffering. Reaching Des Moines, I walked a long distance. At night I went to the State House, where I was to speak. The throng was dense. Before going in I said I must see a doctor. State Treasurer Christie took me into his office and brought a physican, who prescribed for me. I spoke that night in a good deal of distress, but had a good time. I went home with Governor C., and had a restless night. I remained in the house most of the time, and in bed Sunday forenoon, but preached in the afternoon. I had the presence of Bishop Andrews, Bishop Haven, Senator W., and many old friends I spoke every sentence in pain, but was *lifted above it.* Yesterday it rained in profusion; I did not go to the Conference.

I was not well enough. To-day I am somewhat better, and am resting at Mr. S.'s. If I do not improve I will go either to Chicago or St. Louis, and give up the rest of my trip. I think I will be better, and I would not write about it *at all*, only I fear it will get into the papers, or reach you in some exaggerated form. This morning I baptized Mrs. B.'s youngest child. I have met many old friends—the C.'s, Mrs. C., daughter of General H., Mr. M. and wife, the S.'s, B.'s, etc., all old Indiana friends. To-morrow morning I am going to Bloomfield, Iowa, and thence to Carthage. At one place or the other I hope for letters from home. Don't be uneasy. If I am not so well I will quit all work, and go home, or to one of the children. Love to my wife and boy. Pray for me!"

Before leaving Des Moines he writes to Rev. D. Terry, giving careful instruction about the next issue of the "Missionary Advocate." After resting a day he felt somewhat better, and proceeded southward, visiting and addressing the Iowa Conference, at Bloomfield, and then hurried on to Carthage, Illinois, where the Central Illinois Conference was in session.

Writing from this point to Mr. Terry, on the 19th of September, he says: "I have been quite ill and in great pain, *but I have kept all my appointments.*" Speaking of the collections, about which he was so much concerned, he adds: "Des Moines and Iowa

advance, and also relinquish $1,500 of appropriations. Central Illinois falls off, owing to the drought, but I hear of good bequests."

From the same place he writes to his wife :—

CARTHAGE, ILL., *September* 20, 1874.

"DEAR ANNA :—It is a calm, beautiful Sunday evening—symbolizing heaven's rest and purity. To-day, by request, I preached (in place of Bishop Scott) my Round Lake sermon. The pressure was so great that I was sent for to commence service nearly an hour in advance of time. I can only say I was helped, and the impression seemed deep. Bishop Scott said tearfully, "I do really thank you for this sermon." I felt some indications of a return of my illness at the close of the service. I leave to-morrow, at 5 A. M., for St. Louis. I can only have one day, but that will do me good, and will be a comfort to Ollie. I will go to Southern Illinois, at Mount Carmel. If feeling well I will then go to Minnesota. I will not go to Chattanooga. I can't stand the travel. I want to see you very much this evening. If I had your eyes to look into I should speak better. God bless you! Let me find letters at Chicago when I return from Minnesota. If you receive this Wednesday morning I think a note written at once will catch me at St. Louis. Love to you all."

Here, at Carthage, as usual, he preached on Sabbath. The crowd was overwhelming; he was suf-

fering greatly, but he preached grandly. With the old fire and self-sacrifice he went from his bed to the pulpit, to thrill, instruct, and move the people, and from the pulpit back to his bed, to suffer additional pain because of his effort.

This long-continued illness made him yearn to be among friends, and at daylight on Monday morning he hurried off to St. Louis, where his daughter, Mrs. Hasselman, resided. From this grateful retreat his next letter is written. The companionship of his children, and especially his play with the little granddaughter, cheers his spirits, and the old humor bubbles up again :—

"ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI, *September* 22, 1874.

"DEAR ANNA :—You will be glad to know I am here. I was so thoroughly miserable that I wanted to see some one I could really love. Sunday night I was restless, but rose at 4:30 Monday morning, swallowed a hearty breakfast, and went to the train. As I went I grew ill with nausea—so I rode all day, and at 5 P M. reached here. It was sweet to have a home. Dear Ollie had not expected me until I telegraphed. Anna was wild with delight; she is more beautiful, more quaint, and more affectionate than ever. She clings to me each moment. She demanded my pencil, and wrote you a letter, which I inclose. I give it to you as *she read* it to me :—

"'Dear Grandma Eddy, you must come here, we are so lonesome. We are pretty lonesome, so is papa.

We have a new cook. Her name is Mary. Bridget is gone. My new nurse is Katy. Our house has a basement. Bessy Griggs came home from Europe. I have not been to Europe. Europe is Paris, you know. I was at Indianapolis. I played in the dirt. Come here, I love you so much!' She had one for Spencer, also, but that she would not read to me. Every thing is beautiful, and the weather is delicious.

"To-morrow I go to Mount Carmel, and from there to St. Paul, Minnesota. I dread the long ride, but, from many considerations, think it best to go. From there I will come home, and, perhaps, go to Central New York Conference about October 10. I am not well enough to go to the South. I am weak, and I think bilious. I am glad I have been to Iowa and Central Illinois. I met hosts of warm friends, and think my visit did good. Give my love to all in the house. The Lord be with you all."

On Tuesday morning, after less than twenty-four hours' rest, he left St. Louis for Mount Carmel, nearly a hundred miles distant, where the Southern Illinois Conference was in session. From there he sent the following brief note to his colleague, Dr. Dashiell :—

"MOUNT CARMEL, *September* 23, 1874.

"DEAR COLLEAGUE:—I am not so well to-day, but will try to reach Chicago German, and Minne-

sota. I may take Ohio on the way for one day, unless you have been there. If you receive this on Saturday, telegraph me at St. Paul whether you go to Ohio. I cannot venture the additional travel to go South. Bishop Scott urges me to go home, but I will complete my round, except the South."

He also wrote a few lines to his wife. Friends were urging him to desist from work—to go home and take care of his health. But the *cause* was first in his heart, and *self* a long way after it. He says :—

"MOUNT CARMEL, ILLINOIS, *September* 23, 1874.

"DEAR ANNA :—I felt very lonely when I left Ollie yesterday morning. It was never so hard before. After a tiresome ride I reached here yesterday afternoon, and spoke last night. I start to St. Paul this afternoon, and from thence will move homeward. I feel it will not be safe for me to venture South at this time. I am not well yet, and feel worse than I did two days ago. If I find myself any more indisposed I will start home from Chicago to-morrow night. But I think I will go to St. Paul, and be home the latter part of next week."

From Mount Carmel he hurried northward, reached Chicago in the afternoon, stopped off long enough to address the German Conference anniversary that evening, and at 10 o'clock P.M. he took the train for

St. Paul, Minnesota. It was a long ride, of two hundred and fifty miles, but he could not consent to leave his work unfinished. He reached his destination Saturday.

His last sermon, of which we give the following sketch, was preached before the Minnesota Conference, on Sunday, September 27, 1874, previous to the ordination of elders. The text was: "But my God shall supply all your need according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus." Phil. iv, 19.

The age of the apostles was an age of necromancy. Men believed in charms and in spells. The Gospel means God's spell or charm, by which an alienated world is brought back to himself. When I look over a multitude like this, I think how numerous are their wants—the wants of the soul, wants of the affections, wants for time and for eternity. How prodigious! and yet I am able to say, "My God shall supply all your need." This is one of St. Paul's sayings of sublime temerity. Paul's Christology is not to be overlooked. Whatever supplies were to be obtained were all by Christ Jesus, and the measure of supply according to the riches of his glory. Imagine a man standing by a coffer containing untold riches, and inviting needy men to come; all the bankrupt and unfortunate to come. But the world is too selfish for that. Observe that the text does not promise to gratify all your desires. Men who indulge their every desire are like children crying for razors. God promises to supply all your needs—not your notions or passions.

Just here the great idea of Christian discipline comes in, to teach us to renounce our blind notions and desires, and be satisfied with a supply of actual needs. This is the object of human life. I come to-day to offer God as your infinite supply—first, to man the student; second, to man the sinner; third, to man the sufferer. We all desire to know, reaching

after impossible fruit, chasing rainbows, following deep questions that were started in childhood. We have a constant longing that refuses to be quieted, a prophecy of the wonderful attainments to which we may come at last. It is God's will that we should come to the knowledge of the truth. What wonderful ability God has given us if we set ourselves to intermeddle with all knowledge. Descending to submarine depths, harnessing the elements, reducing the solids to their constituents, halting a ray of light to interpret it, and from it learn the character of far-off worlds. What would you hide from man? Yet with all this outreach of human ability the mind in its efforts dashes against the high steep of the infinite. "Thou canst not by searching find out God." Men have tried to find God in the relations of cause and effect. It never did a human soul any good to find a great First Cause. Men have sought God in the evidences of design with which the universe abounds. My soul is aching for a Father's love, and you offer me only a universal mechanic. Men point to the sidereal heavens; they show me a mantle hung with stars—a glorious mantle. They take me where his raiment is hung on the other side of the universe, and ask me to accept his raiment instead of God himself. But my heart cries out with Philip, "Show us the Father, and it sufficeth us." My God shall supply all your need, by revelation.

Valuable as his written revelation is, God cannot put himself into syllables and words so that you could know him. God is love, and how can I know God's love in its height and depth by revelation only? To meet this felt want God has manifested himself by the incarnation, and so he speaks to men by divine human lips, walks among men with divine human feet, and touches the subjects of his mercy with divine human fingers.

God is the infinite supply of man the sinner. Sin is here in our world. It is the weight upon humanity, the prophet which forecasts human doom. Some men deny the fact of sin, and talk only of the dignity of human nature. But it is most surprising that they will not trust without a note. They talk of the dignity of man, while they run for a judge, that they may

punish or hang him. Sin is every-where. We must struggle with it, or it will damn us. We need to know the nature of that law which we have broken. God's law has been emphasized by atonement. I stand on the platform of a crimson atonement. When Abraham was called to offer Isaac, God provided a substitute to suffer in his stead. As Isaac bore the wood for the sacrifice so Jesus bore the wood of the cross, and when the question is asked, Where is the sacrifice? I point to Christ on Calvary: "Behold the Lamb of God," or, as the German translation has it, See, there is God's Lamb. After the sins of the people were confessed over the head of the scapegoat he was taken away to the land of separation, over hills and across valleys, and beyond rivers, far away, never to return. So God takes our sins away into the land of separation, of forgetfulness, of oblivion.

God is the infinite supply of man the sufferer. We are living in a world of sorrow and suffering. Christianity intensifies the possibilities of suffering. The savage has no music, and, therefore, cannot feel a discord. Without the Gospel men's natures become so coarse that they can endure an incredible amount of bruising. Christianity is a refining influence, which makes the nature quick and sensitive. What a depth there is to the tenderness of the instincts of home and family under the influence of the religion of Jesus! There is the keenest anguish which the Christian husband or wife feels when a loved companion is laid low in death; and then how God supplies the need of that hour by sending the Comforter!

Providence, too, implies an ever-active God, who supplies the wants of his children. Man wants happiness all the time. The Gospel yields a constant happiness.

We are tending to a future life. Man s wants are great even in this world. The thoughtful man is startled, sometimes, as he thinks how great his wants may be hereafter. I look out into a future life, and I keep looking as its possibilities rise up in the foreground of my thoughts, and in the face of it all I will say, "God is my portion forever." Eternity is before us, but God can supply all our needs.

On Monday morning he addressed the Minnesota Conference on the great cause which so filled his heart, and that night, with his life-work done, though only God knew it, he turned his weary steps toward home. He had finished his tour as it had been planned, embracing nearly a month's labors, and more than three thousand miles' travel.

CHAPTER XXIV

ILLNESS AND DEATH.

ON Thursday, October 1, 1874, about noon, Dr. Eddy reached his home, having been absent twenty-four days. He was expected at 8:30 that morning, and his son, Raymond, went to the depot to meet him, but the train was several hours behind time. His wife, full of apprehension and anxiety, spent most of the forenoon at the window, watching for his coming. A little before twelve he arrived, and his trembling, unsteady steps as he left the carriage, and his unusually pale and careworn face, told the story of his illness before he entered the door.

After the first greeting, a bath, and a hasty lunch, he said it was necessary for him to go at once "to the Rooms." There were remittances to be sent to the missions under his special care, and letters had accumulated in his absence that would call for immediate replies. He would be home for dinner at six, and after that he would rest. He spoke of the pain he was suffering as if it were nothing very serious.

So he hurried to his office, and worked steadily all that long afternoon. The remittances were sent off, and he determined to clear his desk of correspond-

ence before he left it. At six o'clock he sent word to his wife that he would be ready for dinner a half hour later. A little before seven, after full seven hours' hard work, his task was completed, and he arose wearily from the desk at which he was never to sit again. His work was done.

After dinner he thought he must see Bishop Janes that night on important business, but finally yielded to the advice of his wife, and postponed the call until morning. The call was never to be made. About midnight he awoke, suffering from nausea, but grew quiet after taking some simple remedies. At daylight the nausea returned, and he had a severe chill. Dr. Purdy, the family physician, was then called in. All day Friday he was kept very quiet, no visitors were admitted to his room, and he seemed to get rest; but about ten o'clock P. M. he was seized with excruciating pain, and the doctor was again summoned to his bedside. Remedies were administered, and the physician left him, but soon returned, bringing a surgeon with him for consultation. At this indication of danger Mrs. Eddy became alarmed, and at once sent for Mr. Hiram Forrester and General C. B. Fisk, who came and remained with him until morning. The intelligence of his illness spread rapidly, and on Saturday many friends called to express their sympathy and proffer their assistance. General Fisk and several other friends laid aside all other matters, and devoted themselves wholly to him until the last moment. Through the day and night of

Saturday he continued to grow worse. On Sabbath special prayer was offered for him at St. Paul's Church; it was communion day—just one month before he had himself conducted the communion there. His condition did not improve, and at midnight, October 4, his physicians advised General Fisk he must die, and suggested to him that he should impart this information to the suffering saint. General Fisk says: "I performed the melancholy duty as best I could. He received the intelligence with great calmness, but said he thought his medical attendants must be mistaken."

He loved life, was full of courage and hope, and his thoughts were busy with the work which the Master had for him to do here. We quote from the account which General Fisk has given of that interview, and of the communion service at his bedside a few hours later.

"In reply to the information that he could not recover, he said:—

"'It does not seem possible that this can be my fatal illness. There is too much work to be done, that I should accomplish. I am just in the prime of life. I know how to work for Jesus, and I love to work for his cause. Does it not seem strange that I should be called home from the vineyard, when there are so many laggards in the field, which is now, as never before, whitening for the harvest? Nevertheless, God's will be done. If I am to die now, there are certain items of business I must adjust.

"With composure most marvelous he dictated his wishes, and gave such advice as he thought proper about his temporal concerns; after which he dismissed all thought of his earthly affairs, and summoned us to prayer at his bedside, in which service he was himself most fervent. He then, in the most touching manner, spoke to each member of his family present, and left messages of love, and earnest words of exhortation to holy living, for absent ones. From this hour—two o'clock on Monday morning—until daylight, the scene was impressively solemn, and his golden words would make a volume. He left messages for his associate Secretaries, for his Conference, for the Missionary Society, and the Church at large. Speaking of his life-work, he said:—

"'I have no regret that my life has been spent in holding up Jesus to my fellow-men as their Saviour. Preaching Christ is the only work which brings sweet, perpetual contentment. Dying is a fact that takes care of itself. Faith in the great hereafter through Christ is my strength. I am now in a most sweet state of mind, nearing the gates. Tarry not, O Lord, but come now.'

"'Beyond the smiling and the weeping,
I shall be soon;
Beyond the waking and the sleeping,
Beyond the sowing and the reaping,
I shall be soon;
Love, rest, and home! Sweet hope!
Lord, tarry not, but come.'

"At five o'clock Monday morning the sacrament of the Lord's Supper was administered by Dr. Chapman. The entire household, visitors, attendants, and servants, were summoned to his room. As Dr. Chapman was beginning the service, Dr. Eddy sat up in his bed, looked around the room, and said, 'Wait; tell Annie to come, too.' Annie was the colored cook. She was specially called, and on her arrival in the room the most impressive communion service I ever witnessed began.

"He joined Dr. Chapman in *the Confession* and *Collect*, repeating each word audibly and distinctly. In the midst of that solemn service occurred one of those beautiful little episodes which are only made possible by the deepest and holiest affection. When he received the bread from his pastor he broke it in two, and passed with his own hands half of what had been given *him* to his wife, who knelt by his side; he also gave her the wine himself. It was the instinct of an immeasurable love, that she should receive from him whose ministry she had shared so long the holy emblems in this their last earthly communion together.

"He quoted much from the hymns so frequently sung on such occasions. With great emphasis he repeated:—

"'Jesus, thy blood and righteousness
My beauty are, my glorious dress;
'Midst flaming worlds, in these arrayed,
With joy shall I lift up my head.

" 'Lord, I believe thy precious blood,
Which, at the mercy-seat of God,
Forever doth for sinners plead,
For me, e'en for my soul, was shed.'

"The entire morning was made glorious by his utterances."

After adjusting his business affairs on Monday morning, he so completely put them aside that he never alluded to them again. But his thoughts were in the beautiful border-land—sometimes resting upon loved ones here, and the great duties and opportunities of the Church, and again entering by faith into the heavenly glory he was so rapidly nearing. There were sweet personal messages, which may not be given to the outside world. They are kept among the sacred private treasures of memory by those for whom they were spoken. Others we give to our readers.

To his little granddaughter, as she sat on his bed beside him, trying to soothe his pain by the gentle touch of her tiny hand, he said, with a smile, as he turned his eyes upon her, as if to feast them on her beauty :—

" Nannie, my first-born grandchild ! I have loved her, O so dearly ! These bonds of affection are so strong ! Like an ivy has she climbed and twined about our hearts."

Of Spencer Eddy, his little grandson, he spoke thus :—

" Spencer, dear little Spencer ! A grand, glorious,

beautiful boy; our first grandson. May God watch over him! May he never be untoward or uncouth, and may his life ever be given to the service of his Master."

Of the Church at large he spoke:—"I have thought of it among the last. If I go away now, I leave it when it never had such opportunities. God is guiding it, and if it only stands fast and remains true to its trust, it is on the eve of the most triumphant history it ever knew." After a moment's pause he added, "Prevent the encroachments of cold, icy formalism."

God permitted him to live till all his children, though summoned from Washington, St. Louis, and Chicago, reached his bedside. His aged mother, his brother, Morris R. Eddy, and one sister, Mrs. Somers, were also privileged to receive his parting blessings, and minister to him in his last hours. A much-loved sister, the one nearest his own age, Mrs. A. L. Edwards, was unable to reach his bedside. For her he left special messages of love.

He recognized and cordially received all the friends who were admitted to his room, up to a late hour Tuesday night. On Tuesday afternoon the writer, who was giving him his medicine, asked him, "Do you know me?"

"Perfectly," he responded, with a smile. "I knew you when you came."

"Do you feel ready to go any moment, if the Lord calls you?" we asked.

He replied, with emphasis: "*Fully ready! bless His holy name.*"

Every thing suggested heaven to him. When a glass of water was given him he said, "Wont it be blessed to drink from the fountain of the river of the water of life?" Friends sang by his bedside; he drank in the music with eager delight, and said, as its melody ceased, "*I* can sing, *too*, after a little!" Then, after a pause, he said, as if in a vision, "The morning cometh, the *morning cometh! Halleluia!*"

Again he was asked how the future appeared to him. He answered, "All is given to Christ, and with a good hope, through grace, I go into the future without fear."

Dr. Chapman inquired, "Jesus is precious, isn't he, doctor?" He replied, "O yes! he has a good custom of making things up to people. He is more than making all things up to me! Glory be to his name! Halleluia, he *does* supply our every need!"

To Bishop Janes, who inquired tenderly concerning the state of his mind, he said, "I am resting in Jesus so sweetly; a poor sinner saved by grace, *but saved*, God be thanked!"

On Tuesday night, for more than an hour, he spoke almost uninterruptedly of the great needs of the Church, and the imperative obligations upon the Missionary Society to take advanced ground. "Forward is the word," said he; "no falling back; we must take the world for Christ. Say to our people that the Lord strikes the hour of opportunity louder than thunder on the dome of the sky. We must throw down our gold in the presence of God."

Late Tuesday night at one moment it seemed as

if the weary wheels of life stood still; but he rallied, and, lifting his trembling hands, he said, as if it might be the last utterance, "The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be upon and abide with you evermore. Amen."

Just at midnight, as the church-bells were ringing and the clocks in the neighborhood were striking, as if they were to him the invitation to enter the upper sanctuary, he lifted his nerveless hands, and attempted to clap them, but he could not direct their motion, and, passing each other without touching, they fell crossed upon his breast; but, with voice surprisingly strong and clear, he shouted, "Halleluia! halleluia! halleluia!"

Dr. O. H. Tiffany, who, with other devoted friends, was with him in his last moments, says: "At three o'clock Wednesday morning he spoke his *last* words. They were not made up for him; they were not gathered from the memories of kind and pious friends, and put together after he had departed; we took them down in pencil as he uttered them. Looking toward us as we were standing at the foot of the bed, he said: '*Sing and pray.* ETERNITY DAWNS!' He never spoke again. At half-past five that morning he entered the chariot, and went home. We may not follow his triumphant progress; but, mounting the chariot like a prince, so, I doubt not, like a prince he passed on through the gates, and met the welcome song of the First-born of Heaven, and cast himself before the great white throne."

One of the most royal souls that ever left a track of brightness on earth had passed, with eager eye and hastening step, across the threshold into the eternal, golden city.

We have followed him to the margin of the river, and the words he gave us as he passed out of sight were the triumphant expressions of a conqueror. Standing in the solemn silence which his departing spirit left when it mounted heavenward, we take up the words he so loved to repeat :—

"For none return from those quiet shores
Who cross with the boatman cold and pale;
We hear the dip of the golden oars,
We catch a gleam of the snowy sail;
And lo! they have passed from our yearning heart;
They cross the stream, and are gone for aye;
We may not sunder the veil apart
That hides from our vision the gates of day;
We only know that their barks no more
May sail with us o'er life's stormy sea—
Yet, somewhere, I know, on the unseen shore,
They watch, and beckon, and wait for me.

"And I sit and think, when the sunset's gold
Is flushing river and hill and shore,
I shall one day stand by the waters cold,
And list for the sound of the boatman's oar;
I shall watch for a gleam of the shining sail;
I shall hear the boat as it gains the strand;
I shall pass from sight with the boatman pale,
To the brighter shore of the spirit land.
I shall know the loved who have gone before,
And joyfully sweet will the meeting be,
When over the river, the peaceful river,
The Angel of Death shall carry me."

CHAPTEE XXV

A WREATH OF IMMORTELLES.

BUT one duty remains for us. We are to tell how they laid him to rest, and how the people remembered him, and mourned for him. The lightning bore the intelligence of his translation all over the land, and men sorrowed for him with a sincere grief.

Funeral services were held in St. Paul's Church, N. Y., on Friday afternoon, October 9. Every part of the auditorium was crowded to overflowing by a representative Methodist congregation, gathered from the vicinity and from cities hundreds of miles distant. Loving friends, by their offerings, filled the church with a profusion of flowers. The pall-bearers were from among the noblest men of the denomination. Those who conducted the services were its most eminent ministers. All that love and talent could do—alas, how little they can do!—was done to palliate the sorrow of the bereavement. We have space only for a few sentences from the words of consolation, love, and hope, which were so well spoken on that occasion. Bishop Janes, Dr. Schaff, and Bishop Simpson were the speakers. After sweet and mournful music, solemn reading from the word of God, and

fervent prayer, Bishop Janes first spoke. We give but a sentence or two of his wise and earnest address. He said: "Dying is nothing in itself, but a preparation for dying is every thing. Dr. Eddy's death was sudden. Only six weeks ago I was seriously ill, and he was ministering to me, and assisting me with my official duties. It has been said that he died of overwork; if he did, it was infinitely better to err in that direction than in the opposite one."

Bishop Simpson said:—

From his youth and early manhood I traced his progress and excellence. I saw him when, in early wedded life, he stood beside her whose smitten heart now mourns, and I saw these sons and daughters from their infancy grow up, developing in loveliness and excellence, as plants around his table. He was my friend; and I listened to the voice of his youth as it rang out in the simple dwellings and on the camp-grounds of Indiana. I heard him when, in the largest structures in the North-west, he dedicated church after church over the beautiful prairie; and if you go out on the roads which radiate from the city of Chicago, stretching out their arms for nearly a thousand miles, you can scarcely go fifty miles in any direction but you find some church where his voice was heard in dedication or in the delivery of addresses to stimulate and rouse the people.

Early converted himself, he was the friend of childhood. He loved to work in the Sabbath-school. He had faith in the early conversion of youth; and I have listened to him as, in tones of almost matchless earnestness and love, he called the children around the cross of Christ. In him were united qualities seldom found in one man. He was simple as a child, and yet he could weave pictures of surpassing beauty; he could paint in words rarely excelled, but if, in the midst of beautiful utterances, he could find some phrase of Anglo-Saxon power that he deemed would pierce the conscience or reach the heart, he cared little for figures of fancy so that he might

win some one to Jesus. He loved to preach to the masses, and they listened to him in cabins and in the open air; while thousands gathered round him on the camp-ground. He loved also to see the beautiful church in imposing architectural proportions, and Mount Vernon Place, one of the most beautiful in the land, if excelled at all, (whose representatives I see here,) is one of the monuments of his association with a liberal and intelligent people. He was ardently attached to the Church in all its great essentials. I knew him well, and I know it was in his heart to live and die for it; and yet he was fearless in his advocacy of measures of progress which he believed might add to its strength and power. O, his labors were abundant! Upon his heart was the burden of souls. He was anxious for the pastorate above all other things, and some of the last conversations I had with him were in reference to his desire to be once more in the pastoral field.

The body was temporarily deposited in a vault in New York city, and in May, 1875, agreeably to the known wish of Dr. Eddy, it was taken to Chicago, and in a beautiful spot, in Graceland Cemetery, laid away to quiet rest until the resurrection morning.

Special interment services were held, at which the widow and children, with other friends, were present. There were also present Drs. Dashiell and Reid, of our Mission Rooms; a deputation from the Chicago Preachers' Meeting, with Dr. Thomas as chairman; Dr. Fry, editor of the "Central Christian Advocate;" Bishops Harris, Bowman, Andrews, and Haven; Drs. S. A. W. Jewett, O. H. Tiffany, and others. The Scripture lessons were read by Drs. Jewett, Tiffany, and Thomas, and Bishop Harris; prayer was offered by Dr. Dashiell; and the memorial address was made by Bishop Bowman.

The burial was in a newly purchased triangular lot, beautifully located, and surrounded by a roadway. When the funeral party arrived they found the box inclosing the casket already resting over the grave, and covered with evergreens and roses, and with elaborate floral mementos, the gifts of tender and affectionate sympathy from the friends of the bereaved family.

A substantial granite monument, bearing appropriate inscriptions, now marks the place where he sleeps.

Immediately after his death impressive memorial services, to which people flocked by thousands—far beyond the seating capacity of the churches—were held in Baltimore, Washington, Chicago, and many other cities. Wherever Dr. Eddy had been, whether in churches or private homes, his visits had made him warm friends, and left behind them loving and enduring memories. We have never known another man more universally and lovingly remembered wherever he had been, though but for a night.

Hundreds of delicate and appreciative letters of sympathy are in our hands, which we wish we had room to give to our readers. They are from the young men awakened and converted under his ministry; from those into whose homes he came as a benediction in the hour of their bereavement; from life-long personal friends; from missionaries in foreign lands; from men in the highest position in Church and State.

Poesy has brought its tribute of verse to his memory, and music has echoed his dying words in song. The very multitude of these tributes overwhelms us, and compels us to resist our desire to reproduce them here.

Conferences, literary and fraternal orders, and official boards, all through the land, took fitting action concerning his decease.

The Methodist press, without exception, made loving and appreciative record of his life and labors, and gave touching evidence of the universal love in which the Church has embalmed his memory.

We trust we will be pardoned for omitting these memorial notices of our own press, in order to make room for those given by the secular newspapers and the religious periodicals of sister denominations.

Almost every prominent newspaper in the land made mention of his death. We present the following extracts as making, when taken together, a kind of mosaic portrait of his character :—

[From the New York Evening Post, Oct. 7, 1874.]

"The Rev. Dr. T. M. Eddy, one of the most prominent ministers in the Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States, died at his residence in this city this morning, at 5:30 o'clock. In 1856 he was appointed editor of the 'North-western Christian Advocate.' He entered upon editorial life at the time when Chicago began to take those immense strides which have made it one of the wonders of the modern world. Of the many men of mark who then appeared, Dr. Eddy was among the foremost. Quick, versatile, eager for work, and capable, as were few men, of bearing the strain of labor, with a ready humor

that opened all men's hearts to him, he was one of the most popular public men of the North-west. His services in the dedication of Churches were in such demand that he was popularly known as the 'great dedicator.' Under his care the 'North-western Advocate' became one of the leading official organs of the Church. In 1868 he came eastward, and became pastor of the Charles-street Church, in Baltimore. The Mount Vernon Place Church was built under his pastoral superintendence. In a few years he had hosts of friends in the East, as he had in the West. His geniality and heartiness were irresistible. He drew men quickly to him, and was in the truest sense popular. The Baltimore Conference sent him, among its delegates, to the General Conference of 1872, by which body he was elected one of the Corresponding Secretaries of the Missionary Society. During the past summer Dr. Eddy attended many great meetings in various parts of the country, preaching, it is said, as he never had preached before, and exhorting with indescribable unction.

"In September he set out for a visit to the Western Conferences, having a hand-to-hand fight with disease all through his tour, and was once or twice threatened with severe illness while from home. Sustaining himself with medicines, he postponed the crisis, turned his face toward home, and reached it October 1. He took his bed, by Sunday was alarmingly ill, and expired this morning."

[From the New York Tribune.]

"His eminent business qualifications, and the magnetic influence of his appeals upon the people, peculiarly fitted him for this important office (Missionary Secretary) in the economy of Methodism."

[From the New York Times.]

"In private, as in public life, he was gifted with a large-heartedness and geniality which were unfailing. No man was better known, both to the mass of the clergy and laity, both in the city and throughout the country, and few, certainly, were more deservedly popular."

[From the New York Herald.]

"As a preacher, a platform speaker, debater, and editor, he had few equals and no superiors."

[From the Newark (New Jersey) Daily Advertiser.]

"He was a man of noble attainments, pure life, wide Christian sympathy, and thorough good feeling. His influence in the councils of his Church was large and useful. Throughout his life he secured, in a peculiar manner, the love and friendship of all his colaborers, whose warm regard for him will only deepen the general sorrow his death will cause."

[From the Inter-Ocean, of Chicago.]

"Dr. Eddy's labors through the 'North-western,' during the great slavery controversy and the war that grew out of it, were most important and influential. His paper circulated very widely, and its weight was thrown entirely upon the side of abolition. He fought that battle well, and in it won the chief distinction of his life. His catholic spirit made him many intimate friends among other denominations than his own. In many of their pulpits he was never a stranger; to all of them he was a welcome guest."

[From the Baltimore American.]

"Dr. Eddy was pastor of the Charles-street Church the full three years allowed by the itinerant system. Probably no clergyman ever, within so short a time, inspired such large affection and esteem in all classes of the community with which he came in contact. His intellectual activity was something marvelous, and only his great rapidity as a worker could have enabled him to get through with such an amount of labor. His services were constantly in demand for addressing meetings, delivering lectures, and aiding general Church enterprises, while no interest of his own charge was neglected. Notwithstanding all this, he found time for various literary labors, contributing to the 'American,' the 'Methodist,' and several of the 'Advocates.'"

From across the Atlantic comes the following appreciative note:—

[From the Irish Evangelist, Dublin, Ireland.]

"A letter dated October 10 announces the death of the Rev. Thomas M. Eddy, one of the Missionary Secretaries, and a most prominent minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church. He was in the prime of life—just fifty-one—and, like our own lamented Robert Wallace, was stricken down almost in a day. He was a man of great ability, breadth, and devotedness, with marvelous working power; and his lamented death, in the meridian of his connectional influence, has created a mournful blank. The closing scenes of his life were truly magnificent."

We might extend these appreciative eulogies of the press almost without limit. The secular and religious newspapers all over the country, with scarcely an exception, made editorial mention of Dr. Eddy's decease, and spoke appreciatively of his talents, integrity, and usefulness. Even a catalogue of the names of the papers and periodicals which refer to him would fill many pages. We insert one more brief extract, from a lengthy and discriminating article which appeared in the editorial columns of the "St. Louis Daily Democrat:"—

Dr. Eddy was more widely known in the West than almost any other minister of his age, and was universally popular. While in the editorial chair he responded to unnumbered calls for special ministerial services. He was greatly sought after at Church dedications and conventions called in the interests of religion and moral reform. No one was a more welcome visitor at the Annual Conferences, or more frequently called upon to take part in presenting the claims of the benevolent enterprises of the Church. He was even more at home on the platform than in the pulpit.

To a graceful and effective style as a speaker he added the ready wit, genial manners, and broad sympathies which made him a successful advocate. His death, in the ripeness of his manhood and in the midst of his usefulness, will fall heavily upon the Society of which he was so able an officer. But he did the full work of an ordinary life-time, and the Church will cherish his memory as one of her most faithful sons.

The following extract is from the remarks of his colleague, Dr. Dashiell, on the floor of the General Conference in 1876:—

I knew him best as Missionary Secretary. He entered upon the duties of that position at a most important crisis in the history of the Society. The General Conference had adjourned, and the almost universal opinion of the Church was that there must be an advance all along the line, at home and abroad. The old missions were to be reinforced, and God had wonderfully opened three of the most magnificent fields into which his servants ever entered; and Dr. Eddy entered upon his work just at this crisis in the history of our Missionary Society.

I remember well the enthusiasm, zeal, and spirit with which he attended the first meeting of the committee. Never were forty-one men confronted with more stern and solemn responsibilities than in that hour, when they looked out upon the world lying at the feet of the Church, and heard the voice of Providence bidding them enter these fields. And when that committee determined that these new fields should be entered Dr. Eddy adjusted his great soul to the work, and threw himself with unusual energy into it. He swept from one part of the Church to another, every-where pleading that it would sustain the treasury in its large advance of $300,000 in the missionary appropriations.

But right in the midst of the first utterances which he spoke for the treasury, the panic struck the nation, and sent the industries of the land staggering beneath the blow, and the burden came down upon his heart with almost crushing and overwhelming power. In the saddest letter that he ever wrote me,

when, on his back, in Des Moines, he was gathering up a little strength for his anniversary meeting, he said: "I am discouraged. Our brethren are losing their fortunes. A debt is inevitable. My heart is almost broken." He came from that tour by as swift stages as he could make, and laid him down to die. I shall not speak of that death; suffice it to say that this great cause of Christian missions was the burden of his thoughts, wakeful and dreaming.

When waking he exhorted us as he had never exhorted us before! and in the delirium of sleep he would break out into the most impassioned appeals to the Church to stand by this cause. And when more than half of him was in eternity, when we did not know whether he was with the angels or with us, with one foot upon the other shore, he shouted back to us: "Tell the Church to fling down her gold at the feet of Jesus." And with this last thought—a thought of love for the cause in which he had laid down his life—he lifted his hands over his family, pronounced the apostolic benediction, and sweetly fell asleep in Jesus.

We turn from these voices of the press and utterances of eminent men, to another eulogy, coming from the lowly walks of life, but not less sincere nor beautiful than any we have given. In a little conversation with O'Neal, the drayman for the Book Depository in Chicago, in 1859, the poor man had told him of the death of his little daughter, and Dr. Eddy wrote this brief and touching paragraph for the paper:—

"*I seem to hear her!*" "Ah yes, Mr. Eddy," said our drayman, "I often thought I would like to tell you of my little girl, Hannah J. O'Neal, aged six years and four months. I miss her so much! She went up yonder, sir, last January, the 26th day; and since then I often think I hear her repeating her little prayer, 'Now I lay me down to sleep.' She said it just

before she went away, sir, and I often seem to hear it;" and he drew his hand across his eyes. Our own were moistened then. Ah, reader! is there not a voice which you "seem to hear" sometimes?—one that used to make music in your home? You seem to hear it when you come suddenly upon some little memento—something that was his or hers. Heed it; it calls you upward. The little hand you sometimes *seem to see*, is it not beckoning to you from over the wall of jasper? By and by we shall no longer "*seem to see*," but stand face to face with them, and see as we are seen. *Even so.* Amen.

Nearly twenty years had passed, and the one who had penned the above was resting in Graceland. It was Sabbath afternoon, the anniversary of his departure, and Mrs. Eddy was approaching his grave, with flowers to put upon it, when she found this same drayman, O'Neal, standing there, and the great tears upon his cheeks. As if to apologize for his presence he said: "Mrs. Eddy, I always come out on a Sunday to visit *my own*, and *eight* out of nine children that are here, and I always come *here* to be with the doctor a little while. It was many a good, kind word he spoke to me, don't you know? And then when our poor Ned—you remember Ned?—went from the Book Room into the war, you know that the doctor had such an interest in him. Mrs. Eddy, wouldn't you like to see poor Ned's grave? It's just here. He doesn't sleep far from the doctor."

She went with him to see "Ned's" resting-place—the grave was most carefully kept—and the tender-hearted man talked on with mingled smiles and tears.

"It was very warm last Sunday, and I lay down

here on the grass and was soon asleep; then I dreamed *all* the children came around me, singing 'Over there! over there!' And it seemed like their singing woke me up."

What higher testimonial to a noble life than these tears of a laboring man, welling up at the bidding of grateful memories stretching over a distance of twenty years?

We knew Dr. Eddy well, both in his public life and in the confidence of private intimacy. He was a man of one work, and that was the service of Christ. As a friend he could be relied on *absolutely*. In social life none was more genial. If he were a guest in a house for weeks together, he enlivened each meal with some new story, and his conversation was full of brightness. He was a happy man. Joys naturally gravitated to him, and he threw off trouble wonderfully. He had strong faith and fervent piety. He was nobly ambitious, and appreciated the confidence and esteem of good men; but his ambition never tempted him to indirect methods, or the degradation of place-hunting. At the Conference of 1872, when the writer expressed to him the hope of seeing him called to a high position by the Church, he replied, "If my brethren should choose to honor me with their confidence, I should appreciate the manifestation; but I have talked with you as confidentially as I ever did with any man, and you know I have never intimated to you a desire for any official position." His words were true. He was a great man

by this highest of all tests, *he did great things.* His work is done, and he has entered into rest, but he is held in loving remembrance by thousands of noble hearts.

"He has done the work of a true man—
Crown him, honor him, love him.
Weep over him, tears of woman,
Stoop, manliest brows, above him.

"For the warmest of hearts is frozen,
The freest of hands is still;
And the gap in our picked and chosen,
The long years may not fill.

"No duty could overtask him,
No need his will outrun;
Or ever our lips could ask him,
His hands the work had done.

"He forgot his own life for others,
Himself, to his neighbor lending;
Found the Lord in his suffering brothers,
And not in the clouds descending.

"And he saw ere his eye was darkened,
The sheaves of the harvest bringing;
And knew, while his ear yet hearkened,
The voice of the reapers singing.

"Never rode to the wrong's redressing
A worthier paladin.
He has heard the Master's blessing,
'Good and faithful, enter in.'"

THE END.